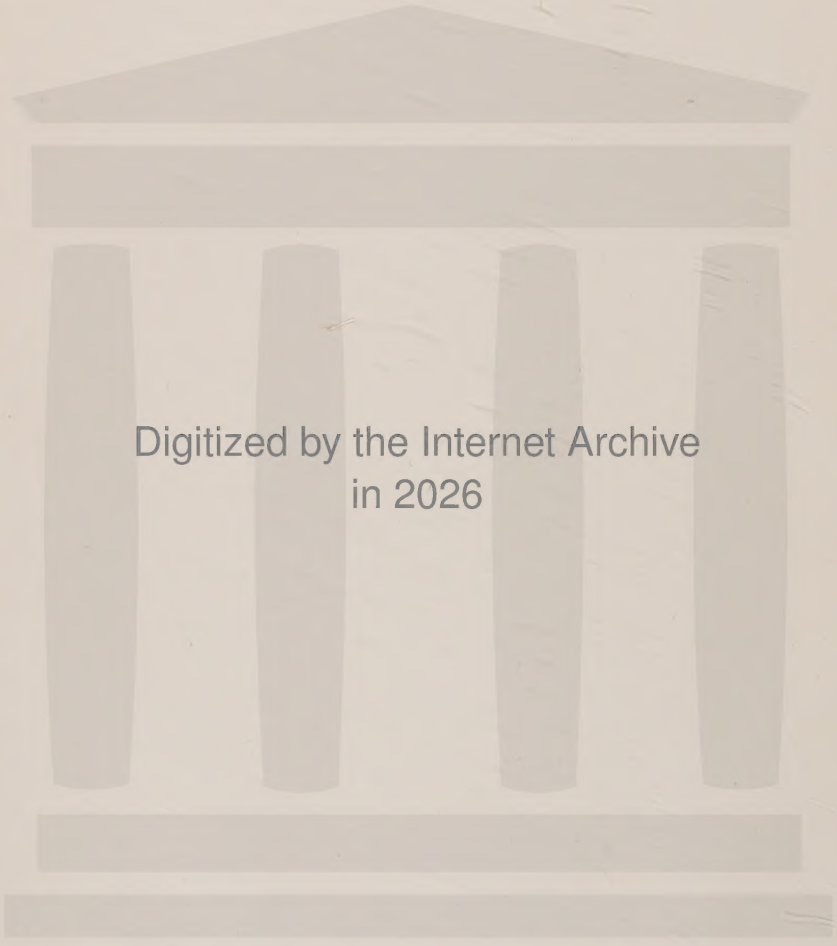
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STANDARD EDITION

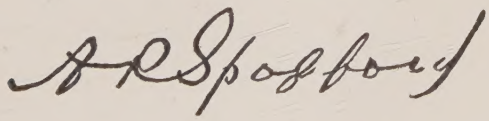
THE LIBRARY

OF

HISTORIC CHARACTERS AND FAMOUS EVENTS

OF

ALL NATIONS AND ALL AGES



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A. R. Spofford

THE LIBRARIAN AMONG HIS BOOKS.

STANDARD EDITION

THE LIBRARY

OF

HISTORIC CHARACTERS

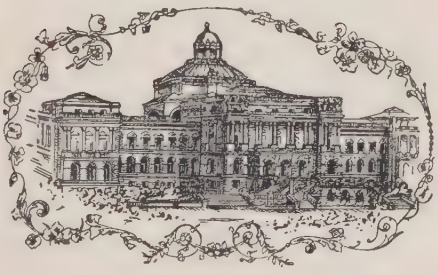
AND

FAMOUS EVENTS

OF ALL NATIONS AND ALL AGES

EDITED BY

A. R. SPOFFORD, Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.
FRANK WEITENKAMPF, Astor Library, New York
and PROFESSOR J. P. LAMBERTON



Illustrated with 100 Photogravures from Paintings by the World's Great Artists

COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME I

PHILADELPHIA
WILLIAM FINLEY & CO.
1895

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By William Finley & Co.

Press of
The Jas. B. Rodgers Printing Co.,
Philadelphia.

THIS LIBRARY

OF

HISTORIC CHARACTERS AND FAMOUS EVENTS

IS DEDICATED TO

The People of America,

WHOSE INTELLIGENT DEMAND FOR INFORMATION

OF THE

ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE PAST AND

THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

KEEPS EVEN PACE WITH

THEIR OWN MARVELOUS GROWTH

AND

FULFILLMENT OF DESTINY.

PUBLISHERS' PREFACE.

THE rapid growth of large collections of books, public and private, has compelled all classes to recognize the necessity of selecting and condensing from these vast treasuries of knowledge. Standard histories must be re-examined, both with reference to the importance of the events and the excellence of the narrative. A large part of the most famous works loses its interest by lapse of time or the progress of enlightenment, while a smaller part, from its intrinsic merit, steadily increases in value. Certain events and certain characters become more conspicuous by their true grandeur, while others, which were deemed their rivals, sink into insignificance.

It has been proposed in the present Library of Historic Characters and Famous Events to select from the records of the world's progress such personages and such facts as have a valid and pre-eminent claim for remembrance by the people of the present day. The careers of these chosen leaders are sketched by the editors, with the aid of the best historians and biographers, whether of ancient or modern times. The facts are condensed into a brief compass, so as easily to be grasped and retained, while care has been taken to make them readable and attractive. Each biographical sketch serves also as an introduction to the description of the most famous event or prominent period in the career of the historic personage selected. This more copious narrative is judiciously culled from the distinguished historian or other writer who has treated it in the most graphic style. To the sketches of distinguished orators have been appended choice specimens of their eloquence, as being their chief and indisputable title to fame.

The combination and contrast of characters and events is

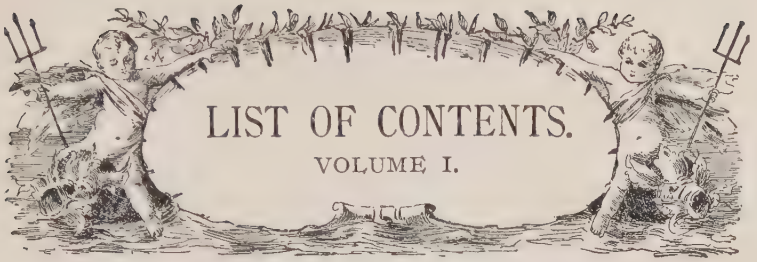
intended to impress upon the minds of readers more strongly and permanently the really important facts of history. It has not been considered necessary, however, to present these in chronological order. Each volume will contain selections from ancient, mediæval and modern history, from American as well as European and Asiatic history. This variety, it is hoped, will assist in stimulating the interest of readers and may serve to gratify their varying moods. But in the conclusion of the work full chronological tables will be presented, and an ample index will enable any person consulting it to obtain needed information in regard to every part of history.

While prominent characters thus form the staple of the work, some minor characters have been described, whose connection with some famous event or whose personal picturesqueness has given them a special claim to recognition.

The Publishers take pleasure in calling attention to the artistic illustrations of this work. The photogravures have been executed in the most careful manner from the most approved paintings of eminent artists. Their excellence will, it is hoped, enhance the historic value as well as the artistic merit of this Library, making it a delightful Gallery of Scenes as well as an instructive record of events. Portraits derived from ancient coins, medals and other authentic sources, have been used in connection with many biographical sketches.

The Publishers have earnestly endeavored to present this Library of Historic Characters and Famous Events in a style worthy of its valuable contents. Special pains have been taken in regard to the typography and paper, as well as the illustrations.

We therefore feel justified in commending this work to intelligent Americans as most worthy of a place in their homes, as a collection deserving to be perused and studied by old and young, and certain to give gratification to refined taste and love of culture, and to afford abundant information to all seekers after knowledge.



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THE IDEAL LIBRARY.

IBRARIES, it has truly been said, imply an advanced and elaborate civilization. The earliest libraries in the history of the world were attached to temples, and the librarians were the priests. The modern librarian who is worthy of the name still holds a sacred character. He is the guardian of priceless treasures, consecrated to the preservation and presentation of truth. Withdrawn from the bustle of street and market, he is raised by his elevated position above the conflict of opinions, the clashing of parties, the fluctuations of events, the revolutions of nations. He preserves for the use of the present and future generations the records of the past, the memorials of all the achievements and aspirations of men.

The duty of a custodian of a large library is not merely to receive and store away the books and documents entrusted to him. He must so arrange them that, when desired again for examination, they shall be forthcoming at the instant. He must gauge their contents and literary merits so that they may take their appropriate places with their associates. To him therefore resort those who need to use these heaped-up treasures—the student of literature, the historian, the statesman, the man of affairs, the man of science, the philosopher, every seeker after truth and fact and fiction. "What record have you of what the world has done in my department? What event, what invention, what noble saying, what great deed, what inspired prophecy, what grand imagination, has been registered that I need to know to-day? Bring forth the writings of the imaginative poets, the profound philosophers, the great historians, the faithful depicters of human life in drama and novel. Help me to recall the eloquence of the great orators of Greece and Rome, of France, and England and America. In whose writings, in what volume

can I find what bears directly on my present work, be it political or poetical, industrial or social?" The question may be more general: "What will inform my mind, refresh and elevate my soul, delight my fancy, transport me to a new world of thought or action?" Or it may be more particular: "Where is the best description of Julius Cæsar or Kubla Khan, of ancient Babylon or modern Paris, of remote Pekin or mythical Atlantis?" Such are the heterogeneous requests and demands made daily and hourly upon the keeper of these treasures. To respond to these calls, to answer these various questioners, some precise and exact, others vague and misty, requires mind of high order, well trained by ample experience of books and men and human needs of all kinds.

No man in America is better qualified to meet this avalanche of interrogatories, to satisfy and gratify these multitudinous seekers after intellectual pabulum than the present Librarian of Congress—AINSWORTH RAND SPOFFORD.

Like most Americans he has had experience of other occupations before settling down to his special life-work. Born at Gilmanton, New Hampshire, in 1825, he received an academic education, but was prevented by weak health from entering college. In early manhood he removed to Cincinnati, and there became a bookseller and publisher, and after some years an editor of a daily paper. The great uprising at the outbreak of the civil war carried him to Washington, and there he soon found his proper place in the Congressional Library. He was made chief librarian in 1864, and during the thirty years in which he has presided over this national accumulation of literary treasures he has seen its contents grow from 70,000 volumes to 700,000, besides 300,000 pamphlets.

By the present copyright law all American copyrights are issued from the office of the Librarian of Congress, and copies of all publications seeking this protection must be deposited in the library. This simple and satisfactory arrangement works greatly to the advantage of the National Library. Mr. Spofford has gained a high reputation for his thorough knowledge of books in general, and his individual acquaintance with hundreds of thousands of volumes which are in his custody. Thirty years spent in handling these tomes have impressed their names and features on his memory. As the shepherd knows the sheep in his flock, the trained librarian knows the peculiarities of the books in his collection and their assigned place when not in a reader's use. He could, if desired, when a volume is called for,

find his way in darkness to the right alcove, place his hand on the right shelf and bear away the volume. He could distinguish by the sense of touch the desired book. His knowledge of the contents of books is not less admirable. It has enabled him, amid the constant demands on his services, to compile and edit valuable literary works, besides contributing instructive articles to reviews and magazines on his grand topic—Books and Literature.

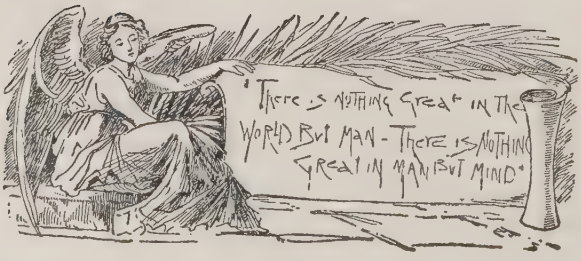
The Congressional Library has long been housed in the central part of the Capitol, and years ago every available inch of shelf room was occupied. Fresh additions are piled on floors, until the picturesquely towering heaps threaten to dislodge the living occupants. Yet the administrator of this intellectual kingdom serenely looks forward to the increase of these collections to much vaster proportions, and he has so impressed upon the National legislators the absolute necessity of providing suitable accommodations for the ever-swelling store that rises around him, that he can now rejoice in the approaching completion of the New National Library. It rises to the east of the Capitol, and is crowned with a splendid golden dome. The new building is designed to be more commodious, better lighted and ventilated, and in all respects more perfectly adapted to the purposes for which it is intended than any other library edifice; in short, a crowning monument to the enlightenment and progressiveness of the American people.

Mr. Spofford made the first suggestion for the erection of the new library shortly before the centennial anniversary of the Independence of the United States, when the city of Washington was taking on itself that new aspect which has redeemed it from the old-time reproach of being merely a city of magnificent distances. He was successful in bringing Senators and Representatives into harmonious action for providing better quarters for the bewildering mass of books, pamphlets, periodicals and manuscripts which were steadily accumulating. A bill was passed appropriating $585,000 for the purchase of a site, and three blocks of ground on the hill just east of the Capitol were purchased. On this choice site, as a result of further appropriations amounting to millions of dollars, the stately pile rises in beauty, with its magnificent façade and golden dome, a fit companion to the noble edifice of the National Capitol.

This new library is built for centuries. It is the only government structure in this country that has been planned for more than a generation. The country grows so rapidly that it is difficult

to make practical arrangements ahead of its needs; but in planning the library it was felt that it was hardly worth while to build at all unless it could be built for the probable growth of ages to come. The present collection of books and documents would not fill more than one of the eight great book-stacks. There will be sufficient room for 4,500,000 volumes. The second story contains an art gallery over 200 feet in length, for the arrangement and exhibitions of works of graphic art, of which many hundreds of thousands have been acquired, affording an instructive exhibit of the progress of the arts of design. Another hall of equal size is devoted to the great collection of maps which constitutes a rich historical series of the utmost value.

The edifice now covers three and one-half acres of ground. In the centre is a magnificent rotunda, covered by the golden dome. This will be the reading room. Running out from the central structure are the book-stacks, all of iron, with polished iron shelves. The spacious outside rooms will serve for the keeping of the copyright records and the artistic treasures and most precious books and documents which the Government owns. The full and appropriate display of these monuments of literature and art will be a revelation of delight to all who visit the Congressional Library in its new abode.—J. P. LAMBERTON.



INTRODUCTION.

HISTORY is the oldest kind of literature. The origin of the race, the movements of tribes, the exploits of warriors, the formation of government, are the staple of the first writing among every people. In its beginning, it was often poetical in form, being intended to be committed to memory, recited at feasts and public gatherings, and made familiar to the new generation. In later times, it takes the prose form and becomes the life-work of professional authors.

In English literature history has always held a prominent place. Many of those who have been most active in public affairs have turned aside for a time to record contemporary events or to give fresh currency to accounts of the more remote past. Thus did Bacon relate the "History of Henry the Seventh," Sir Walter Raleigh undertake the "History of the World," Milton "The History of Britain." Nor should we omit to notice that the editors of Shakespeare, in the first folio edition of his immortal works, classified them as Comedies, Tragedies, and Histories. The succeeding century was made renowned with the great names of Hume, Gibbon and Robertson, besides many of minor importance, as Smollett and Goldsmith. The nineteenth century has largely increased the list. Passing over many worthy of note who belonged to the earlier part of this century, we recall within living memory Macaulay, Carlyle, Palgrave, Thomas Arnold, Mitford, Thirlwall, Grote, J. Hill Burton, John R. Green, Freeman, and Froude, who, each in his own way and in his own chosen field, have explored and re-illumined the past.

America, too, by its historians and biographers, has won a most honorable rank among the nations. The long list includes Washington Irving, Prescott, Sparks, Palfrey, Bancroft, Motley, Parkman, Henry Adams, Lossing, Gayarré, MacMaster, Schouler, Fiske, and others who are making valuable contributions to this

department. Some of these foremost writers take pleasure in relating the discovery, the exploration, the settlement, and the development, political, industrial and social, of the New World. Others of them have returned with fondness to the sources of our civilization, and patiently investigated the great historic movements of the Old World. Many, recognizing the advantage of concentration, have limited their work to single great characters, or to memorable epochs in our country's history or in that of the world. Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant and other statesmen and heroes have furnished conspicuous subjects for these biographers, and the campaigns and battles of the Civil War have been the themes of interesting monographs. Still other writers have given new fame to the worthies of the more remote past. By their patient toil America has made laudable additions to the stately pile of history built up and still rising to grander proportions in the English language.

While English literature is thus honorably distinguished by the famous works of both British and American historians and biographers, it has been further enriched with excellent translations of all the memorable works of other literatures, ancient and modern. Many of these translations take deserved rank beside their originals.

The result of the labors of this multitude of historical writers forms a majestic array, in one aspect overwhelming, in another inspiring to the imagination. The willing student feels that he needs a guide to direct him in the choice and use of the vast riches of these stores. The general reader demands further that selections be made of the most important and valuable parts, and that judicious condensations be made of the works which will best enable him to appreciate the mutual relations and intrinsic value of those personages and facts for which his attention and admiration are challenged.

To respond to this reasonable and intelligent demand has been the aim of the Editors in this Library of Historic Characters and Famous Events. From the recesses of the grand treasuries of historic wealth, they have sought to bring forth what is of permanent value and immediate service and interest to the American people. They have chosen such characters and events, as by their relation to the progress of civilization, their intrinsic importance, their display of national traits, or their personal picturesqueness, claim a place in the memory of the general reader.

The biographical sketches have been carefully prepared from

the best sources, and written with a view to impress the leading facts on the mind. They are designed to be suggestive rather than exhaustive, to be characters rather than detailed narratives. The sketches of famous events have been as carefully selected from writers of acknowledged merit, who have given to these historic incidents an appropriate setting.

In giving prominence to biography in this collection the editors have followed the judgment of many great masters of thought. Carlyle, the Seer of the Nineteenth Century, both a philosopher and a historian, has given expression to this truth: "Universal History—the History of what Man has accomplished in the world—is at bottom the history of the Great Men who have lived here." Others of established fame as thinkers and writers have given the same verdict. By bringing forward individually the leaders and heroes of nations, and by presenting distinctly their careers and their distinguishing exploits, the great aim of historic study has been most effectually subserved.

The true object of history is not merely to preserve the relics of the past, however intrinsically valuable they may be, but to represent its life, restore before the mental vision its action, and so far as is possible re-create its actors and their deeds. The true historian is not a mere chronologer or recorder of the dates of events, however important. He is not a mere antiquarian or investigator and preserver of the outward aspect, dress, manners and surroundings of people of former times. He is not a mere reciter of stirring exploits and hair-breadth escapes. But he is, first, a searcher after the essential facts of the immutable past, and, secondly, a literary artist who endeavors to give to others a correct and vivid impression of the facts which he has ascertained. His facts must be true or he becomes a romancer; his presentation of facts must be lifelike and attractive, or he will sink into oblivion.

The historians whom the world delights to honor have not, it is true, been of equal merit in these two directions. Some have become dear to the popular heart by their skill in depicting the events they have chosen to recount, without being able to analyze deeply the characters and motives of the chief actors in their drama. Yet where they have presented clearly and vividly the scenes and the deeds, and have been able to appreciate and set forth the relative importance of these, the rule of truth has been sufficiently observed to justify their fame. Herodotus and Froissart still charm countless readers, however little of philo-

sophic insight they evince. Even the severe critics who censure their defects yield without reluctance to the allurements of their charming narratives. Critics, too, of a more gracious spirit, find in these simple historians and their racy stories ample matter for philosophic reflection.

In this historical collection the editors have endeavored constantly to bear in mind these fundamental principles, so that whether in the original sketches of characters, or in the selections from eminent historians and orators, Truth and Art may be seen harmoniously united. They trust that the result of their labors in presenting the great and worthy characters of the past and their immortal deeds may be not only to excite admiration of what has already been achieved for human progress and welfare, but to stimulate the rising generation to emulate the glory of their predecessors and to win for themselves a niche in the Temple of Fame.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

ALEXANDER of Macedon is the first in the order of time of those great commanders whose achievements form such an essential part of the world's history that their names are ineffaceably impressed on the popular imagination. His campaigns are still carefully studied by the greatest soldiers and military critics, as establishing most firmly and exhibiting most clearly the fundamental principles of the art of war. In his brief career—for he was cut off at the early age of thirty-three—he demonstrated the superiority of strategy and military skill over the Oriental reliance on the crushing force of huge masses of troops. He gave the empire of the world to that Greek culture of which he himself was a product, and which is still bearing fruit wherever man has risen above the savage state.

Alexander was the third Macedonian king of that name, and was the son of King Philip and Olympias, who claimed descent from Achilles. He was born at Pella, 356 B. C. When he reached the age of fourteen, his father summoned the famous philosopher, Aristotle, to become preceptor of the young prince. While his mental powers were thus developed, he practiced also every manly and martial exercise. In horsemanship he especially excelled, and his famous exploit in mastering the steed Bucephalus after his father's most expert grooms had failed, is familiar to all. At the early age of sixteen the precocious youth was permitted to act as regent

at the capital while his father made an expedition to Byzantium. On hearing of Philip's victories, he exclaimed, "My father will leave me nothing to do." At eighteen his dashing valor was shown in the victory at Chæronea, which established Philip's supremacy in the affairs of Greece.

In 336 B. C. Philip of Macedon fell by the hand of an assassin, and Alexander, not yet twenty years old, became king. Some of the Grecian states deemed this a favorable opportunity to recover their independence, but the young king's astounding energy and promptitude disconcerted their plans. Again, while he was subduing some distant tribes in the north, report of his death was circulated, and Thebes threw off the Macedonian yoke. But Alexander appeared before the gates, took the city by storm, and with his innate barbarian vehemence ordered all the houses to be levelled to the ground. Yet the intellectual culture which he owed to Greece was singularly shown in his sparing the house in which the lyric poet Pindar had been born. The other cities of Greece, terrified by the ominous example of Thebes, hastened to submit to the son of Philip, already proved to be greater than his father. A general assembly was held at Corinth, in fulfilment of a plan which Philip had projected, and Alexander was chosen commander-in-chief of the expedition organized against the hereditary enemy, the king of Persia.

Alexander, therefore, as the Pan-Hellenic champion, crossed into Asia with an army of about 40,000 men, of whom the cavalry formed one-eighth. The report of his visit to the tomb of his ancestor, Achilles, near ancient Troy, and his there celebrating magnificent funeral games, is in keeping with the story that he carried constantly with him the Iliad of Homer in a golden box. Sterner duties and more perilous conflicts awaited him. On the banks of the river Granicus stood arrayed the army of Memnon the Greek, to whom Darius II., surnamed Codomannus, had entrusted the command of Asia Minor. But Alexander forced a passage, and thus released the Greek cities of the western coast from Persian rule, and secured their allegiance to a sovereign of their

own race. A full year was spent by Darius in gathering from all parts of his vast empire a motley host to crush the bold invaders, reinforced by their Asiatic kinsmen. The two armies met at Issus in Cilicia, near the extreme northeastern point of the Mediterranean Sea. Though the Persian king, with no small skill, had carefully chosen the ground for the contest, he was utterly defeated, and fled, leaving his baggage, his wife and his mother in the hands of his enemy. Alexander displayed the magnanimity which well became him, and treated the royal captives with the utmost respect.

Entering Syria, he captured without difficulty the city of Damascus, which contained all the treasures of the Great King, but was compelled to lay siege to Tyre, built on an island, and then the commercial metropolis of the world. This siege detained him nine months, and though his genius prevailed over insuperable obstacles, his barbarian temper inflicted cruel vengeance on the citizens who had sought to defy him. According to a doubtful report, Alexander spared Jerusalem at the solemn entreaty of its high priest, Jaddua, and confessed that he recognized in the venerable intercessor one who had appeared to him in a vision before his crossing into Asia, and had assured him of success. Gaza, the capital of the Philistines, held out for two months, and a week was spent crossing the southern desert into Egypt, the ancient abode of a civilization which is attested by its sculptured records as well as its marvellous pyramids and temples. Here the conqueror, with keen eye for advantage of situation, marked the plan of the new city, Alexandria, which still preserves his name. Afterwards, in various parts of Asia, he sought thus to stamp his impress on the countries he brought under his sway. Crossing the Libyan desert to the oasis in which was the famous temple of Jupiter Ammon, he demanded to be called the son of that deity. His impetuous vehemence extorted from the frightened priestess the desperate cry, which he professed to consider oracular, "My son, thou art irresistible." The facts of his career confirmed the saying. In less than two years, after two battles and four sieges, the wealthy and populous countries of Asia Minor, Syria and Egypt had submitted to his arms. But the Persian empire had not yet

been destroyed. Dreading further encounter, Darius offered to divide with Alexander the sovereignty of Asia, but the Macedonian replied, "Heaven cannot support two suns, nor Asia two kings."

In 331 B. C. Alexander returned to Syria, passed the Euphrates and Tigris, and on the field of Arbela again defeated Darius, now at the head of an army even stronger than that which he had mustered at Issus. The ancient capital of Babylon opened her gates to the conqueror, and Darius, "fallen from his high estate," fled through Persia toward the wilds of Central Asia. After a year's wandering the king was slain by the traitor Bessus; but the assassin, instead of being rewarded by Alexander, as he had expected, was delivered to the relatives of Darius to be tortured. Alexander, having completed the conquest of Persia as far as the coast of the Caspian Sea, penetrated into Scythia. Again receiving 16,000 recruits from Macedonia, he resolved to add India to his empire. Crossing the Indus in the next year, he vanquished the valiant Porus in a pitched battle and took him prisoner.

The Greeks had now accomplished far more than the original declared purpose of the war, the overthrow of the Persian empire, and when their commander, with insatiable love of conquest, called them to push on to the Ganges, the wearied troops peremptorily refused. Alexander, therefore, recognizing the necessity, if not the justice, of yielding to their wishes, prepared for their return to Greece by building eight hundred vessels, in which they sailed down the Indus. Arriving at the ocean, he sent Nearchus as admiral of a fleet to coast along the Persian Gulf and the mouth of the Euphrates. He himself took the overland route through a dreary desert, and visited again the most ancient cities of Persia. At the close of one of those scenes of drunken revelry which too often disgraced his career, he set fire to the temple of Persepolis. And yet, perhaps to win the allegiance of the people of the empire, he had already adopted the costume and manners of the Persian court. He also married Statira, the daughter of Darius.

In 324 B. C. Alexander marched again to the north to

subdue rebellious tribes, and visited Ecbatana, the usual summer residence of the Persian kings. In the midst of festivities at this place, Hephæstion, his favorite from his boyish days, was seized with a fever due to a drinking bout, and in spite of the vigor of his constitution, died in a few days. Alexander's grief for this loss was unbounded, and manifested itself in incredible excesses. He also caused a magnificent funeral pile to be erected at Babylon, and even sought to render his friend divine honors. At last the conqueror roused himself from the passionate grief which daily made his temper more irascible, and found consolation in subduing the mountain tribe Cossæi, who had defied the attacks of Persian kings. Pursuing them into almost impenetrable recesses of the rocks, he slew the entire male population.

During his leisurely return to Babylon the conqueror received envoys from remote nations, not only from the East, but from Carthage, Ethiopia, Scythia, Gaul, Sicily, Sardinia, the cities of Southern Italy, and even, as some say, from Rome. Yet dark omens and prophecies are reported to have clouded his enjoyments, and the Chaldean priests warned him to stay outside the gates of Babylon. After some hesitation he entered, attended to various affairs of state, and conducted the obsequies of his deceased friend. The feast which formed part of the funeral ceremonies was prolonged into boisterous revelry, in which Alexander wildly indulged. A fever ensued, during which he still directed all public affairs until his strength failed. Then he ordered all his generals and officers to remain in attendance near the hall. His last utterance is said to have been in reply to the question to whom he bequeathed his kingdom, "To the strongest." One of his last acts was to take the signet ring from his finger and give it to Perdiccas. He died in June, 323 B. C., after a life of thirty-two years and eight months.

The Battle of Arbela.

Arbela, the city which has furnished its name to the decisive battle which gave Asia to Alexander, lies more than twenty miles from the actual scene of conflict. A little vil-

lage, then named Gaugamela, is close to the spot where the armies met, in one of the wide plains that lie between the Tigris and the mountains of Kurdistan. A few undulating hillocks diversify the surface of this sandy tract; but the ground is generally level, and admirably qualified for the evolutions of cavalry, and also calculated to give the larger of two armies the full advantage of numerical superiority. The Persian king (who, before he came to the throne, had proved his personal valor as a soldier and his skill as a general) had wisely selected this region for the third and decisive encounter between his forces and the invader. The previous defeats of his troops, however severe they had been, were not looked on as irreparable. The Granicus had been fought by his generals rashly and without mutual concert; and, though Darius himself had commanded and been beaten at Issus, that defeat might be attributed to the disadvantageous nature of the ground, where, cooped up between the mountains, the river, and the sea, the numbers of the Persians confused and clogged alike the general's skill and the soldiers' prowess, and their very strength had been made their weakness. Here, on the broad plains of Kurdistan, there was scope for Asia's largest host to array its lines, to wheel, to skirmish, to condense or expand its squadrons, to manœuver, and to charge at will. Should Alexander and his scanty band dare to plunge into that living sea of war, their destruction seemed inevitable.

A little before the end of August, Alexander crossed the Euphrates at Thapsacus, a small corps of Persian cavalry under Mazæus retiring before him. Alexander was too prudent to march down through the Mesopotamian deserts, and continued to advance eastward with the intention of passing the Tigris, and then, if he was unable to find Darius and bring him to action, of marching southward on the left side of that river along the skirts of a mountainous district where his men would suffer less from heat and thirst, and where provisions would be more abundant.

On learning that Darius was with a large army on the left of the Tigris, Alexander hurried forward and crossed that river without opposition. He was at first unable to procure

any certain intelligence of the precise position of the enemy, and after giving his army a short interval of rest, he marched for four days down the left bank of the river.

On the fourth day Alexander's advance guard reported that a body of the enemy's cavalry was in sight. He instantly formed his army in order for battle, and directing them to advance steadily, he rode forward at the head of some squadrons of cavalry, and charged the Persian horse, whom he found before him. This was a mere reconnoitering party, and they broke and fled immediately; but the Macedonians made some prisoners, and from them Alexander found that Darius was posted only a few miles off, and learned the strength of the army that he had with him. On receiving this news Alexander halted, and gave his men repose for four days, so that they should go into action fresh and vigorous. He also fortified his camp and deposited in it all his military stores, and all his sick and disabled soldiers, intending to advance upon the enemy with the serviceable part of his army perfectly unencumbered. After this halt, he moved forward, while it was yet dark, with the intention of reaching the enemy, and attacking them at break of day. About half way between the camps there were some undulations of the ground, which concealed the two armies from each other's view.

Alexander halted his army on the heights, and, taking with him some light-armed infantry and some cavalry, he passed part of the day in reconnoitering the enemy, and observing the nature of the ground on which he had to fight. Darius wisely refrained from moving from his position to attack the Macedonians on the eminences which they occupied, and the two armies remained until night without molesting each other.

The Persians expected, and were prepared to meet, a night attack. Such was the apprehension that Darius entertained of it, that he formed his troops at evening in order of battle, and kept them under arms all night. The morning of the first of October, 331 B. C., dawned slowly to their wearied watching, and they could hear the note of the Macedonian trumpet sounding to arms, and could see King Alexander's forces descend from their tents on the heights, and form in order of battle on the plain.

There was deep need of skill, as well as of valor, on Alexander's side; and few battle-fields have witnessed more consummate generalship than was now displayed by the Macedonian king. There were no natural barriers by which he could protect his flanks; and not only was he certain to be overlapped on either wing by the vast lines of the Persian army, but there was imminent risk of their circling round him, and charging him in the rear, while he advanced against their centre. He formed, therefore, a second or reserve line, which was to wheel round, if required, or to detach troops to either flank, as the enemy's movements might necessitate; and thus, with their whole army ready at any moment to be thrown into one vast hollow square, the Macedonians advanced in two lines against the enemy, Alexander himself leading on the right wing, and the renowned phalanx forming the centre, while Parmenio commanded on the left.

Conspicuous by the brilliancy of his armor, and by the chosen band of officers who were round his person, Alexander took his station at the head of his cavalry; and when all the arrangements for the battle were complete, and his generals were fully instructed how to act in each probable emergency, he began to lead his men toward the enemy. It was ever his custom to expose his life freely in battle, and to emulate the personal prowess of his great ancestor, Achilles.

Great reliance had been placed by the Persian king on the effects of the scythe-bearing chariots. It was designed to launch these against the Macedonian phalanx, and to follow them up by a heavy charge of cavalry, which, it was hoped, would find the ranks of the spearmen disordered by the rush of the chariots, and easily destroy this most formidable part of Alexander's force. In front, therefore, of the Persian centre, where Darius took his station, and which it was supposed that the phalanx would attack, the ground had been carefully levelled and smoothed, so as to allow the chariots to charge over it with their full sweep and speed. As the Macedonian army approached the Persian, Alexander found that the front of his whole line barely equalled the front of the Persian centre, so that he was outflanked on his right by the entire left wing of the enemy, and by their entire right wing on his

left. His tactics were to assail some one point of the hostile army, and gain a decided advantage, while he refused, as far as possible, the encounter along the rest of the line. He therefore inclined his order of march to the right, so as to enable his right wing and centre to come into collision with the enemy on as favorable terms as possible, although the manœuver might in some respect compromise his left.

The effect of this oblique movement was to bring the phalanx and his own wing nearly beyond the limits of the ground which the Persians had prepared for the operations of the chariots; and Darius, fearing to lose the benefit of this arm against the most important parts of the Macedonian force, ordered the Scythian and Bactrian cavalry, who were drawn up in front of his extreme left, to charge round upon Alexander's right wing, and check its further lateral progress. Against these assailants Alexander sent from his second line Menidas' cavalry. As these proved too few to make head against the enemy, he ordered Ariston also from the second line with his right horse, and Cleander with his foot, in support of Menidas. The Bactrians and Scythians now began to give way; but Darius reinforced them by the mass of Bactrian cavalry from his main line, and an obstinate cavalry fight now took place. The Bactrians and Scythians were numerous, and were better armed than the horsemen under Menidas and Ariston; and the loss at first was heaviest on the Macedonian side. But still the European cavalry stood the charge of the Asiatics, and at last, by their superior discipline, and by acting in squadrons that supported each other, instead of fighting in a confused mass like the barbarians, the Macedonians broke their adversaries, and drove them off the field.

Darius now directed the scythe-armed chariots to be driven against Alexander's horse guards and the phalanx, and these formidable vehicles were accordingly sent rattling across the plain, against the Macedonian line. But the Asiatic chariots were rendered ineffective by the light-armed troops, whom Alexander had specially appointed for the service, and who, wounding the horses and drivers with their missile weapons, and running alongside so as to cut the traces or seize the reins, marred the intended charge; and the few chariots that reached

the phalanx passed harmlessly through the intervals which the spearmen opened for them, and were easily captured in the rear.

A mass of Asiatic cavalry was now, for the second time, collected against Alexander's extreme right, and moved round it, with the view of gaining the flank of his army. At the critical moment, when their own flanks were exposed by this evolution, Aretes dashed on the Persian squadrons with his horsemen from Alexander's second line. While Alexander thus met and baffled all the flanking attacks of the enemy with troops brought up from his second line, he kept his own horse-guards and the rest of the front line of his wing fresh, and ready to take advantage of the first opportunity for striking a decisive blow. This soon came. A large body of horse, who were posted on the Persian left wing nearest to the centre, quitted their station, and rode off to help their comrades in the cavalry fight, that still was going on at the extreme right of Alexander's wing against the detachments from his second line. This made a huge gap in the Persian array, and into this space Alexander instantly charged with his guard and all the cavalry of his wing; and then pressing toward his left, he soon began to make havoc in the left flank of the Persian centre. The shield-bearing infantry now charged also among the reeling masses of the Asiatics; and five of the brigades of the phalanx, with the irresistible might of their long pikes, bore down the Greek mercenaries of Darius, and dug their way through the Persian centre. In the early part of the battle Darius had showed skill and energy; and he now, for some time, encouraged his men, by voice and example, to keep firm. But the lances of Alexander's cavalry and the pikes of the phalanx pressed nearer and nearer to him. His charioteer was struck down by a javelin at his side; and at last Darius' nerve failed him, and, descending from his chariot, he mounted on a fleet horse and galloped from the plain, regardless of the state of the battle in other parts of the field, where matters were going on much more favorably for his cause, and where his presence might have done much toward gaining a victory.

Alexander's operations with his right and centre had ex-

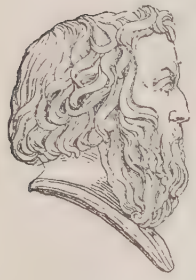
posed his left to an immensely preponderating force of the enemy. Parmenio kept out of action as long as possible; but Mazæus, who commanded the Persian right wing, advanced against him, completely outflanked him, and pressed him severely with reiterated charges by superior numbers. Seeing the distress of Parmenio's wing, Simmias, who commanded the sixth brigade of the phalanx, which was next to the left wing, did not advance with the other brigades in the great charge upon the Persian centre, but kept back to cover Parmenio's troops on *their* right flank, as otherwise they would have been completely surrounded and cut off from the rest of the Macedonian army. By so doing, Simmias had unavoidably opened a gap in the Macedonian left centre; and a large column of Indian and Persian horse, from the Persian right centre, had galloped forward through this interval, and right through the troops of the Macedonian second line. Instead of then wheeling round upon Parmenio, or upon the rear of Alexander's conquering wing, the Indian and Persian cavalry rode straight on to the Macedonian camp, overpowered the Thracians who were left in charge of it, and began to plunder. This was stopped by the phalangite troops of the second line, who, after the enemy's horsemen had rushed by them, faced about, countermarched upon the camp, killed many of the Indians and Persians in the act of plundering, and forced the rest to ride off again. Just at this crisis, Alexander had been recalled from his pursuit of Darius by tidings of the distress of Parmenio and of his inability to bear up any longer against the hot attacks of Mazæus. Taking his horse-guards with him, Alexander rode toward the part of the field where his left wing was fighting; but on his way thither he encountered the Persian and Indian cavalry, on their return from his camp.

These men now saw that their only chance of safety was to cut their way through, and in one huge column they charged desperately upon the Macedonian regiments. There was here a close hand-to-hand fight, which lasted some time, and sixty of the royal horse-guards fell, and three generals, who fought close to Alexander's side, were wounded. At length the Macedonian discipline and valor again prevailed,

and a large number of the Persian and Indian horsemen were cut down, some few only succeeding in breaking through and riding away. Relieved of these obstinate enemies, Alexander again formed his regiments of horse-guards, and led them toward Parmenio; but by this time that general also was victorious. Probably the news of Darius' flight had reached Mazæus, and had damped the ardor of the Persian right wing, while the tidings of their comrades' success must have proportionally encouraged the Macedonian forces under Parmenio. His Thessalian cavalry particularly distinguished themselves by their gallantry and persevering good conduct; and by the time that Alexander had ridden up to Parmenio, the whole Persian army was in full flight from the field.

It was of the deepest importance to Alexander to secure the person of Darius, and he now urged on the pursuit. The River Lycus was between the field of battle and the city of Arbela, whither the fugitives directed their course, and the passage of this river was even more destructive to the Persians than the swords and spears of the Macedonians had been in the engagement. The narrow bridge was soon choked up by the flying thousands who rushed toward it, and vast numbers of the Persians threw themselves, or were hurried by others, into the rapid stream, and perished in its waters. Darius had crossed it, and had ridden on through Arbela without halting. Alexander reached the city on the next day, and made himself master of all the Persian king's treasure and stores. Darius, unfortunately for himself, had fled too fast for his conqueror, but had only escaped to perish by the treachery of his Bactrian satrap, Bessus. A few days after the battle Alexander entered Babylon, "the oldest seat of earthly empire" then in existence, as its acknowledged lord and master.—Sir E. S. Creasy.

LYCURGUS.



ALTHOUGH the ancient accounts of the personal history of Lycurgus have many discrepancies, and are disputed by modern critics, we give the generally received outline of his career. He is reputed to have been born about 926 B. C., and to be the son of king Eunomus. As guardian of his nephew, who had succeeded to the throne, Lycurgus conducted the affairs of the state with great wisdom and probity. Later on, he became a traveler, and while visiting the island of Crete thoroughly studied its laws. Thence he passed to Asia Minor, and viewed the Ionian cities, sunk in luxury and effeminacy. Finding there the poems of Homer, he was so enraptured by their manly and heroic strain that he collected and transcribed them, and was the first to introduce them fully into Greece.

In the meantime Sparta was a prey to civil dissensions, and several deputations were sent to Lycurgus, imploring him to return and resume the reins of Government. At length, after fully maturing the political knowledge which it had been his principal object to acquire by travel, he came back to his native land. Perceiving that the disorders of the state admitted no other effectual remedy than a total change of the laws and constitution, he proposed a new legislative system for Sparta.

Like other legislators, Lycurgus fortified his authority with the sanctions of religion, and obtained from the oracle of Delphi a declaration that the new constitution would be the most excellent in the world. He also directed thirty of his friends to appear armed in the market-place, in order to inti-

midate opposition. Thus surrounded, he promulgated his new constitution and code of laws. The monarchical part of the government, administered by two kings, was retained; but a senate of twenty-eight persons was formed, as a mediating body between them and the people. He was equally averse to a tyranny and an unmixed democracy. Yet the people were allowed a public assembly in which the most important measures were to be voted on, and five officers, called ephors, were commissioned as their representatives, to see that the kings did not violate their enactments. These ephors became eventually the controlling power of the Spartan state.

The next step of Lycurgus was the very arduous measure of equalizing landed property. The territory of Sparta and of the rest of Laconia was divided into lots, each capable of supporting a single family, and one of these was assigned to each citizen. Lycurgus attempted to equalize other property by forbidding the use of gold and silver coin, and allowing no other money than iron, which was so bulky that it was impossible to hoard much wealth. Still further to reduce to a social level, and preclude private luxury, he ordained that all the men should eat at public tables, where all were served alike with plain, wholesome food. This regulation proved more grievous to the richer classes than any other, and even caused a tumult, in which Lycurgus lost an eye. His behavior on this occasion was truly philosophical, as he pardoned the youthful perpetrator, and converted him into a permanent friend.

The spirit of his ordinances, which extended to all the particulars of education, and of social arrangements, was to form a people in whom patriotism should be paramount to private interests, who should be vigorous in body and invincible in defence of their country. In pursuance of this, he scrupled not to sacrifice the decencies of life. Together with riches, he excluded all the fine arts, and all the studies which soften and humanize the mind and heart. But what he aimed at he obtained; and Sparta, under the stern laws of Lycurgus, became a gymnasium of athletic warriors, whose prowess for centuries dominated all Greece.

The disinterestedness of Lycurgus was proved by his last administrative act. In an assembly of the people that he convoked, he said that it was important that he should consult the oracle at Delphi on one remaining point; but before his departure he wished them to take a solemn oath to observe his laws inviolably until his return. They complied, and he went to Delphi, where he obtained a declaration that while Sparta should keep the laws of Lycurgus, she should be the most flourishing of cities. This oracle he sent to Sparta, and then disappeared, in order that they might never be freed from the obligation of their oath. The classical authors are not agreed concerning what afterwards became of him. His memory was long honored at Sparta by an anniversary, at which his praises were recited and sung.

Laconic Speech.

Lycurgus fixed but a small value on a considerable quantity of his iron money; but on the contrary, the worth of speech was to consist in its being comprised in a few plain words, pregnant with a great deal of sense; and he contrived that by long silence they might learn to be sententious and acute in their replies. As debauchery often causes weakness and sterility in the body, so the intemperance of the tongue makes conversation empty and insipid. King Agis, therefore, when a certain Athenian laughed at the Lacedæmonian short swords, and said, "The jugglers would swallow them with ease upon the stage," answered in his laconic way, "And yet we can reach our enemies' hearts with them." Indeed, to me there seems to be something in this concise manner of speaking which immediately reaches the object aimed at, and forcibly strikes the mind of the hearer.

Lycurgus himself was short and sententious in his discourse, if we may judge by some of his answers which are recorded; that, for instance, concerning the constitution. When one advised him to establish a popular government in Lacedæmon, "Go," said he, "and first make a trial of it in thy own family." That again, concerning sacrifices to the Deity, when he was asked why he appointed them so trifling

and of so little value, "That we might never be in want," said he, "of something to offer him." Once more, when they inquired of him, what sort of martial exercises he allowed of, he answered, "All, except those in which you stretch out your hands" (which was the form of demanding quarter in battle). Several such like replies of his are said to be taken from the letters which he wrote to his countrymen; as to their question, "How shall we best guard against the invasion of the enemy?" "By continuing poor, and not desiring in your possession to be one above another." And to the question, whether they should enclose Sparta with walls, "That city is well fortified, which has a wall of men instead of brick." Whether these and some other letters ascribed to him are genuine or not, is no easy matter to determine.

That they hated long speeches, the following sayings are a farther proof. King Leonidas said to one who discoursed at an improper time about affairs of some concern, "My friend, you should not talk so much to the purpose of what it is not to the purpose to talk of." Charilaus, the nephew of Lycurgus, being asked why his uncle had made so few laws, answered, "To men of few words, few laws are sufficient." Some people finding fault with Hecatæus the sophist, because, when admitted to one of the public repasts, he said nothing all the time, Archidamidas replied, "He that knows how to speak, knows also when to speak."—PLUTARCH.

EPAMINONDAS.

EPAMINONDAS, one of the greatest and noblest characters recorded in ancient history, was a native of Thebes, in Bœotia. Though born and reared in poverty, he was educated by the best masters in Greece. From one of them, Lysis, the Pythagorean, he probably acquired that elevation of mind and austerity of morals which characterized him throughout his career. He was never married. His indifference to riches rendered him inaccessible to corruption of every kind ; and though he was susceptible to glory, yet, like a true philosopher, he made the consciousness of rectitude, and not fame, the great object of his life. To the qualities of an exalted mind he added a serene and amiable disposition, wisdom and sincerity. By the general agreement of writers, he exhibited beyond almost any ancient personality the appearance of a perfect character.

The Spartans, having obtained possession of Thebes in 383 B.C., expelled Pelopidas, a friend of Epaminondas, for his attachment to liberty. But Epaminondas, being considered as of no political weight, was permitted to remain. Pelopidas and other exiles, four years later, by bold stratagem entered and mastered the city, amid much bloodshed. When his friends had succeeded, Epaminondas, abhorring civil strife, energetically interfered to stop the slaughter of the vanquished.

The two friends now formed the design of arousing in their Theban countrymen an enduring sense of the benefits of

virtue and liberty, exhorting them to frugality in living, and contempt of pleasure.

As one of the delegates to a convention of the Grecian States, held at Sparta, to treat of a general peace, Epaminondas showed such independence of conduct as to exasperate the Spartan king, Agesilaus. The Thebans were therefore excluded from the peace, and war was declared against them. Twenty days afterwards the Thebans defeated the Spartans with great slaughter on the battle-field of Leuctra. The Thebans, now formidable, were joined by allies, formerly much oppressed by Sparta, and the Peloponnesus was invaded, but without any advantage, as Epaminondas was too prudent to hazard an assault on the city of Sparta. The next year, however, he again marched into the Peloponnesus, laying waste the country and taking some towns, but was thwarted in capturing Corinth. The change of public favor caused him upon his return to be deprived of his command, and reduced to a private condition. But when an expedition to Pheræ was saved from utter destruction by his ability, the people of Thebes restored him to supreme command.

Epaminondas, taking advantage of new commotions in the Peloponnesus, marched thither with a powerful army. The combined forces of the allies, Spartans, Athenians, Arcadians, etc., commanded by King Agesilaus, were attacked by the Thebans at Mantinea, and completely routed. Unhappily, Epaminondas at the close received a mortal wound. When he was told that his death would immediately follow the extraction of the javelin, he would not allow this to be done until he had been assured that his shield was safe, and that the victory was with his countrymen. Seeing his friends' tears, he said, cheerfully, "This day is not the end of my life, but the beginning of my happiness and completion of my glory." As they mourned for his death, unmarried and childless, he said, "Leuctra and Mantinea are children enough to keep my name alive." Then, while others faltered and evaded the sad work of extracting the dart, he himself drew it forth and expired.

The saddened Thebans buried him where he had died, and raised on the spot a column, bearing the figure of a dragon,

in token of his lineage from one of the followers of Cadmus. They never prospered after the grand fifteen years of the influence of their great Pythagorean soldier. With the death of this true hero, the power of Thebes declined as rapidly as it had formerly risen.

The Battle of Leuctra.

The field of Leuctra is well marked to the present day by a tumulus on the summit of the ridge which borders the southern side of the valley of Thespiæ. This isolated ridge was the position of Cleombrotus, the Spartan. The height, on which the Thebans were encamped, was evidently a spur of the ridge of hills forming the southern wall of the valley of the Kanavari river, which it separates from the plain of Leuctra. This plain does not exceed a mile in width from north to south, except at the eastern end, where there occurs a gap between the ridge of Leuctra and the foot of the downs, on the summit of which stands the city of Thebes. Here, in earlier times, Pausanias had finally proved the superiority of Hellenic to Persian arms. From east to west it runs nearly five miles, and is an admirably chosen spot for a pitched battle, since the face of the country is perfectly open, without any natural obstructions to impede the shock of combatants, and the hills are wide sheep-walks to the top, of no great altitude,—that of Leuctra more especially,—and perfectly adapted to military movements, though perhaps scarcely accessible to charging cavalry.

Epaminondas depended much on the superiority of his cavalry; but he neglected no precautions to ensure the victory against his formidable opponent. Cleombrotus (July 20, B. C. 371) descended into the plain with his cavalry in front of his heavy-armed infantry, who were drawn up in line, each company having three shields in rank and twelve in file, he himself commanding the right wing, consisting of Spartans.

Perceiving this disposition, and knowing, from the immovable valor of the Spartans, that a general attack along the front would probably cause the defeat of his numerically inferior force, Epaminondas formed his men on an entirely new principle. Selecting his best warriors, and especially his best

file-leaders, he drew them to extreme left, where he arranged them,—considerably in advance of the centre, and this centre itself considerably in advance of the right, thus forming in echelon,—under his own command, no less than fifty shields in depth, intending by this extraordinary weight of his column to cut in two the Spartan right, and break it up. His own right and centre were drawn up in much shallower order, probably not exceeding the usual depth of eight shields, for it was his object, if possible, to induce the enemy to extend their own left unduly. Being actually inferior in numbers, while he had reduced his general strength yet farther by the extraordinary concentration of his masses on the left, he was obliged to make his right shallow, even to feebleness, in order to keep up the semblance of an even front. It appears, from Plutarch's statement, that Epaminondas had strengthened his centre, so as in some degree to compensate for its numerical weakness, by the three hundred known as the Sacred Band, who were never beaten until they fell to a man, and lay as they fell

> "With their back to the field and their feet to the foe,
> And leaving in battle no blot on their name,
> Looked proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame."

But that day of disaster had not yet arrived; and in this furious hand to hand encounter, they, with their gallant leader, did their duty well; yet, but for the new and strange formation in which they fought, they must almost to a certainty have suffered a terrible defeat. From that day forth, this oblique method was the constant array and order of the Thebans. It was adopted by Philip of Macedon, and became the favorite manœuver of his son, Alexander the Great.

No sooner were the two armies in the plain, the Thebans with their left advanced so as almost to feel the enemy's right, while their own right was still far retired from the Spartan left, the cavalry trumpets sounded, and the horse on both sides encountered between the main bodies in full career.

The Theban cavalry were much superior, and quickly scattered the Spartan horse, who, falling back into the lines of their own heavy foot, threw them somewhat into disorder

before the encounter of the main battle. This must have occurred toward the Theban right, where the interval was the widest between the opposing armies, and the space between the hills the narrowest. For since the signal for the onset of the infantry seems to have been given as soon as the cavalry were no longer interposed, if the Spartan right, which first came into contact with the Bœotians, had been much shaken, —as they must have been, had their broken horse disordered them in that quarter,—they could never have made such a resistance as they did to the terrible onset of Epaminondas, with his column of fifty shields. The cavalry on both sides, therefore, of which we hear no more during the action, must have been swept away, the Spartans in full flight, and the Thebans in inconsiderate pursuit, down the plain toward Thespiæ eastward.

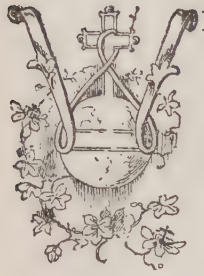
So soon as the trumpets sounded, the Spartans led forth at charging pace along the whole front; their left hurrying their advance, in order to close with the Theban right, which rather fell back than advanced, though still preserving their connection with the centre, which met the Spartan right with leveled pikes, at a full run. There the battle raged fiercely, hand to hand, and was for a long time undecided, since there Epaminondas met the chosen Spartans, with Cleombrotus, their king, who would not yield a step, but sustained the shock of his deep column with their linked shields, until their spears were broken, and it came to the closest single combat with their short stabbing swords. In the meantime, their left, which had been disordered somewhat by its own flying horse, endeavored to extend still farther to the left, in order to outflank and surround the Theban right, with which it was not yet fairly engaged. All manœuvering with so heavy and unwieldy a body as the phalanx, in the face of an enemy, was difficult; and if attacked in the act of deploying or changing its front, that array, at other times so formidable, was the most defenceless and helpless of masses. Precisely at such a moment, and in the middle of such a movement, Pelopidas rushed headlong with his three hundred of the Sacred Band, serried in the closest combination, upon their centre, giving them neither time to extend as they desired,

nor to contract their files in order to meet his shock, so that they began to waver and fall into confusion.

By this time, however, the extraordinary depth, and consequent weight and impetus of the terrible column of Epaminondas began to tell, the pressure of the rearmost files bearing the foremost bodily onward, and if the front men fell, others succeeded at once to their places. And now Cleombrotus had fallen, and all the adjutants; and four hundred of the seven hundred Spartans. As the head of the assailing column met less resistance, it fell in with a more fiery impetus, and broke the Spartan right into fragments, outflanking it, moreover, and thereby turning the right of the whole array. But no sooner did the Spartan centre, already shaken, and their left, which had scarcely felt the enemy, see the defeat of their right wing, than they turned also; and the forces opposed to them assuming the offensive, gave them no time to rally. The confusion and rout became general along the whole front. The loss of the Spartans was prodigious, considering that there was no long flight or fierce pursuit.

Diodorus states the loss of the Spartans at four thousand, and that of the Thebans about three hundred; but these numbers cannot be exactly relied on. At all events it was the severest defeat ever as yet inflicted by one Hellenic nation on another. Sparta never again recovered from the moral consequences of that overwhelming defeat, or recovered its station among the Hellenic nations, although it struggled stoutly for pre-eminence, and long maintained its independence.—H. W. HERBERT.

CHARLES MARTEL.



HEN, in the early part of the eighth century, the wave of Mohammedan conquest was sweeping with irresistible force over Southern Europe, the Franks formed a firm rock on which it spent its fury in vain. And the central figure in this scene,—the man who is most prominently identified with this victory of the advancing civilization of the West,—was Charles Martel. His father, Pepin of Heristal, Duke of Austrasia and mayor of the palace of the Merovingian kings of the Franks, had two wives: Plectrude, by whom he had a son, Grimoald, and Alpaïde, who had two sons, Charles (born about 689 A. D.), and Childebrand. Grimoald was assassinated, and Charles was suspected of complicity in the murder. Pepin appointed Grimoald's son Théobald, a boy of six, his successor, setting aside the claims of Charles and Childebrand. On Pepin's death (714), Plectrude, the regent, lost no time in imprisoning Charles in the fortress of Cologne; but not long afterward, in 715, the Austrasians rose in revolt, liberated him, and proclaimed him Duke of Austrasia. From this time his life was a continual battle, a long struggle, the final outcome of which was, as Guizot puts it, "the re-establishment throughout the whole of Gaul of the Franco-Gallo-Roman empire."

He took the first step towards extending his own authority and consolidating and strengthening the Frankish dominion by defeating the Neustrians, and installing a Merovingian puppet-king under the name of Clotaire IV., he himself adopting the title of mayor of the palace. While he was busy repulsing and attacking the Frisons and Saxons, on the

other side of the Rhine (715–718), the Neustrians entered into an alliance with Eudes, Duke of Aquitania, and advanced towards Soissons, to meet a common defeat in 719, at the hands of Charles, who concluded a treaty with Eudes. Chilperic II., the sluggard king (*roi fainéant*) of the Neustrians, was generously treated, and at his death was replaced by Thierry (or Théodoric) IV., another Merovingian phantom, who posed as king for seventeen years, while Charles ruled over the country, repressing dissensions within and guarding it from invasion without, for the Franks were incessantly at war with their belligerent Germanic neighbors. But his importance in history is more directly due to his victories over the Saracens, which materially changed the course of European history.

The Moslems, who, after their conquests in the Orient, had passed into Europe, overrunning Spain and conquering the Visigoths, now passed the Pyrenees and threatened Gaul. In their first two expeditions they were severely defeated by Eudes, although they captured Narbonne, which they made their capital. Under the governor-general of Spain, Abdel-Rhaman (Abderame), preparations were made for a fresh invasion. Eudes, sorely pressed on the south, had to suffer also from the inroads, on the north, of Charles Martel, who accused him of not having faithfully observed the treaty concluded by them in 720. Abdel-Rhaman advanced and forced the Duke of Aquitania back upon Bordeaux, where he defeated him totally and plundered the city. Eudes now invoked the aid of Charles Martel against their common enemy, which was readily granted on his oath of allegiance. The Arabs had meanwhile spread over the country between the Garonne and the Loire, and had carried their ravages beyond the latter river into Burgundy. The hostile forces met between Tours and Poictiers, and for a week they remained encamped opposite to each other. When the Arab cavalry finally attacked, it was received by the Franks in serried ranks, and disorder spreading through the Mussulman army gave Charles a further advantage. Both armies retired to their camps at nightfall; but when the Franks turned out in the morning to renew the struggle they found the enemy's

tents deserted, the Arabs having acknowledged their total defeat by decamping precipitately during the night. Although the opinions of historians differ on this point, yet it is a popularly accepted tradition that it was his valor in this battle, fought in 732, which gained him the title of Martel, or "the Hammer." Charles Martel defeated the Moslems once more in 738, but his assaults on their capital, Narbonne, were unsuccessful. In the following year, however, they were definitely driven from Provence, and all of Southern Gaul lying to the left of the Rhone was incorporated in the Frankish kingdom. But the security of the latter was still threatened by Germanic invasion, and it was only after a long series of expeditions that the barbarians beyond the Rhine were finally repulsed.

While Charles Martel was thus reconstituting the Frankish domain in its entirety, Thierry IV. died, in 737; but the throne was left vacant, the *mayor* keeping his old title, but ruling with absolute authority until his death, which overtook him on October 22, 741, at Quiercy on the Oise, in the full vigor of manhood, in the midst of his activity and his projects. He had seized many possessions of the clergy, and used them to attract warriors to his flag, and this offence was never forgiven him by the church. In spite of his great services,—the relief of Christianity from the fear of Moslem conquest, his effective support of missions in Germany, his protection of the Pope at various times,—he was loaded with anathemas and maledictions by those whom he had despoiled of their lands. On his death, he divided his territory, which had been united with so much trouble, between his sons, Pepin and Carloman, the former receiving Neustria, the latter Austrasia. But Carloman died, and Pepin gained possession of the entire kingdom, and assumed the title of king. Thus did this title of royalty, which had become a meaningless name under the last of the Merovingians, pass to the successor of the mayors of the palace, who ruled with the intelligence and energy wanting in those phantoms of regal power, the sluggard kings. And thus, also, were laid the foundations of modern France.

The Battle of Tours.

The broad tract of champaign country which intervenes between the cities of Poictiers and Tours is principally composed of a succession of rich pasture lands, which are traversed and fertilized by the Cher, the Creuse, the Vienne, the Claine, the Indre, and other tributaries of the River Loire. Here and there the ground swells into picturesque eminences, and occasionally a belt of forest land, a brown heath, or a clustering series of vineyards breaks the monotony of the wide-spread meadows; but the general character of the land is that of a grassy plain, and it seems naturally adapted for the evolutions of numerous armies, especially of those vast bodies of cavalry which principally decided the fate of nations during the centuries that followed the downfall of Rome, and preceded the consolidation of the modern European powers.

This region has been signalized by more than one memorable conflict; but it is principally interesting to the historian by having been the scene of the great victory won by Charles Martel over the Saracens, A.D. 732, which gave a decisive check to the career of Arab conquest in Western Europe, rescued Christendom from Islam, preserved the relics of ancient and the germs of modern civilization, and re-established the old superiority of the Indo-European over the Semitic family of mankind.

The monkish chroniclers, from whom we are obliged to glean a narrative of this memorable campaign, bear full evidence to the terror which the Saracen invasion inspired, and to the agony of that great struggle. The Saracens, say they, and their king, who was called Abdirames, came out of Spain, with all their wives and their children, and their substance, in such great multitudes that no man could reckon or estimate them. They brought with them all their armor, and whatever they had, as if they were thenceforth always to dwell in France.

"Then Abderrahman, seeing the land filled with the multitude of his army, pierces through the mountains, tramples over rough and level ground, plunders far into the country of the Franks, and smites all with the sword, inso-

much that when Eudo came to battle with him at the River Garonne, and fled before him, God alone knows the number of the slain. Then Abderrahman pursued after Count Eudo, and while he strives to spoil and burn the holy shrine at Tours, he encounters the chief of the Austrasian Franks, Charles, a man of war from his youth up, to whom Eudo had sent warning. There for nearly seven days they strive intensely, and at last they set themselves in battle array, and the nations of the North standing firm as a wall, and impenetrable as a zone of ice, utterly slay the Arabs with the edge of the sword."

The European writers all concur in speaking of the fall of Abderrahman as one of the principal causes of the defeat of the Arabs; who, according to one writer, after finding that their leader was slain, dispersed in the night, to the agreeable surprise of the Christians, who expected the next morning to see them issue from their tents and renew the combat. One monkish chronicler puts the loss of the Arabs at 375,000 men, while he says that only 1,007 Christians fell; a disparity of loss which he feels bound to account for by a special interposition of Providence. I have translated above some of the most spirited passages of these writers; but it is impossible to collect from them anything like a full authentic description of the great battle itself, or of the operations which preceded and followed it.

Though, however, we may have cause to regret the meagreness and doubtful character of these narratives, we have the great advantage of being able to compare the accounts given of Abderrahman's expedition by the national writers of each side. This is a benefit which the inquirer into antiquity so seldom can obtain, that the fact of possessing it, in the case of the battle of Tours, makes us think the historical testimony respecting that great event more certain and satisfactory than is the case in many other instances where we possess abundant details respecting military exploits, but where those details come to us from the annalist of one nation only, and where we have, consequently, no safeguard against the exaggerations, the distortions, and the fictions which national vanity has so often put forth in the

garb and under the title of history. The Arabian writers who recorded the conquests and wars of their countrymen in Spain have narrated also the expedition into Gaul of their great emir, and his defeat and death near Tours, in battle with the host of the Franks under King Caldus, the name into which they metamorphose Charles Martel.

They tell us how there was war between the count of the Frankish frontier and the Moslems, and how the count gathered together all his people, and fought for a time with doubtful success. "But," say the Arabian chroniclers, "Abderrahman drove them back; and the men of Abderrahman were puffed up in spirit by their repeated successes, and they were full of trust in the valor and the practice in war of their emir. So the Moslems smote their enemies, and passed the River Garonne, and laid waste the country, and took captives without number. And that army went through all places like a desolating storm. Prosperity made these warriors insatiable. At the passage of the river, Abderrahman overthrew the count, and the count retired into his stronghold; but the Moslems fought against it, and entered it by force and slew the count; for every thing gave way to their cimeters, which were the robbers of lives. All the nations of the Franks trembled at that terrible army, and they betook them to their king Caldus, and told him of the havoc made by the Moslem horsemen, and how they rode at their will through all the land of Narbonne, Toulouse, and Bordeaux, and they told the king of the death of their count. Then the king bade them be of good cheer, and offered to aid them. And in the 114th year (of the Hegira) he mounted his horse, and he took with him a host that could not be numbered, and went against the Moslems. And he came upon them at the great city of Tours. And Abderrahman and other prudent cavaliers saw the disorder of the Moslem troops, who were loaded with spoil; but they did not venture to displease the soldiers by ordering them to abandon every thing except their arms and war-horses. And Abderrahman trusted in the valor of his soldiers, and in the good fortune which had ever attended him. But (the Arab writer remarks) such defect of discipline always is fatal to armies. So Abderrahman and

his host attacked Tours to gain still more spoil, and they fought against it so fiercely that they stormed the city almost before the eyes of the army that came to save it; and the fury and the cruelty of the Moslems toward the inhabitants of the city was like the fury and cruelty of raging tigers. It was manifest," adds the Arab, "that God's chastisement was sure to follow such excesses; and Fortune thereupon turned her back upon the Moslems.

"Near the River Owar (probably the Loire) the two great hosts of the two languages and the two creeds were set in array against each other. The hearts of Abderrahman, his captains, and his men, were filled with wrath and pride, and they were the first to begin the fight. The Moslem horsemen dashed fierce and frequent forward against the battalions of the Franks, who resisted manfully, and many fell dead on either side, until the going down of the sun. Night parted the two armies; but in the gray of the morning the Moslems returned to the battle. Their cavaliers had soon hewn their way into the centre of the Christian host. But many of the Moslems were fearful for the safety of the spoil which they had stored in their tents, and a false cry arose in their ranks that some of the enemy were plundering the camp; whereupon several squadrons of the Moslem horsemen rode off to protect their tents. But it seemed as if they fled; and all the host was troubled. And while Abderrahman strove to check their tumult, and to lead them back to battle, the warriors of the Franks came around him, and he was pierced through with many spears, so that he died. Then all the host fled before the enemy and many died in the flight. This deadly defeat of the Moslems, and the loss of the great leader and good cavalier Abderrahman, took place in the hundred and fifteenth year."

It would be difficult to expect from an adversary a more explicit confession of having been thoroughly vanquished than the Arabs here accord to the Europeans. The points on which their narrative differs from those of the Christians—as to how many days the conflict lasted, whether the assailed city was actually rescued or not, and the like—are of little moment compared with the admitted great fact that there was

a decisive trial of strength between Frank and Saracen, in which the former conquered. The enduring importance of the battle of Tours in the eyes of the Moslems is attested not only by the expressions of "the deadly battle" and "the disgraceful overthrow" which their writers constantly employ when referring to it, but also by the fact that no more serious attempts at conquest beyond the Pyrenees were made by the Saracens. Charles Martel, and his son and grandson, were left at leisure to consolidate and extend their power. The new Christian Roman empire of the West, which the genius of Charlemagne founded, and throughout which his iron will imposed peace on the old anarchy of creeds and races, did not indeed retain its integrity after its great ruler's death. Fresh troubles came over Europe; but Christendom, though disunited, was safe. The progress of civilization, and the development of the nationalities and governments of modern Europe, from that time forth went forward in not uninterrupted, but ultimately certain career.

—Sir Edward S. Creasy.

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S. J. FERRIS, PINX.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR AT HASTINGS.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

ILLIAM I., King of England and surnamed the Conqueror, was the sixth duke of Normandy in direct descent, from the famous Rollo. He was born in 1024, the natural son of Duke Robert le Diable, who had been captivated with the charms of Arletta, a tanner's daughter. In default of legitimate sons, William was accepted by the nobles as the heir, and in his eleventh year succeeded to the rule of the Duchy.

During his minority anarchy prevailed ; but as he approached manhood he gradually established his authority, and when a general conspiracy was formed in 1047, he first escaped by riding hard all night and afterwards completely defeated the rebels. In 1051 he married Matilda, Countess of Flanders, though the Church opposed the marriage as uncanonical, and a dispensation was not obtained until some years later. This alliance had greatly increased William's strength ; but Henry I. of France, who had heretofore aided him, now turned against him, as becoming dangerous. Alternate war and truce succeeded until Henry's death in 1060 ; but William maintained his possessions, and by favorable chances soon enlarged them.

In 1051 William had visited England and had obtained from Edward the Confessor, the childless King of Saxon England, at the instigation of the Norman Archbishop of Canterbury, some promise or reason to regard himself as heir to the English throne. But Harold, the son of the great Earl Godwin, was the bravest and most popular chieftain in

that land, and by the people's choice the destined king. In 1065 Harold visited the ducal court and found himself in his rival's power. William made skillful use of the opportunity, requesting Harold to agree to assist him in obtaining the promised throne. When Harold assented he was required to do homage to William as the heir apparent before a full assembly of Norman barons. Finally the duke conducted him to the council-room, and there exacted an oath from his titular guest and real captive that Harold would fulfil his promises. Then William raised the cover from the chest on which the missal rested which Harold had touched when taking the oath, and showed that it contained all the most precious relics of saints in Normandy. Such is the Norman chronicler's account of this strange transaction.

Harold was then permitted to return to England, and both parties awaited the death of the Confessor. But when that death occurred in January, 1066, Harold assumed the crown, and renounced his oath as having been obtained by compulsion. Some English authorities consider both the oath and the renunciation doubtful. The Pope, however, supported William's claim to the crown of England, and sent him a ring and a banner as symbols that the blessing of Heaven was on his claim. In assertion of this claim William landed at Pevensey in England with 60,000 troops. Harold had just won, near York in the north of England, a great victory over his banished brother Tostig and the king of Norway. He now hastened southward by forced marches to meet the Norman invaders. In the great battle that ensued near Hastings on the 14th of October, King Harold's birthday, the Saxons, after an obstinate contest, were finally defeated, and Harold himself was slain.

William, having thus won the title of Conqueror, at once marched to London, and on Christmas day was solemnly crowned King of England. In consequence of his tyranny rebellions often occurred, but were quelled with the greatest severity. After one that he suppressed in the north he turned the whole country, between York and Durham, into a wilderness, and 100,000 of both sexes and all ages are said to have perished.

William divided the lands into baronies, as rewards for his faithful followers, thus introducing the feudal system. He reduced the property of the clergy to a like tenure, expelled the English churchmen and placed Normans in their stead. The record of the general survey of the kingdom, instituted by him, is still preserved, and is called the Domesday Book. By means of it he obtained a complete account of all estates and their revenues. His New Forest, established solely for the pleasures of the chase, was acquired by the laying waste villages, convents and churches for thirty miles round. Poaching in this domain was made a capital offence. He not only divided the lands of the Saxons among his followers, but enforced the sole use of the Norman language in every department of government, and to prevent nocturnal conspiracies enacted the Curfew law, which required the extinction of every light, at 8 o'clock in the evening, at the sound of the bell.

From his vigorous and stern administration of English affairs, William was recalled to the Continent, the king of France having incited the barons in Normandy to rebel. William invaded the French dominions, but being injured by striking on the iron pommel of his saddle from the stumbling of his horse, he died September 9th, 1087, near Rouen, in the sixty-third year of his age.

The Battle of Hastings.

William with 60,000 Normans, landed in Sussex, England, on the 29th of September, 1066, and encamped near Hastings. Harold was at York, rejoicing over his hard-won victory over the Norwegian King Harold Hardrada. Sixteen days elapsed ere Harold's army, inferior in number and exhausted by hard marches, reached the Norman lines.

The Norman outposts were first aware of the coming Saxons, and falling back announced that the foe was advancing with furious speed. Harold hoped to surprise the enemy; but receiving intelligence of their position and strength, he suddenly changed his plans and fortified himself on the hill of Senlac, seven miles from Hastings. His position was a strong one, surrounded by ditches and

palisades. The Normans, quitting Hastings, occupied a position in front of the Saxons, who spent the night in feasting and the singing of their old patriotic songs, while, on the other hand, the Normans listened to the chanting of litanies by their priests, confessed themselves, and took the sacrament thousands at a time.

At the dawn of the eventful day—Saturday, October 14th, 1066—William's half brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, dressed in a coat of mail beneath his ecclesiastical robes, celebrated mass and pronounced his benediction on the troops. The Norman force was divided into three columns. Mounted on a magnificent charger, William was at the head of one column. He wore round his neck some of the relics on which Harold had sworn. The Pope's banner was borne aloft amidst the Norman host.

The battle began at 9 o'clock of the morning by the advance of the Normans to the foot of the hill. At the first sound of the trumpet, their whole line of archers shot forth their arrows, but with no effect. The heavy-foot immediately attacked the palisade, while a shower of javelins disordered their approach. Their infantry could make no breach. Their cavalry now charged upon the defenders ; but their broadswords clashed in vain against the two-handed axes. Few who came within the sweep of an English axe ever lived to strike another blow. Rank after rank of the Norman chivalry pressed on to the unavailing task.

The English had well withstood their ground. The Normans lost heart : their auxiliaries on the left gave way. Horse and foot alike, they fled. Some English troops, despite of the injunctions of Harold, pursued the fugitives. The whole of William's left wing was thrown into utter confusion. The press of the fugitives disordered the centre ranks, and soon the whole of the assailing hosts was falling back. For the moment, the day seemed lost. But the strong heart of William failed him not, and by his single prowess and presence of mind he recalled his flying troops. He tore his helmet from his head, and called back his men to the attack. "Madmen," he cried, "behold me. Why flee ye? Death is behind you, victory is before you. I live, and

by God's grace I will conquer." With a spear, snatched, it may be, from some comrade, he met or pursued the fugitives, driving them back by main force. The bold words and gestures of the Duke restored the spirits of his men, and his knights once more pressed on, sword in hand, around him. The Breton infantry themselves, chased as they were across the field by the English, now turned and cut down their pursuers.

A new act in the awful drama of that day has now begun. . . . . The Duke himself, his relics round his neck, spurred on right in the teeth of the English King. Before William could come to hand-strokes with Harold, a spear, hurled by the hand of Earl Gyrth, checked his progress. The weapon so far missed its aim that the Duke was himself unhurt. But his noble Spanish horse, the first of three that died under him that day, fell to the ground. William rose to his feet; Duke and Earl met face to face, and the English hero fell crushed beneath the stroke of the Duke's mace. The day might seem to be turning against England when a son of Godwin had fallen. Nor did he fall alone; close at his side, Leofwine, fighting sword in hand, was smitten to the earth. Of the valiant band of sons who had surrounded Godwin on the great day of his return, Harold now stood alone.

William, again mounted, was soon again dealing wounds and death among the defenders of England. But the deed and the fate of Gyrth were soon repeated. The spear of another Englishman brought William's horse to the ground, and he, too, like Gyrth, paid the penalty of his exploit by death at the Duke's own hand.

The second attack had, indeed, to some extent prevailed; the barricade was now in some places broken down. . . . The shield-wall still stood behind the palisade, and every Frenchman who had pressed within the English enclosure had paid for his daring with his life. It was still plain that to scale the hill by any direct attack of the Norman horsemen was a hopeless undertaking.

William had marked with pleasure that the late flight of his troops had beguiled a portion of the English to forsake their

firm array and their strong position. If by any means any large portion of the English army could be drawn down from the heights, an entrance might be made at the points where the barricade was already weakened. He therefore ventured on a daring stratagem. He gave his orders accordingly. A portion of the army, seemingly the left wing, which had so lately fled in earnest, now again turned in apparent flight. . . . The English on the right wing, mainly the irregular levies, rushed down and pursued them with shouts of delight. But the pursued turned on the pursuing English, ... and the pursuers now themselves fled in earnest. Yet, undisciplined and foolhardy as their conduct had been, they found the means to take a special revenge for the fraud that had been played off upon them. The importance of the small outlying hill now came into full play. It was occupied and gallantly defended. With a shower of darts and stones they overwhelmed a body of French who attacked them.

The men who had committed the great error of pursuing the apparent fugitives had thus, as far as they themselves were concerned, retrieved their error skillfully. But the error was none the less fatal to England. The Duke's great object was now gained; the main end of Harold's skillful tactics had been frustrated by the inconsiderate ardor of the least valuable portion of his troops. The pursuing English had left the most easily accessible portion of the hill open to the approach of the enemy. The Normans were at last on the hill. Instead of having to cut their way up the slope and through the palisades, they could now charge to the east, with a slight inclination of the ground in their favor, directly against the defenders of the Standard.

Nevertheless, the hill, narrow and in some places with steep sides, was by no means suited for the evolutions of cavalry, and, though the English palisade was gone, the English shield-wall was still a formidable hindrance in the way of the assailants. It was still the hardest of tasks to surround their bristling lines. The array of the English was so close that they moved only when they were dead, they stirred not at all while they were alive. That array of the shield-wall was still kept.

The fight had already been raging for six hours, and as yet its result was far from certain. . . . . The two rivals never actually met; William, we are told, sought earnestly to meet his enemy face to face, but never succeeded. Many of the best and bravest of England had died, but not a man had fled; the Standard still waved as proudly as ever; the King still fought beneath it. . . . . New efforts, new devices, were needed to overcome the resistance of the English, diminished as were their numbers. The Duke ordered his archers to shoot up in the air, that their arrows might, as it were, fall straight from heaven. The effect was immediate and fearful. No other device of the wily Duke that day did such frightful execution. Helmets were pierced; eyes were put out. . . . There was one point of the hill at which the Norman bowmen were bidden specially to aim. As twilight was coming on, a mighty shower of arrows was launched on its deadly errand against the defenders of the Standard. At last, an arrow, more charged with destiny than its fellows, falling like a bolt from heaven, pierced the King's right eye; he clutched convulsively at the weapon, he broke off the shaft, his axe dropped from his hand, and he sank in agony at the foot of the Standard. His comrades still fought. Four Norman knights rushed upon him and despatched him with various wounds. The Latin poet of the battle describes this inglorious exploit with great glee.

Such was the measure which the boasted chivalry of Normandy meted out to a prince who had never dealt harshly or cruelly by either a domestic or a foreign foe. . . . .

Harold had fallen, as his valiant brothers had fallen before him. The event too truly showed that England had fallen with the sons of Godwin; that, as ever in this age, everything turned on the life of one man.

As long as there was a ray of light the personal following of King Harold continued the unequal strife. Quarter was neither given nor asked; not a man of the *comitatus* fled; not a man was taken captive. Under cover of the darkness, the light-armed took to flight.

Looking at the fight of Senlac simply as a battle, it is one of the most memorable in all military history. Two utterly

opposite systems of warfare came into conflict under two commanders, each worthily matched against the other: the consummate skill with which Harold chose his position; the wonderful readiness with which William formed and varied his plans as occasion served. The Normans came again and again to the charge; they knew how to carry out successfully the elaborate stratagem of the feigned flight. Yet almost more admirable is the long, stubborn endurance of the English, keeping their post through nine hours of constant defence.

A place of slaughter indeed it was, where, from morn till twilight the axe and javelin of England, the lance and bow of Normandy had done their deadly work at the bidding of the two mightiest captains upon earth. Dead and dying men lay close together; nowhere were they heaped so thickly as around the fallen Standard of England. There, where the flower of England's nobility and soldiery lay stretched in death, the Conqueror knelt, gave his thanks to God, and bade his own banner to be planted. Then he took off his armor; his shield and helmet were seen to be dinted with many heavy blows, but the person of the Conqueror was unhurt. He was hailed by the loud applause of his troops, likening him to Roland and Oliver and all the heroes of old. Again he returned thanks to God, again he thanked his faithful followers, and sat down to eat and drink among the dead.—EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

EDWARD III.

EDWARD III., of England, and seventh king of the family of the Plantagenets, was born November 13, 1312. At the age of fourteen, in consequence of the deposal of his father, Edward II., he became Regent; and a year afterwards, upon his father's death, he was proclaimed king. In his eighteenth year, he overcame the domination of his mother, Isabella, and her favorite, Roger Mortimer (Earl of March). They had held absolute control of the government. Mortimer was executed, and the queen-mother was forced into strict retirement for the rest of her long life.

Edward, henceforth untrammeled, began now that career of conquest that was to add so greatly to the military renown of England, though in the end there was little permanent addition to her power.

The subjection of Scotland was the initiative. In the interest of Edward Baliol, who offered vassalage, King Edward besieged Berwick. The Scots, under the Regent, Douglas, in attempting to raise the siege, brought on the bloody battle of Halidon Hill, July 19, 1333, in which they were badly defeated, with a loss of 30,000. All the Scottish nobles of distinction were slain or taken prisoners. Douglas was killed.

France was now at the commencement of the era, called in her annals the "Hundred Years War." She had not the territorial area now included in her domain.

Philip de Valois having obtained the crown, Edward, who had been also a claimant, submitted his homage to

Philip, at Amiens. His claim to the French crown was based upon the rights of his mother, Isabella, the daughter of Philip le Bel. At the suggestion of James van Arteveld, the "Brewer of Ghent," Edward renewed his claim to the throne of France.

On June 22, 1340, Edward won a great naval victory over the French at Sluys, off the coast of Flanders, in which the French lost 230 ships and many thousands slain.

The forays of the English upon the French continued with varying fortunes till, in 1346, Edward found it necessary to take charge personally. He embarked at Southampton with a fleet of a thousand sail, accompanied by his chief nobility and by his eldest son, the Prince of Wales, (afterwards named the "Black Prince," from his wearing of black armor) then in his sixteenth year.

The Battle of Crecy.

The English troops landed at La Hogue, in Normandy. The city of Caen was taken. By a feint upon Paris, Edward crossed the Seine, advanced towards the Somme, which he crossed over near Abbeville, and halted soon at Crecy, where he chose his positions, and awaited the shock of the enemy. He arranged his army in three divisions. The first, under command of the "Black Prince," consisted of nearly 4,000 men, of whom 2,000 were archers. The second division was placed behind them, and slightly on their flank. The third division formed a reserve under the King, on some rising ground in the rear, and consisted of about 3,000 men, of whom 2,000 were archers. According to Sir John Froissart, the English army amounted to 8,000 men, but the probability is that it numbered nearly 30,000. As his army was subject to the danger of being surrounded by that of the French, consisting of about 100,000 men, Edward guarded his flanks by causing entrenchments to be thrown up. Thus, all conceivable contingencies provided for, he and the Prince of Wales took the sacrament with great apparent devotion.

The French army, under King Philip, marched from Abbeville at the dawn of Saturday, August 26, 1346, and

arrived at Crecy in much confusion, consequent upon the forced marches it had made to overtake the English. Philip was confident in his superior numbers ; and his troops were so impatient that no orders could restrain their ardor. He divided his army into three corps, thus corresponding to those of the English. The first, consisting of 15,000 Genoese crossbow men, under King John of Bohemia ; the second, in charge of the Count d'Alençon ; and the third, under himself.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Philip began the battle. He ordered the Genoese to attack the English line. With shouts for "God and Saint Denis," they advanced, but soon their bowstrings relaxed, in consequence of a heavy shower of rain. On the other hand, the English archers had kept their bows in their cases, and now, whilst the sunshine dazzled the vision of the foe, let drive their arrows thick and fast into their ranks. The "Black Prince," taking advantage of their confusion, ordered his line to charge. But now, the cavalry of Count d'Alençon wheeling around, attempted to hem in the Prince's troops. The Earls of Northampton and Arundel, apprehensive that the Prince's position was very critical, despatched an officer to the King asking for aid. The King, who, from the eminence, had viewed the engagement, demanded if his son were dead ; but being answered in the negative, he replied, "Then, tell my generals that he shall have no assistance from me ; let him show himself worthy of the profession of arms, and let him be indebted to his own merit alone for victory." The "Black Prince" threw himself upon the French cavalry, who upon the death of their leader, the Count d'Alençon, were thrown into the greatest disorder. Vainly King Philip tried to animate his troops ; the total overthrow of his army had begun, and he was forced to accompany his army in its flight. Not till morning of the next day was it known that the whole French army had been routed. The loss of the French amounted to 30,000 men, exclusive of about 1,200 knights and barons.

It is said that Edward first made use of artillery at this battle ; that the "Black Prince" himself slew the King of

Bohemia, whose crest was three ostrich feathers, with the motto, *Ich dien*,—"I serve." As a memento of the victory, it was added to the arms of the "Black Prince," and has remained the insignia of each succeeding Prince of Wales.

Thus was lost the battle of Crecy, the greatest battle on French soil, since that fought by Charles Martel at Tours. At Crecy, fell the Duke of Lorraine, the Counts of Alençon, Flanders, Nevers, Blois, Harcourt, the Lord of Tours, the Archbishops of Nismes, and of Sens, the Grand Prior of the Hospital of St. John, the Count of Savoy—the very flower of the French chivalry.

Edward quickly advanced to the siege of Calais, which required nearly a year to enforce its surrender. Hereupon occurred the remarkable event of the intercession of Queen Philippa on behalf of the six burghers, who had offered themselves as a vicarious sacrifice to appease the wrath of Edward against their fellow townsmen. It is believed that he would have inflicted the punishment of death upon them but for her efforts to save them.

After a truce of eight years, hostilities were renewed. Philip was dead, and John was now the King of France.

In 1355, the "Black Prince" landed in France; but it was not till the next year that John proceeded to meet him; the Prince's army, consisting of twelve thousand men, having penetrated into the interior. The Prince's intention was to form a junction with the troops under the Duke of Lancaster. But he found himself foiled, the country before him practically barricaded, and the bridges behind him destroyed, thereby cutting off all retreat. The French, sixty thousand strong, under the command of John, were advancing upon him, and the Prince found himself forced to await their approach.

The Battle of Poitiers.

The battle-field—it still can be recognized—in its area contained "two ridges of rising ground, parted by a gentle hollow." A forest stood back of the higher ridge, and the ridge itself was only attainable by means of a long, narrow lane, leading up from the hollow through a dense growth of

underbrush and rows of hedges. During the night, the Prince had taken the precaution to thoroughly entrench himself on this ridge—a strong position of itself. He placed three hundred men in ambush, with as many archers, who were commanded to attack the enemy in the flank during the engagement. He ranged his army in three divisions; the van under the Earl of Warwick, the rear under the Earls of Salisbury and Suffolk, and the main body under himself.

The French were ranged on the lower ridge, in three divisions, the rear one under the command of John.

About nine o'clock in the morning (September 19, 1356), the battle began. The French cavalry rushed to the assault, up through the narrow defile, in which they were so terribly harassed by the English archers concealed by the hedges, that they wavered, and those that emerged at the head of the pass were furiously attacked by the "Black Prince" in person. A dreadful overthrow ensued. The lane became wholly blocked with the dead and wounded. The six hundred men in ambush fell upon the flanks of the French, and a complete rout took place.

The glory of this victory was enhanced by the fact that, among the nobles taken prisoners, was the renowned Bertrand Du Guesclin, and that the King himself was captured while endeavoring to stem the retreat of his forces.

The reception accorded to the captive King by the young conqueror, forms the subject of one of Froissart's finest passages in his "Chronicles." We give a few lines concerning the supper that the Prince gave in his lodgings to the French King, and to most of the great lords that were prisoners. "He caused the King and his son to sit at one table, and the other lords, knights and squires at the others; and he always served the King very humbly, and would not sit at his table, although he requested him. . . . . He said to the King, 'Sir, for God's sake, make no bad cheer . . . . for, sir, the King, my father, will certainly bestow on you as much honor and friendship as he can, and will agree with you so reasonably, that you shall ever after be friends; and, sir, I think you ought to rejoice, though the battle be not as you will, for you have this day gained the high honor of prowess, and have

surpassed all others on your side in valor. And I say not this, sir, in raillery, for all our party, who saw every man's deeds, agree in this, and give you the palm and garland.'"

Thus was achieved by the "Black Prince" one of the three great battles that occurred on this historic ground, for here Clovis defeated the Goths, and here Charles Martel beat back the Saracens!

A few words more before we dismiss the "Black Prince." He was in the popular estimation the hero of this heroic age. His valor was undoubted; and his conduct distinguished by courtesy and modesty. These qualities were peculiarly exemplified in his treatment of the captive King. The "Black Prince" died in his forty-sixth year (June 8, 1376). His son Richard, born at Bordeaux was, under the title of Richard II. the immediate successor of Edward III. as King of England.

Of the "Black Prince" one can justly say that his virtues were his own, and his vices those of his age. Even the French king, Louis, the son of King John, celebrated funeral services in his honor.

For two weeks his body lay in state at Westminster; thence it was taken, for interment, to Canterbury. In the great cortege were two chargers, fully caparisoned, and mounted by two riders in complete armor,—one bearing the Prince's escutcheon of England and France, the other carrying the Crown with ostrich feathers.

And so, bid we farewell to this First Great English Captain; never forgetting how truly his two mottoes harmonize, —*Ich Dien* and *Hoch Muth.*

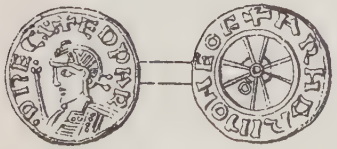
While Edward III. was warring in France, the Scots invaded the northern frontier of England. Lord Percy, at the head of the English troops, met and defeated them near Durham, with a loss of fifteen thousand killed. King David Bruce and many of his nobles were taken prisoners.

Two kings, prisoners at the same court, and at the same time, were a spectacle certainly very flattering to the pride of the English people, and the cause of great elation to their king.

The latter part of the King's reign became clouded with adverse fortunes. The various defeats sustained by his generals in France and on the sea, formed a sad close to the early promise and splendor of his rule. Edward III. died in a year after the death of his favorite son (June 21, 1377).

During his reign, the "Black Plague," that had spread over Europe reached England. This pestilence, more dreadful than any mentioned in the annals of history, originated in Asia, and settled, at last, upon Western Europe with a frightful malignity. During the year 1349, there were buried, in one churchyard—Charter House—in London, fifty thousand persons.

The reign of Edward III. was distinguished by the complete ascendancy of the system of chivalry, with its jousts and tournaments. The Order of the "Knights of the Garter" was instituted by him. The occasion of its institution is not established with certainty. The legend, "Honi soit qui mal y pense,"—"Evil be to him that evil thinks"—is said to afford no basis for the vulgar belief that it was a result of the Countess of Salisbury's happening to drop her garter at a ball, and the king's picking it up. The Order consists of twenty-four persons besides the King.



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was the first Englishman that attempted to plant a colony in America, and though the attempt failed, it pointed the way to the success of later adventurers. Raleigh's whole career was a series of similar romantic enterprises, glorious but unfortunate. His character still shines with undimmed brightness.

He was born in Devonshire, England, in 1552, and received some training at Oriel College, Oxford. In his seventeenth year he began his military service in aid of the Huguenots, and appears to have spent seven years on the Continent. He was afterwards engaged in Ireland against the rebellious natives. On his return to England, he became attached to the suite of courtiers that surrounded Queen Elizabeth. The celebrated act of gallantry which secured the Queen's favor happened in this wise. Her Majesty, surrounded by her maids of honor and gentlemen in waiting, was passing through the park on her way to the barge lying in the Thames. Happening to arrive at a spot which had been rendered muddy by the previous night's rain, she stopped, perplexed whether to cross it, when a courtier, handsome of person and elegantly attired, instantly stepping to the front, quickly threw off his splendidly embroidered plush cloak and spread it over the place, at the same time making a most profound bow. Such graceful courtesy was soon lavishly rewarded.

It is also said of Raleigh that, while at court on a certain occasion, being unaware of the presence of the Queen, he

scratched on the glass with his diamond ring, "I wish to climb, but fear to fall." A few days afterward on observing the window, he found beneath his lines these words: "If thou fear to fall, climb not at all."

Ere long the Queen granted him two estates, and the revenue from certain licenses that gave him an annual income of about $25,000. In 1584, she conferred on him the honor of knighthood; in 1585, a lord wardenship, followed by the Lieutenancy of Cornwall; next he was made Vice Admiral; and finally, Captain of the Queen's Guard.

In 1584, Raleigh, at his own expense, sent two vessels which explored the coast of the New World north of Florida, and debarked at Wocoken Island, off the shores of North Carolina. Raleigh received a patent of discovery, and the Queen graciously conferred on this enchanting country the name of Virginia.

The next year Raleigh sent a fleet with 107 emigrants to colonize his lands, under the command of Ralph Lane as governor. The colonists were soon involved in troubles with the Indians, and returned home in the ships of Sir Francis Drake, who happened to stop off this coast, on his way from the West Indies to England. Thus ended the first actual settlement of the English in America. But the attempt was not wholly without results. The exiles of a year had grown familiar with the favorite amusement of the lethargic Indians, and they introduced into England the general use of tobacco. Raleigh enjoyed the soothing solace of the new luxury from a silver pipe, the Queen sitting by him while he smoked. He also planted the first potatoes in Irish soil, where he had received, in 1587, a grant of 42,000 acres of land. While in Ireland he formed the acquaintance of Spenser, with the endless fame of whose great poem, the Fairy Queen, his name is imperishably linked by the glorious eulogy the poet has inscribed in the dedication of the work.

Raleigh sent another colony to Virginia under John White as governor, together with a charter of incorporation as a municipality, or "City of Raleigh." They landed on

Roanoke Island in June, 1587, and started to build the city there. The governor's grandchild, born here, the first child of English parents born in America, was named Virginia Dare. The supply ships sent next year by Raleigh failed to reach Roanoke, and as he had already sunk $200,000, he converted his proprietary rights into the form of a company, who sent an addition to the number of the colonists in the year 1590. When they arrived the colony on Roanoke had disappeared. Their fate remains unknown; but there is reason to believe that part of them became attached to the Indian tribe. Raleigh now relinquished any further attempt at colonization in America.

The favor of princes is proverbially unstable. Raleigh, after enjoying the sunshine of the English court for ten years, was now to encounter its clouds and storms. In July, 1592, he was sent prisoner to the Tower, consequent upon the Queen's discovery of his intrigue with one of her maids-of-honor, Miss Throckmorton. When released from prison he married her. It was five years before he was again admitted to the Queen's presence.

In 1595 Raleigh made his first attempt to reach the fabulous El Dorado by sailing up the Orinoco. In the next year he was with Lords Howard and Essex in their attack on the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Cadiz. In fact, it was upon his urgent suggestion that the conflict was made by sea rather than by land. In 1600 he was appointed governor of the Isle of Jersey, and in 1602 he sold his Irish estates.

The death of Queen Elizabeth and the accession of James I., presaged misfortune to Raleigh. The Earl of Essex, whom the Queen had executed, was greatly admired by James, who probably knew that Raleigh was indifferent to the fate of the Queen's favorite. At any rate, the clique surrounding King James confirmed his prejudice against Sir Walter. It is said that upon Raleigh's meeting the King, the latter perpetrated this feeble pun; "On my soul, man, I have heard but *rawly* of thee." Ere long Raleigh was deprived of all the posts of honor and vantage he had held.

On the 17th of July, 1603, Raleigh was arrested on the

charge of complicity in the plot of Lord Cobham against King James. Cobham alleged that Raleigh was the instigator of the plot. Raleigh, in his despair attempted suicide, and Cobham retracted his assertion. At the trial of Raleigh, the attorney-general, Sir Edward Coke, disgraced English jurisprudence by his brutal prosecution, during which he called the defendant "a monster," "viper," "rankest traitor in all England," "damnable atheist," "spider of hell," etc.

Raleigh's defense was splendid, and for the first time in his life he made his way into the hearts of all Englishmen by his dauntless bearing and the burning eloquence of his words. But he was condemned to death, and was reprieved only on the scaffold, his sentence being commuted to perpetual imprisonment.

During the twelve years ensuing, Raleigh wrote his famous *History of the World*, of which Edmund Gosse gives the following criticism: "It is leisurely to the last excess. The first chapter, of seven long sections, takes us but to the close of creation. It is not until he reaches the Patriarchs that it begins to occur to the historian that at his present rate of progress it will need forty folio volumes, and not four, to complete his labors. . . . . With all this, the "History of the World" is a charming and delightful miscellany, if we do not accept it too seriously. . . . . There is not a chapter, however arid, without its fine things somewhere. It is impossible to tell where Raleigh's pen will take fire. He is most exquisite and fanciful where his subject is most unhopeful, and, on the other hand he is likely to disappoint us where we take for granted he will be fine."

As King James affected to be a man of learning, and a patron of men of letters, one would think his prejudice would have been mitigated; but the contrary was the fact, his jealousy of Raleigh was increased by this literary activity. Not only was this history suppressed by the king, but many other of Raleigh's writings. For the tragic conclusion of the adventurous knight's career, see the following chapter on El Dorado.

El Dorado and the Death of Raleigh.

The Spanish conquerors of America were dazzled with the wealth of Mexico and Peru, and later explorers were incited with the hope of discovering still richer regions. The sailor, Martinez, who had been set adrift on the sea, asserted that he was flung on the coast of Guiana, and conducted inland to a city called Manoa, which was governed by a king in alliance with the Incas. Here was such abundance of the precious metals that the roofs and walls were covered with gold. The whole country was therefore called "El Dorado," the Golden. Orellana, who discovered the mighty stream of the Amazon in 1540, brought reports of a neighboring land of fabulous wealth. Other Spaniards professed to have seen the golden splendor of Manoa, and their accounts fired the imagination of Sir Walter Raleigh fifty years later. During his exile from the court of Queen Elizabeth, Raleigh, thirsting for new adventures worthy of his ambition, formed the project of an expedition for the recovery of the lost city of Manoa and its El Dorado in the wilds of Guiana. In command of five ships he explored, in 1595, the coasts of Trinidad, sailed up the Orinoco, and had his enthusiasm aroused by the tropical splendors of the scenery, and still more by the auriferous quartz he found, and the marvelous stories told by the Indians of immense treasures of gold further in the interior. To rouse his countrymen to the great opportunity, he returned to England, and published, in 1596, *The Discovery of the large, rich and beautiful Empire of Guiana*, a splendid piece of vigorous English prose. But it failed to interest the English public.

With the death of King James' infamous favorite, Carr, Earl of Somerset, and the accession of Villiers to power in 1616, Raleigh was liberated from the Tower upon condition of undertaking another expedition to Guiana in search of the gold mine, which he asserted to exist near the Orinoco; but he was required also to avoid attacking the Spaniards. As Spain now claimed this country, it is plain this last condition was a snare of the king's to entrap Raleigh. The expedition

sailed despite the protest of the Spanish ambassador Gondomar, but King James guarded against ultimate trouble with Spain through the cowardly safeguard of allowing Raleigh to go with his old sentence still hanging over his head, as well as communicating his route to Gondomar. And so in April, 1617, the hero sailed to his doom.

The small fleet, provided mostly at the expense of Raleigh and his friends, arrived at the Orinoco. Here the commander's illness—he had suffered an apoplectic attack in the Tower—prevented his further progress. He sent his friend Keymis forward in search of the mine. Keymis' party came in collision with the Spaniards, burnt their town, and failed to find any mine. Young Walter Raleigh was killed in the fight, shouting, "Come on, my men! This is the only mine you will ever find." Raleigh's reproaches of Keymis were so bitter that the latter committed suicide. Raleigh, stricken as he was, wished now to search for the mine, but his men refused to go with him. Utterly broken down, he reached England with his ship *Destiny*, in June, 1618. He desired to escape to France; but he was surrounded with satellites of the king, and finally betrayed by his kinsman, Sir Lewis Stukely.

King James fearing to bring Raleigh before the council of state, instituted a commission, among whom were Coke and Bacon. Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham, had changed from an opponent to an adherent of Spain, and King Philip having demanded Raleigh's execution, King James resorted to this device of a commission so as to avoid a legal trial. Bacon, who was an enemy of Raleigh, delivered the judgment of the commission, that he was guilty of abusing the confidence of King James, and of injuring the subjects of Spain, and that he must prepare to die, being already civilly dead. Both judges convinced themselves that he never had any intention to find the mine at all. He was condemned to die the next morning (October 29, 1618) on the old sentence.

After parting with his wife on the evening of the 28th, Raleigh wrote these words:

> "Even such is time, that takes in trust
> Our youth, our joys, our all we have,

And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust."

Sir Walter Raleigh went to death in high spirits. Gosse says, "He was justly elated. He took his public execution with delight, as if it were a martyrdom, and had the greatness of soul to perceive that nothing could possibly commend his career and character to posterity so much as to leave this mortal stage with a telling soliloquy. His powers were drawn together to their height; his intellect . . . never flashed more brilliantly . . . As he stood on the scaffold in the cold morning air, he foiled James and Philip at one thrust, and conquered the esteem of all posterity."

Sir Walter requested to see the axe, and having felt its edge, he, smiling, turned to the Sheriff and said, "'Tis a sharp medicine, but one that will cure me of all my diseases." In answer as to how he would lay his head on the block, he said, "So the heart be right, it matters not which way the head lies." His last words were to the headsman: "What dost thou fear? Strike, man, strike!"

Thus perished Sir Walter Raleigh in the sixty-seventh year of his age. Bancroft's eulogium is but a just tribute to this extraordinary man. "What shall be said of King James, who would open to an aged paralytic no other hope of liberty but through success in the discovery of mines in Guiana? What shall be said of a monarch who could, at that time, under a sentence which was originally unjust, and which had slumbered for fifteen years, order the execution of the decrepit man, whose genius and valor shone brilliantly through the ravages of physical decay. . . . . The family of the chief author of early colonization in the United States was reduced to beggary by the government of England, and he himself was beheaded. After a lapse of nearly two centuries, the State of North Carolina, by a solemn act of legislation, revived in its capital 'The City of Raleigh,' and thus expressed its confidence in the integrity, and a grateful respect for the memory,

of the extraordinary man, who united in himself as many kinds of glory as were ever combined in an individual."

Ambition and Death.

(The eloquent concluding paragraphs of Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World.")

If we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add that the kings and princes of this world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends, of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God while they enjoy life, or hope of it, but they follow the counsel of Death upon his first approach.

It is, therefore, Death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and the insolent that they are but objects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their forepassed happiness. He takes account of the rich, and proves him a beggar—a naked beggar—which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these true words, *Hic jacet!*

FERDINAND DE SOTO.

FERDINAND (or Hernando) DE SOTO, the discoverer of the Mississippi, was born in 1500 in the town of Xeres in Central Spain, of a noble but impoverished family. In his youth he was taken under the protection of a wealthy nobleman, Don Pedro de Avila, and was thus enabled to spend some years at a university, where he won distinction, not only in literary studies, but in athletic accomplishments. Meanwhile Don Pedro went to America to become governor of Darien, and young De Soto fell in love with his patron's daughter, Isabella. De Avila's return in 1519 brought a sad experience to the ardent lovers. When De Soto proposed manfully for his daughter's hand, Don Pedro scornfully rejected him as a suitor. But when Isabella announced her determination to enter a convent, the proud and crafty father changed his plan of action, and feigned a reconciliation with De Soto. With the greatest appearance of cordiality, he offered the young man a captain's commission, with the necessary outfit, to accompany him back to Darien. He assured De Soto every facility would be afforded to him for the acquisition of wealth and distinction. De Soto frankly accepted the offer; but though the Don, on various pretexts, had prevented any private interviews of the lovers, yet they were not completely baulked. They parted, and her words to him were: "Ferdinand, remember that one treacherous friend is more dangerous than a thousand avowed enemies."

He was not long at Darien, before Don Pedro sent Captain Perez, a noted duellist, with an order to him to set out for a

certain Indian village and destroy it, and to spare the life of neither man, woman or child. De Soto, shocked, replied, "Tell Don Pedro, the governor, that my life and services are always at his disposal, when the duty to be performed is such as may become a Christian and a gentleman. But in the present case, I think the governor would have shown more discretion by entrusting you, Captain Perez, with this commission, instead of sending you with the order to myself." Don Pedro anticipated the result, and instigated the duel which followed, in which, however, contrary to the expectations of the Mephistophilean governor, De Soto was the victor.

De Soto, with three hundred men, aided Pizarro in his conquest of Peru; and he was also one of the twelve Spaniards who maintained the honor of humanity by their protest against the infamous murder of the Inca.

De Soto, who landed in America with nothing of his own "save his sword and target," returned to Spain in affluent circumstances, arising from his share of the enormous ransom the Inca had vainly brought together. The fame of his brave deeds had preceded him, and he was even popularly considered to be the actual conqueror of Peru. Isabella de Avila became his wife, and everywhere he was received with the most distinguished attention. The rest of his adventurous career is comprised in the narrative of his expedition to Florida, in which he finally discovered the Mississippi River. He was buried in its waters in June, 1546.

The Discovery of the Mississippi.

Soon after the discovery of Florida in 1521 by Juan Ponce de Leon, it became an article of popular belief in Spain that the unknown country to the north of the Gulf of Mexico, which was all vaguely comprised under the name Florida, contained cities as wealthy and temples as splendid as those of Peru. The strange story of Cabeça de Vaca, who after being wrecked on the coast of Texas had crossed to the Gulf of California, greatly conduced to the prevalence of this notion. Ferdinand de Soto, already enriched with the spoils of the New World, and high in favor both with the court and the people, obtained in 1537, from Charles V, a patent author-

izing him to fit out, at his own expense, an expedition to conquer Florida, over which he was to have absolute power as ruler; and, as a favor precedent, the Emperor appointed him governor of Cuba. When the news spread, adventurers from all quarters flocked to his standard as volunteers; the Spanish sea-port was crowded with persons wishing to share in the enterprise. Many were persons of noble birth and good estates. The prospect was considered brilliant, since so great a soldier as De Soto believed in the wealth and splendor of the interior of Florida.

De Soto set sail, in 1538, with six hundred picked men, the flower of Spain. In Cuba also, the infatuation to accompany the governor to the conquest of "the richest country which had yet been discovered" prevailed. With augmented forces De Soto landed at Tampa bay, 30th of May, 1539. The fleet of nine vessels was sent back to Cuba where his wife, Isabella, was to act as Regent during his absence;—a separation that was indeed final, as far as concerned their ever meeting again in this world.

Notwithstanding De Soto's strict orders, that forbade the practice of any injustice upon the Indians, it was impossible to prevent all wrong by the soldiery. De Soto was undoubtedly upright in conduct and hated oppression. But the natives could not forget the cruelties inflicted upon them by Spaniards: especially was this the case with the chief, Ucita, who had been most cruelly used by Narvaez, when he invaded Florida in 1528. De Soto's first attempts at friendly intercourse were repelled by the chief. As De Soto realized fully the impolicy of leaving a hostile tribe in his rear, when he should begin his march into the interior, he persevered in friendly offers to Ucita, sending messages to him containing assurances of his utter detestation of the actions of Narvaez, and of the outrages he had inflicted. Finally, the reply of Ucita came back in the following noble words: "The memory of my injuries prevents me from returning a kind reply to your messages, and your courtesy is such that it will not allow me to return a harsh answer." This response, so remarkable, is certainly evidence that there are, at times, in this world individuals who are far in advance of their age and environment.

Fortunately for De Soto, Juan Ortiz, who had managed to escape death when Narvaez's band was expelled, found his way to the Spanish camp. All the information he could impart was that, a hundred miles away, there was a chief whose realms were more populous and wealthy than those of the surrounding chieftains.

It was not, however, till March, 1540, that the expedition started on the great invasion of the interior, and after two months of desultory northward marching through pine barrens, morasses and swamps, during which they were glad even to live on dog-flesh, they arrived in the kingdom of Cutifachiqui, ruled over by a female sovereign. Here they obtained pearls from the natives, and acquired a very large quantity indeed, by rifling the Indian tombs. But as there was no gold to be found, they soon marched onward, taking now a westerly direction, through a mountainous country, and arrived at the kingdom of Guaxule, whose king, when he saw the Christians, killing and eating the village dogs, presented them with three hundred of these animals.

In a few days more, De Soto reached the country of Chiaha. He was received by the sovereign where now stands the city of Rome, Georgia, with these words: "Powerful and Excellent Master, fortunate am I that you will make use of my services. Nothing could happen that would give me so great contentment, or which I should value more. From Guaxule you sent to have maize for you in readiness to last two months; you have in this town twenty barbacoas full of the choicest and best to be found in all this country. If the reception I give is not worthy so great a prince, consider my youth, which will relieve me of blame, and receive my good will, which, with true loyalty and pure, shall ever be shown in all things that concern your welfare."

After a rest of thirty days with the friendly Chiahas, De Soto, in July, 1540, entered the country of the Alibamons. Taking now a southwest direction, by October he had reached the town of Mavilla, situated on the Alabama river, near its junction with the Tombigbee, and about one hundred miles north of the bay of Pensacola.

The Spaniards took possession of the town, which so

incensed the Indians that a bloody battle ensued in the public square. At last the natives took to their frame houses, to fight at better advantage. To drive them from this defense, the soldiers fired the houses; soon the whole town was a mass of flames, and became the funeral pyre of thousands.

Retreating northward, in about a month's time, December, 1540, De Soto arrived at the banks of the Yazoo river and went into winter quarters. However, during the following March, the Chickasaws, exasperated at the occupancy of their houses by strangers, set them on fire, causing the loss of eleven Spanish lives.

A march due west, for seven days, through a wilderness of forests and marshes, brought the weary Spaniards, at last, to the banks of a magnificent river, which rolled its immense volume of water through the splendid vegetation of an alluvial soil. The natives guided them, probably, to the usual crossing place, at Chickasaw Bluff, where the width is nearly two miles. The rapid current bore upon its bosom a vast quantity of driftwood logs and whole trees. Thus in April, 1541, De Soto, little aware of the magnitude of his discovery, was standing on the banks of the Mississippi, justly called by the Indians, "Father of Waters." This discovery has more surely enrolled his name in the annals of fame than if he had found those mines of silver and gold which he sought with such indomitable perseverance in the fancied Eldorado hidden in the Floridian wildernesses.

A month was spent before the flat boats were fully constructed, and the transport of the men and horses effected. A remarkable incident now occurred. The natives, worshipers of the sun, brought their blind to be healed by "the sons of light." "Pray only to God, who is in heaven, for whatsoever ye need," was De Soto's answer.

The unsatisfied quest of gold urged him onward and northwestward, till he reached the highlands of the White river. Then he turned south till he was obliged to halt for the winter, at the sources of the Washita. In March, 1542, he descended along this stream to the Mississippi, anxious now to reach the sea. His frequent disappointments had thrown him into a wasting melancholy. In the dense woods,

cane-brakes and wide bayous, he contracted a malignant fever. Before he was relieved by death in May, 1542, he called his faithful followers around him and appointed his lieutenant, Moscoso, as his successor.

Thus perished Ferdinand De Soto, the associate of Pizarro, the governor of Cuba, the prospective Marquis of Florida, the discoverer of the Mississippi. "His miserable end," says Bancroft, "was the more observable from the greatness of his former prosperity. His soldiers pronounced his eulogy by grieving for their loss; the priests chanted over his body the first requiems that were ever heard on the waters of the Mississippi. To conceal his death, his body was wrapped in a mantle, and, in the stillness of midnight, was silently sunk in the middle of the stream. The discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters. He had crossed a large part of the continent in search of gold, and found nothing so remarkable as his burial place."

The surviving Spaniards, under the command of Moscoso, now marched at first to the west, induced by a rumor that not far off was Mexico, where an army of their countrymen were enriching themselves. After a toilsome march of five hundred miles, they reached the buffalo prairies, the hunting grounds of the Comanches; then completely exhausted, and nearly famished, they turned back to the Mississippi, which they reached in December, 1542. By the following July, they had constructed seven frail crafts, which enabled them to descend to the Gulf of Mexico in seventeen days. Then, following the coast for fifty days, they arrived at the Panuco River, in Mexico, in September, 1543. The survivors numbered about three hundred. De Soto's faithful wife is said to have expired at Havana, on the third day after learning his fate.

Three independent narratives of this expedition, written by participants, and widely different in style, but agreeing substantially in details of fact, attest the truth and importance of De Soto's discovery beyond dispute.

HERMANN.

HERMANN, called by Latin writers Arminius, is justly venerated by all Germanic people as the Liberator of their Fatherland from the bondage of imperial Rome. He deserves also to be enrolled among the earliest heroes of the Anglo-Saxon race, and to be remembered by all who claim descent from them or speak the English language. It was indeed their primeval fatherland that the brave German rescued when he slaughtered the legions of Varus in the marshes of the Ems.

When Augustus was firmly established in power as the first Emperor of Rome, he directed his armies to the subjugation of various tribes on the borders of the empire. The most important of the Roman wars of this period was that against the Germans. It consisted of a continuous series of attacks from 12 B.C. TO 5 A.D., first by Drusus, and after his death in 9 B.C., by Tiberius, both of whom were step-sons of Augustus. Vast armies penetrated into the interior of Germany; fleets coasted along the northern shore and sailed up the great rivers to coöperate with the land forces. The northern districts between the rivers Rhine and Elbe were brought into seeming and sullen subjection to the Romans. To aid in the maintenance of that domination, the children of the chiefs of the tribes were taken as hostages and given an education, generally at Rome.

Hermann was the son of Sigimer, the chief of the Cherusci, and was born B.C. 16. But in early boyhood, with his brother,

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A. THOLEY, PINX.

HERMOD.

he was taken to Rome, named Arminius, educated in the best Roman method, made a Roman citizen and a knight, and admitted into the Roman army. Through this training he quickly perceived the hopelessness of pitting undisciplined barbarians in open field fight against Roman cohorts. While Roman honors and refinements denationalized his brother, who had received the Roman name of Flavius, Hermann remained incorruptible.

At this time Rome had as many as fifty fortified positions along the Rhine, many of them the sites of the present great German cities; among others Bonn, Mayence, etc. The Roman fleets often sailed into the mouths of the Rhine, Ems, Weser and Elbe. These fleets sailed from the harbors of conquered Gaul.

Quintilius Varus, who had previously been governor of Syria, was commissioned as the viceroy of Northwest Germany. Accustomed to rule over submissive vassals, he tyrannized with the greatest rapacity and licentiousness. In this he was imitated, as example is always contagious, by his officers, and by his still more brutal soldiery. Varus had three Roman legions, amounting to about fourteen thousand men, a thousand cavalry, and about five thousand auxiliary troops. He held his court in Central Westphalia, to which tribunal the Germans were compelled to submit their disputes; and there venality always prevailed. In the sequel, the Roman lawyers, who flocked there to enrich themselves, paid a fearful forfeit.

With the exception of his father-in-law, Segestes, Hermann, while still in the Roman army, originated a great conspiracy of the German tribes, the result of which was the almost complete destruction of the legions of Varus in the three-days' bloody battle of the Teutoburgerwald, in September, A. D. 9. When the dreadful tidings were brought to Rome the greatest consternation ensued. The Emperor Augustus, stunned by the unexpected blow, cried out repeatedly, "Quintilius Varus, give me back my legions!"

Henceforth the hatred of Hermann for Rome was aggravated by the captivity of his wife, Thusuelda, who had been surrendered by her father, Segestes, on the demand of the

Romans. His wife he never saw again. His child was born in captivity. His uncle, Ingomar, now joined him.

The brave Cæsar, called Germanicus in honor of his German campaigns, now attempted the reconquest of the country, but after a number of terrible encounters with the tribes, he was recalled through the jealousy of the Emperor Tiberius, and Western Germany thereafter remained free from Roman invasion. Just previous to his battle with Hermann on the plains of Idistavisus, a most extraordinary historical incident occurred. Hermann, coming to the river Weser, which separated the two armies, beheld his brother, Flavius, on the opposite bank. They had not seen each other for some years. Conversing in Latin, Hermann sought to gain over his brother to the cause of their common country. It was in vain that he stigmatized his military insignia as the reward of degradation, appealed to him in the name of their country's gods, and of their mother that had borne them. Mutual taunts and threats followed. Nothing but the river prevented them from fratricidal strife.

Hermann's last great achievement was the defeat of Marbodius, an ally of the Romans, and king of the Marcomanni, in Southeastern Germany. Hermann, who was now deserted by his uncle, Ingomar, through jealousy, came off victorious in a long and bloody battle. Marbodius fled to Rome, where he died.

In his thirty-seventh year, A. D. 21, Hermann was assassinated by one of his kinsmen. It is said he aspired to kingship. Hermann left a name which the historians of the nation, against whom he fought so long and gloriously, have delighted to honor. Tacitus says: "Arminius was beyond all question the deliverer of Germany. He fought against the Romans, not like other kings and generals, when they were weak, but when their empire was mighty and their renown glorious. Fortune, indeed, sometimes deserted him; but, even when conquered, his noble character commanded the veneration of his conqueror. For twelve years, he presided over the destiny of Germany; and after his death, they paid him divine honors."

A colossal statue of Hermann, ninety feet in height, on

which the sculptor, Bandel, had employed his genius many years, was erected on an eminence near Detmold, and was dedicated by the Emperor William of Germany, in August, 1875.

Winnefeld in the Teutoburger-Wald.

Upon a rumor of a rising in the north, Varus set his troops in motion. It was about the time of the equinoctial storms, A. D. 9.

When the long array quitted the firm level ground, and began to wind its way among the woods, the marshes, and the ravines, the difficulties of the march, even without the intervention of an armed foe, became fearfully apparent. In many places, the soil, sodden with rain, was impracticable for cavalry, and even for infantry. A heavy discharge of missiles from the dense woods on either flank taught Varus how serious was the peril. His light-armed auxiliaries, who were principally of Germanic race, now rapidly deserted, and it was impossible to deploy the legionaries on such broken ground. Choosing one of the most open and firm spots, the Romans halted and formed their camp. On the morrow they renewed their march. For some distance Varus was allowed to move on, only harassed by slight skirmishes, but struggling with difficulty through the broken ground, the toil and distress of his men being aggravated by heavy torrents of rain, which burst upon the devoted legions.

After some little time the Roman van approached a ridge of high woody ground, which is one of the offshoots of the great Hercynian forest. Arminius had caused barricades of hewn trees to be formed here. . . . . Fatigue and discouragement now began to betray themselves in the Roman ranks. Their lines became less steady; baggage-wagons were abandoned from the impossibility of forcing them along; and as this happened, many soldiers left their ranks and crowded round the wagons to secure the most valuable portions of their property; each was busy about his own affairs, and purposely slow in hearing the word of command from his officers. Arminius now gave the signal for a general attack. The fierce shouts of the Germans pealed through

the gloom of the forests, and in thronging multitudes they assailed the flanks of the invaders, pouring in clouds of darts on the encumbered legionaries, as they struggled up the glen or floundered in the morasses.

Arminius, with a chosen band of retainers, cheered on his countrymen by voice and example. They aimed their weapons particularly at the horses of the Roman cavalry. The wounded animals, slipping about in the mire and their own blood, threw their riders and plunged among the ranks of the legions, disordering all round them. Varus now ordered the troops to be countermarched. But retreat was as impracticable as advance; and the falling back of the Romans only augmented the courage of their assailants. The Roman cavalry commander, Numonius Vala, rode off with his squadrons in the vain hope of escaping by thus abandoning his comrades. Unable to keep together, or force their way across the woods and swamps, the horsemen were overpowered in detail, and slaughtered to the last man. The Roman infantry still held together and resisted desperately.

Varus, after being severely wounded in a charge of the Germans, against his part of the column, committed suicide to avoid falling into the hands of those whom he had exasperated by his oppressions. Mercy to a fallen foe had never been a Roman virtue, and those among her legions who now laid down their arms in hope of quarter, drank deep of the cup of suffering, which Rome had held to the lips of many a brave but unfortunate enemy. The infuriated Germans slaughtered their oppressors with deliberate ferocity. One body of brave veterans arraying themselves in a ring on a little mound, beat off every charge of the Germans, and prolonged their honorable resistance to the close of that dreadful day. The traces of a feeble attempt at forming a ditch, attested in after years the spot where the last of the Romans passed their night of suffering and despair. But on the morrow, this remnant also, worn out with hunger, wounds, and toil, was charged by the victorious Germans, and either massacred on the spot or offered up in fearful rites at the altars of the deities.—Sir E. S. Creasy.

ARMINIUS.

The address of Hermann or Arminius to his renegade brother Flavius when they met on the banks of the Weser.

Back,—back!—he fears not foaming flood
Who fears not steel-clad line!
No offspring this of German blood,—
No brother thou of mine;
Some bastard spawn of menial birth,—
Some bound and bartered slave:
Back,—back!—for thee our native earth
Would be a foreign grave!

Away! be mingled with the rest
Of that thy chosen tribe;
And do the tyrant's high behest,
And earn the robber's bribe;
And win the chain to gird the neck,
The gems to hide the hilt,
And blazon honor's hapless wreck
With all the gauds of guilt.

And wouldst thou have *me* share the prey?
By all that I have done,
By Varus' bones, which day by day
Are whitening in the sun,—
The legion's shattered panoply,
The eagle's broken wing,
I would not be, for earth and sky,
So loathed and scorned a thing!

Ho! bring me here the wizard, boy,
Of most surprising skill,
To agonize, and not destroy,
To palsy, and not kill:
If there be truth in that dread art,
In song, and spell, and charm,
Now let them torture the base heart,
And wither the false arm!

I curse him by our country's gods,
The terrible, the dark,
The scatterers of the Roman rods,
The quellers of the bark!

They fill a cup with bitter woe,
  They fill it to the brim:
Where shades of warriors feast below,
  That cup shall be for him!

Oh, misery, that such a vow
  On such a head should be!
Why comes he not, my brother, now,
  To fight or fall with me,—
To be my mate in banquet bowl,
  My guard in battle throng,
And worthy of his father's soul
  And of his country's song?

But it is past:—where heroes press
  And spoilers bend the knee,
Arminius is not brotherless,—
  His brethren are the free!
They come around; one hour, and light
  Will fade from turf and tide;
Then onward, onward to the fight,
  With darkness for our guide!

To-night, to-night,—when we shall meet
  In combat face to face,—
There only would Arminius greet
  The renegade's embrace;
The canker of Rome's guilt shall be
  Upon his Roman name,
And as he lives in slavery,
  So shall he die in shame!

W. M. PRAED.

ROMULUS,
THE FOUNDER OF ROME.

THE prevalent tradition of the Roman people, which has been confirmed to all posterity by their great historian Livy, declared that Rome was founded by Romulus in the year 753 B.C. His ancestry was traced to Æneas, who, according to the story which forms the basis of Virgil's great epic, led a band of Trojans to Italy. Ascanius or Iulus, the son of Æneas, founded Alba Longa, and there his descendants reigned for three centuries. Then Numitor was deprived of the kingdom by his brother Amulius, and his daughter, Rhea Sylvia, was made a Vestal virgin. She, however, bore twins, who were said to be the offspring of the god Mars. Their uncle caused them to be placed in a basket and thrown into the Tiber. The river wafted them to the foot of the Palatine hill, where a she-wolf gave them suck until they were rescued by Faustulus, the king's shepherd. By him they were placed under the care of his wife, and afterwards brought up as shepherds under the names of Romulus and Remus. They excelled in strength and courage; but having engaged in conflict with the shepherds of Numitor, they were seized and brought before their grandfather.

Faustulus now disclosed the secret of their birth, and they were encouraged to attack the tyrant Amulius. When they had conquered and slain him, Numitor gave them a tract of land on the Tiber. The brothers entered into a contest for the honor of founding a city, and appeal was made to augury. Remus standing on the Aventine hill was the first to observe

the flight of six vultures; but Romulus on the Palatine saw twelve immediately after, and was regarded by the people as most favored of heaven. Romulus, therefore, according to Etruscan custom, yoked together a bull and a heifer, and with a brazen plough-share, marked a furrow around the Palatine hill. Then he commenced the building of the wall; but Remus, in derision, leaped over it, exclaiming, "Can such defences protect your city?" He was struck dead by Romulus, who cried, "So perish all who dare to surmount these ramparts!" Long afterwards, amid the gloom of their civil wars, Romans declared that the frightful slaughter of fellow-citizens in their day had been prefigured by this fratricide at the foundation. Yet some expiation was believed to have been made by the institution of a festival in commemoration of Remus.

Romulus opened a place of refuge, to which many restless and criminal characters from surrounding tribes resorted. But the tribes refused to give these outlaws their daughters in marriage. Romulus, therefore, proclaimed a celebration of games in honor of a newly-found deity. These games were attended by crowds from the neighboring towns; but while the men were watching the sports, the young women were seized by the Roman youth. War was declared by one tribe after another; but in every fight the Romans were victorious. Then the Sabines came, under their King, Titus Tatius, and by the treachery of Tarpeia, secured possession of a fortress. During the battle which ensued, the women ran down from the Palatine, and besought their fathers and their husbands to cease from hostilities. Peace was made, and the two peoples became one under the name Quirites, yet retained both kings in joint power for five years, until Tatius was slain in war with another town.

Romulus now reigned alone and made successful wars upon the Etruscans. He also established the organization of his people in three tribes, dwelling on neighboring hills. After a prosperous reign of thirty-seven years he called an assembly of the people in the field of Mars. A terrible storm arose, and when it abated, Romulus had disappeared. The soothsayers declared him to have been carried to heaven in the chariot of

his father, the god of war. Julius Procelus allayed the fears of the people by telling them how he had seen the shade of Romulus on the way from Alba, and that the hero had bade them not to weep, but to be brave and warlike, and thus they should make their city great. Regarding their founder now as a god, the people worshiped him under the name Quirinus. In later and more sceptical times some Romans asserted that Romulus had been murdered and his body concealed by the Senators.

The Rape of the Sabine Virgins.

In the fourth month after the building of the city, the rape of the Sabine women was put in execution. Some say Romulus himself, who was naturally warlike and persuaded by certain oracles that the Fates had decreed Rome to obtain her greatness by military achievements, began hostilities against the Sabines, and seized only thirty virgins, being more desirous of war than of wives for his people. But this is not likely. For, as he saw his city soon filled with inhabitants, very few of whom were married; the greatest part consisted of a mixed rabble of mean and obscure persons, to whom no regard was paid, and who were not expecting to settle in any place whatever, the enterprise naturally took that turn; and he hoped that from this attempt, though not a just one, some alliance or union with the Sabines would be obtained, when it appeared that they treated the women kindly. In order to do this, he first gave out that he had found the altar of some god, which had been covered with earth. Upon this discovery, Romulus, by proclamation, appointed a day for a splendid sacrifice, with public games and shows. Multitudes assembled at the time, and he himself presided, sitting among his nobles, clothed in purple. As a signal for the assault, he was to rise, gather up his robe, and fold it about him. Many of his people wore swords that day, and kept their eyes upon him, watching for the signal, which was no sooner given than they drew them, and rushing on with a shout, seized the daughters of the Sabines, but quietly suffered the men to escape. Some say thirty were carried off, who each gave name to a tribe; but Valerius Antias makes their number

537; and according to Juba, there were 683, all virgins. This was the best apology for Romulus; for they had taken but one married woman, named Hersilia, who was afterwards chiefly concerned in reconciling them; and her they took by mistake, as they were not incited to this violence by lust or injustice, but by their desire to conciliate and unite the two nations in the strongest ties. Hersilia was married to Hostilius, one of the most eminent men among the Romans.

The Sabines were a numerous and warlike people; but they dwelt in unwalled towns, thinking it became them, who were a colony of the Lacedæmonians, to be bold and fearless. But as they saw themselves bound by such pledges, and were very solicitous for their daughters, they sent ambassadors to Romulus with moderate and equitable demands: That he should return them the young women, and disavow the violence, and then the two nations should proceed to establish a correspondence and contract alliances in a friendly and legal way. Romulus, however, refused to part with the young women, and entreated the Sabines to give their sanction to what had been done; whereupon some of them lost time in consulting and making preparations. But Acron, king of the Ceninenses, a man of spirit, and an able general, suspected the tendency of Romulus' first enterprises; and, when he had behaved so boldly in the rape, looked upon him as one that would grow formidable, and indeed insufferable to his neighbors, except he were chastised. Acron, therefore, went to seek the enemy, and Romulus prepared to receive him. When they came in sight, and had well viewed each other, a challenge for single combat was mutually given, their forces standing under arms in silence. Romulus on this occasion made a vow, that if he conquered his enemy, he would himself dedicate his adversary's arms to Jupiter; in consequence of which he both overcame Acron, and, after battle was joined, routed his army and took his city. But he did no injury to its inhabitants, unless it were such to order them to demolish their houses, and follow him to Rome, as citizens entitled to equal privileges with the rest. Indeed, there was nothing that contributed more to the greatness of Rome, than

that she was always uniting and incorporating with herself those whom she conquered.

Romulus having considered how he should perform his vow in the most acceptable manner to Jupiter, and withal make the procession most agreeable to his people, cut down a great oak that grew in the camp, and hewed it into the figure of a trophy; to this he fastened Acron's whole suit of armor, disposed in its proper form. Then he put on his own robes, and wearing a crown of laurel on his head, his hair gracefully flowing, he took the trophy erect upon his right shoulder, and so marched on, singing the song of victory before his troops, who followed completely armed, while the citizens received him with joy and admiration. This procession was the origin and model of future triumphs. The trophy was dedicated to Jupiter Feretrius.

After the defeat of the Ceninenses, while the rest of the Sabines were busied in preparations, the people of Fidenæ, Crustumerium, and Antemnæ, united against the Romans. A battle ensued, in which they were likewise defeated, and surrendered to Romulus, their cities to be spoiled, their lands to be divided, and themselves to be transplanted to Rome. All the lands thus acquired he distributed among the citizens, except what belonged to the parents of the stolen virgins; for those he left in the possession of their former owners. The rest of the Sabines, enraged at this, appointed Tatius their general, and carried war to the gates of Rome. The city was difficult of access, having a strong garrison on the hill where the Capitol now stands, commanded by Tarpeius. Tarpeia, the governor's daughter, charmed with the golden bracelets of the Sabines, betrayed the fort into their hands, and asked, in return for her treason, what they wore on their left arms. Tatius agreeing to the condition, she opened one of the gates by night, and let in the Sabines. Tatius ordered the Sabines to remember their promise, and to grudge Tarpeia nothing which they had on their left arms. He was the first to take off his bracelet, and throw it to her, and with that his shield. As every one did the same, she was overpowered by the gold and shields thrown upon her, and sinking under the weight,

expired.* From the place where Tarpeia was buried the hill had the name of the Tarpeian, till Tarquin consecrated the place to Jupiter, at which time her bones were removed, and so it lost her name; except that part of the Capitol from which malefactors are thrown down, which is still called the Tarpeian rock.

The Sabines thus possessed of the fort, Romulus in great fury offered them battle, which Tatius did not decline, as he saw he had a place of strength to retreat to, in case he was worsted. And, indeed, the spot on which he was to engage, being surrounded with hills, seemed to promise on both sides a sharp and bloody contest, because it was so confined, and the outlets were so narrow, that it was not easy either to fly or to pursue. It happened, too, that a few days before the river had overflowed, and left a deep mud on the plain, where the Forum now stands; which, as it was covered with a crust, was not easily discoverable by the eye, but at the same time was soft underneath and impracticable. The Sabines, ignorant of this, were pushing forward into it, but by good fortune were prevented. For Curtius, a man of high distinction and spirit, being mounted on a good horse, advanced a considerable way before the rest. Presently his horse plunged into the slough, and for a while he endeavored to disengage him, encouraging him with his voice, and urging him with blows; but finding all ineffectual, he quitted him and saved himself. From him the place, to this very time, is called the Curtian Lake.

The Sabines, having escaped this danger, began the fight with great bravery. The victory inclined to neither side, though many were slain, and among the rest Hostilius; who, they say, was husband to Hersilia, and grandfather to that Hostilius who reigned after Numa. It is probable there were many other battles in a short time; but the most memorable was the last, in which Romulus, having received a blow upon the head with a stone, was almost beaten down to the ground, and no longer able to oppose the enemy; then the

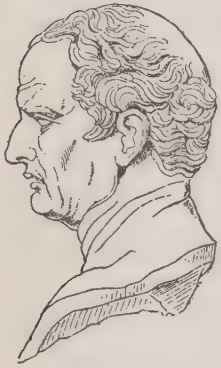
*Piso and other historians, say that Tatius treated her in this manner because she acted a double part, and endeavored to betray the Sabines to Romulus, while she was pretending to betray the Romans to them.

Romans gave way, and were driven from the plain as far as the Palatine Hill. By this time Romulus, recovering from the shock, endeavored by force to stop his men in their flight, and loudly called upon them to stand and renew the engagement. But when he saw the rout was general, and that no one had courage to face about, he lifted up his hands towards heaven, and prayed to Jupiter to stop the army, and to re-establish and maintain the Roman cause, which was now in extreme danger. When the prayer was ended, many of the fugitives were struck with reverence for their king, and their fear was changed into courage. They first stopped where now stands the temple of Jupiter Stator, so called for his putting a stop to their flight. There they engaged again, and repulsed the Sabines as far as the palace now called Regia, and the temple of Vesta.

When they were preparing here to renew the combat with the same animosity as at first, their ardor was repressed by an astonishing spectacle, which the powers of language are unable to describe. The daughters of the Sabines that had been forcibly carried off, appeared rushing this way and that with loud cries and lamentations, like persons distracted, amidst the drawn swords and over the dead bodies, to come at their husbands and fathers; some carrying their infants in their arms, some darting forward with disheveled hair, but all calling by turns, both upon the Sabines and the Romans, by the tenderest names. Both parties were extremely moved, and room was made for them between the two armies. Their lamentations pierced to the utmost ranks, and all were deeply affected; particularly when their upbraiding and complaints ended in supplication and entreaty. "What great injury have we done you," said they, "that we have suffered, and do still suffer, so many miseries? We were carried off, by those who now have us, violently and illegally. After this violence, we were so long neglected by our brothers, our fathers, and relations, that we were necessitated to unite in the strongest ties with those that were the objects of our hatred; and we are now brought to tremble for the men that had injured us so much, when we see them in danger, and to lament them when they fall. For you came not to deliver us from violence

while virgins, or to avenge our cause, but now you tear the wives from their husbands, and the mothers from their children; an assistance more grievous to us than all your neglect and disregard. Such love we experienced from them, and such compassion from you. Were the war undertaken in some other cause, yet surely you would stop its ravages for us, who have made you fathers-in-law and grandfathers, or otherwise placed you in some near affinity to those whom you seek to destroy. But if the war be for us, take us, with your sons-in-law and their children, and restore us to our parents and kindred; but do not, we beseech you, rob us of our children and husbands, lest we become captives again." Hersilia having said a great deal to this purpose, and others joining in the same request, a truce was agreed upon, and the generals proceeded to a conference. In the meantime, the women presented their husbands and children to their fathers and brothers, brought refreshments to those that wanted them, and carried the wounded home to be cured. Here they showed them that they had the ordering of their own houses. what attentions their husbands paid them, and with what respect and indulgence they were treated. Upon this a peace was concluded, the conditions of which were, that such of the women as chose to remain with their husbands should be exempt from all labor and drudgery, except spinning; that the city should be inhabited by the Romans and Sabines in common, with the name of Rome, from Romulus; but that all the citizens from Cures, the capital of the Sabines, and the country of Tatius, should be called Quirites, and that the regal power, and the command of the army, should be equally shared between them.—PLUTARCH.

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.



CICERO was not only the greatest orator of ancient times except Demosthenes, but also an illustrious philosopher and patriotic statesman. He was, indeed, the most consummate specimen of the Roman character formed under the influence of Hellenic culture. His voluminous writings gave permanent character to the Latin language, and were beyond all others the means of transmitting ancient culture to modern times.

Marcus Tullius Cicero was born at Arpinum (now Arpino) in January, 106 B. C., the son of M. Tullius Cicero, an opulent plebeian of the equestrian order. He was liberally educated at Rome under the direction of numerous teachers, among whom were Archias, the Greek poet, whom he defended and eulogized in one of his extant orations, and Philo the Academic philosopher. Cicero learned to speak Greek fluently, and became profoundly versed in Hellenic literature and culture. After studying law under Mucius Scævola, and serving a campaign in the Social War (89 B.C.), he perfected his education by travel in Greece and Asia Minor, and by the study of philosophy at Athens, where he passed six months. Here was formed his intimate and lasting friendship with Titus Pomponius Atticus, to which the world owes many of his admirable letters.

About the age of twenty-five he began his career as an advocate in the Forum, where he soon eclipsed in eloquence all his competitors, among whom Hortensius was the most

eminent and most popular. Cicero excelled in sarcasm, in witty repartees and good-humored raillery. His gestures were natural and graceful, and no orator ever had greater power over the hearts and sympathies of his auditors. Plutarch states that "it was not by slow and insensible degrees that he gained the palm of eloquence: his fame shot forth at once, and he was distinguished above all the orators of Rome." As custom and the public opinion of his age required, his services as an advocate were always gratuitous. At the age of thirty he married a noble lady, a rich heiress, named Terentia. His income, which was evidently very ample, was greatly increased by the legacies which he received in the course of his life.

In 76 B.C., Cicero was elected quæstor (paymaster). This office was the first step in the ladder of political promotion in Rome, and entitled him to admission into the Senate for life. The quæstors, many of whom were elected annually, were sent to the provinces, one with each Consul or Pro-consul, to whom he was second in power and authority. During Cicero's discharge of the duties of quæstor in the Province of Sicily he gained honor and popularity by his humanity, probity and moderation. Returning to Rome in 74 B.C., he resumed his place in the Forum. It was his general rule and favorite practice to act as counsel for the defense in criminal trials. In 70 B.C., Caius Verres, who had been prætor of Sicily, was impeached for enormous cruelty and rapine by the Sicilians, but was defended or abetted by the aristocracy and most powerful men of Rome. The Sicilians regarded Cicero as their firm friend, and insisted on his pleading their cause in this very celebrated trial. Verres, in no way dismayed, employed Hortensius to defend him. But Cicero gained his cause and increased his fame by the seven great and admirable orations he prepared against Verres, though only two of them were actually delivered in court. Overcome by the damning array of evidence, Hortensius declined to plead, and Verres absconding, exiled himself in Gaul.

Cicero was elected ædile by a large majority in 69 B.C., the first year in which his election was possible, as no citizen was eligible to this responsible office until he was thirty-eight

years old. It was the duty of the ædiles to take care of the temples and public buildings, to keep the streets clean, etc. He kept up his practice as an advocate during his term of public office. In the year 67 B.C., he was a candidate for the office of prætor, and was elected *prætor-urbanus* by the suffrages of all the centuries, or voting divisions of the Romans. His duty as prætor was to preside as judge over the highest courts in Rome. Of the eight prætors elected at the same time, the *prætor-urbanus* was considered the highest in authority. The most important event during his prætorship occured in 66 B.C., when he delivered his brilliant political oration for the Manilian Law, the object of which was to give Pompey the chief command and unlimited power in the war against Mithridates the Great. This was the first time Cicero ever addressed the people in a public meeting from the rostra. The result was that the command was given to Pompey against the will of many optimates and powerful senators. Though seemingly necessary at the time, it paved the way for the subsequent gift of similar power to Cæsar.

Cicero had now a just right to aspire to the office of Consul, the highest office in the scale of public honors. He had six competitors, among whom were L. Sergius Catilina and C. Antonius (an uncle of Mark Antony), who were favored by Cæsar and Crassus. The optimates or nobles opposed Cicero because he was a *new man*, that is, one whose ancestors had held no high office. Yet he was chosen Consul by the unanimous acclamation of the citizens. C. Antonius, an ignoble and rather feeble man, was chosen as his colleague. Cicero entered upon the office of Consul on the 1st of January, 63 B.C. During his consular year he continued to practice as an advocate in the Forum, for, according to Roman notions, no office was so high as to exempt an eminent pleader from the duty of defending his friends. The republic was then in a turbulent and perilous condition, and Cicero firmly believed that he promoted the cause of liberty and order by inducing the senators and the equites or knights, to form a coalition; and again when by a powerful and brilliant speech, he persuaded the people to reject an agrarian law proposed by the tribune Rullus.

The most brilliant and memorable achievement of his administration was his defeat of the audacious conspiracy of Catiline, in dealing with which he acted with consummate courage, prudence and decision, and gained unbounded applause. Catiline, who was a depraved man of superior talents, great resources and excessive audacity, was a candidate for the consulship in 63 B.C., and at the same time the leader of a large band of ruffians and desperate men who conspired to burn the city and massacre the senators and friends of order. He hired assassins to kill Cicero; but they failed, and he was again defeated in the election. Troops were now levied by or for Catiline in Etruria, and he was nearly ready for the execution of his plot when the consul was informed of it by Fulvia, the mistress of one of the conspirators. On the 8th of November Cicero delivered in the senate the first of his four famous orations against Catiline, who was present. The conspirator, baffled by the disclosure of his treason, departed hastily to his rebel army, and was killed in battle in the following January. Lentulus, Cethegus and other conspirators were put to death by order of the consul. Men of all ranks and all parties now saluted Cicero as the saviour of Rome and the father of his country. During the momentous crisis of this conspiracy and before the death of Catiline, Cicero defended Muræna against a charge of bribery in a witty and admirable oration—a signal demonstration of the agility and elasticity of his mind.

When he retired from the office of Consul, he declined the government of a province and remained in Rome with no office but that of senator. This course was rendered necessary by the renewed activity of his political opponents. His favorite country residence was a villa at Tusculum, which has been immortalized by his philosophical works composed there,—called the "Tusculan Disputations." He owned other country seats and a fine mansion on the Palatine hill.

When Cæsar, Crassus, and Pompey united to form the first Triumvirate, about 60 B.C., Cicero refused to favor it, as being dangerous to public liberty and peace. He had been a personal and political friend of Pompey, and still he hoped that this great general would be loyal to the republic, though

he had reason to suspect him of coldness and insincerity towards himself. In 59 B.C., P. Clodius, a demagogue and an enemy to Cicero, obtained the office of tribune, being supported by Cæsar and Pompey. Clodius procured the enactment of a law that Cicero should be banished four hundred miles from Rome, for putting Roman citizens (Lentulus and other conspirators) to death without regular form of law. For his place of exile Cicero chose Greece, and went thither in April, 58. The violence and insolence of Clodius soon produced a reaction. In August, 57, a bill for Cicero's restoration was approved by the nearly unanimous vote of the freemen of all Italy. There had never been known so numerous and solemn an assembly of the Roman people as this. His Palatine mansion, which had been burnt by Clodius, was rebuilt at the public expense. Five years after his return from exile, he was appointed pro-consul of Cilicia and Pisidia, where he acted with rare moderation, clemency and probity. When he returned to Rome in 50 B.C., a civil war was imminent between the Senate and Cæsar. Cicero was one of the few pagan statesmen who can be described as thoroughly conscientious. Agreeing with the aims of neither party absolutely, he desired to act as mediator and peace-maker, and hesitated whether he should actively support either. "He fluctuated greatly," says Plutarch, "for he says in his letters, 'Whither shall I turn? Pompey has the most honorable cause; but Cæsar manages his affairs with the greatest address, and is most able to save himself and his friends.'" However, Cicero joined the army of Pompey in 49 B.C. Though oppressed with anxiety, he retained his power of repartee. Pompey asked, "Where is your son-in-law (Dolabella)?" Cicero replied "He is with your father-in-law (Cæsar)." Cicero witnessed the assassination of Cæsar (44 B.C.), and applauded the act. He also denounced Mark Antony in a series of fourteen famous orations called Philippics, the second of which Juvenal calls "the divine Philippic." While the nation was convulsed by civil war and anarchy, he sought consolation in his favorite philosophy and wrote an excellent essay "On Duties," and another "On the Nature of the Gods." But his voluntary retirement from public affairs did

not save him from the vengeance of Antony. He was proscribed by the Triumvirs, and was killed by the soldiers of Antony in December, 43 B.C.

Cicero's extant works comprise over fifty Orations, many Essays, and more than eight hundred letters, which are highly prized as models of pure and elegant Latinity. The letters are the best in any language. His Orations and Essays display a profound knowledge of human nature, and he is not excelled by any of the ancients in what the French call *esprit* —light, unexpected, inexhaustible wit. He elevated and adorned every subject which he touched. As all the greatest Latin authors were born after Cicero, it appears that he is entitled to the honor of forming and perfecting the Latin language—the most regular and "the most heroic language ever spoken by men." The Encyclopædia Britannica truly says, "As a specimen of the highest culture of the ancient world, both moral and intellectual, Cicero must ever stand pre-eminent."

Cicero against Verres.

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that anything false, that even anything aggravated, is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privileges of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient reason for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment, then, ought to be inflicted on a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be

stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen, I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The bloodthirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defense, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution; for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred, now trampled upon! But what then! is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor who holds his power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in the confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty and sets mankind at defiance?

Cicero against Mark Antony.

This one day—this blessed individual day—I say, this very point of time in which I am speaking—defend it, if you can! Why is the Forum hedged in with armed troops? Why stand your satellites listening to me sword in hand? Why are the gates of the Temple of Peace not flung open? Why have you marched into the town men of all nations,—but chiefly *barbarous* nations,—savages from Ituræa, armed thus with slings?

You pretend that it is all to protect your *person*. Is it not

better far to die a thousand deaths, than be unable to live in one's own country without guards of armed men? But trust me, there is no safety in defenses like these. We must be fenced round by the affections and the good-will of our countrymen, not by their *arms*, if we would be secure.

Look back, then, Mark Antony, on that day when you abolished the Dictatorship; set before your eyes the delight of the Senate and People of Rome; contrast it with the traffic you and your followers are *now* engaged in—then you will be sensible of the vast difference between glory and gain.

But, if the glory of great actions has no charms for you, cannot even *fear* deter you from wicked deeds? You have no apprehension of criminal prosecutions—be it so; if this arises from conscious innocence, I commend it; but if it proceeds from your reliance upon mere *force*, do you not perceive what it is that awaits him who has thus overcome the terrors of the law?

But, if you have no dread of brave men and patriotic citizens, because your person is protected from them by your satellites, believe me, your own partisans will not bear with you much longer; and what kind of life is his whose days and nights are distracted with the fear of his own followers? Unless, indeed, you have bound them to you by greater obligations than those by which Cæsar had attached some of the very men who put him to death; or that *you* can, in any one respect, be compared to him.

In *him* there was genius, judgment, memory, learning, circumspection, reflection, application. His exploits in war, how mischievous soever to his country, were yet transcendent. Bent for years upon obtaining supreme power, he had accomplished his object with vast labor, through countless perils. By his munificence, by public works, by largesses, by hospitality, he had won over the thoughtless multitude; he had attached his followers by his generosity, his adversaries by his specious clemency. In a word, he had introduced into a free state, partly through fear of him, partly through tolerance of him, a familiarity with slavery.

With that great man I may compare you as regards the lust of power: in no other thing can you be, in any manner or

way, likened to him. But out of a thousand ills which he forced into the constitution of our commonwealth, this one good has come, that the Roman people have now learnt how far each person is to be trusted, to whom they may commit themselves, against whom they must be on their guard. Do these things never pass through your mind? Do you not comprehend that it suffices for brave men to have learnt how beautiful the deed, how precious the service, how glorious the fame of extirpating a *tyrant?* When mankind could not endure *Cæsar*, will they hear *thee?* Henceforward, trust me, they will flock emulously to this work, nor wait for the lingering opportunity.

Regard the commonwealth for a moment, Mark Antony, I do beseech you. Think of the race you are sprung from, not the generation you live with. Be on what terms you please with *me;* but return into favor with your country. That, however, is your own affair—I will declare *my* course. Young, I stood by the country—old, I will not desert her. I defied the arms of Catiline—I will not tremble at yours! Nay, I should cheerfully fling myself into the gulf if my death would restore the public freedom, and the sufferings of the Roman people could thus be exasperated at once to the crisis which has been so long coming on!

For truly, if it is well nigh twenty years since I denied, in this very temple, that death ever could come before its time to a man of consular rank, how much more truly may I say so now, in my old age? To me, Senators, death is even desirable, having lived to finish all I have undertaken to achieve. For two things only I feel anxious; the one, that my eyes may close upon the liberties of Rome—a greater boon than this Heaven has not to bestow; the other, that *that* fate may befall every one, which his conduct to his country has earned.—*Translated by Lord Brougham.*

CYRUS THE GREAT.

BEFORE the time of Cyrus, Persia had been a petty kingdom. His great victories over the kingdoms of Media, Lydia and Babylonia, reduced them to provinces, so that eventually his empire extended from the Persian Gulf to the Black Sea, from Afghanistan to the Mediterranean Sea.

Like most of the heroes of antiquity, the classical legends assign him an humble birth; but the revelations of the contemporary cuneiform tablets give us more authentic information than that of Herodotus or Ctesias. We now know that Cyrus, the Akhæmenian, as he called himself, was the son of Cambyses, grandson of Cyrus, and great-grandson of Teispes, and ruled over the kingdom of Auzan (Elam). In his youth he was renowned for his valor. About the year 549 B. C., having revolted against Astyages, king of Media, whose vassal he had been, he dethroned the king, then married his daughter and added Media to the domain of Persia.

Crœsus, king of Lydia, who had increased his wealth and power enormously by the conquest of Syria and nearly all of Asia Minor, sought to check the growing power of Cyrus, and therefore formed an alliance with Ahmes II., king of Egypt, and Nabonidus, king of Babylonia. This confederation would very likely have ensured the downfall of Cyrus,

had not Crœsus rashly commenced the war before there was a junction of the forces of the allies.

Cyrus advanced to meet him (B.C. 546), and after a battle that lasted a whole day, Crœsus retired northward with the intention of going into winter quarters. But Cyrus, knowing well that the delay of a few months might be fatal to his cause, decided to follow the foe. He crossed the river Halys despite the winter season and pushed straight for Sardis, the capital of Lydia. Crœsus, though surprised, offered battle. His cavalry was the best in the world, and would have obtained the victory but that Cyrus had guarded his front with a line of camels, whose odor so scared the Lydian horses that they broke and ran into the ranks of Crœsus. The whole army, being thrown into confusion, was easily defeated and fled into Sardis. This city was fortified to stand a long siege and Cyrus made an ineffectual assault on the works. But at the expiration of a fortnight the city was captured in a singular manner. One of the garrison, having accidentally dropped his helmet from the top of the citadel, descended the embankment and ascended by the same route ; one of Cyrus' soldiers, having observed this incident, then proposed and led an escalade of this rocky ascent, which the Lydian engineers had neglected to guard, believing it inaccessible ; the city, therefore, was taken by a surprise.

All the kings of the East saw that they were hereafter at the mercy of Persia, and consequently took care to give no cause for quarrel. The sudden collapse of the Lydian monarchy struck all Greece with a stupor. It was the first time that they had witnessed one of those great tragedies with which the history of the Oriental world was filled. The dynasty of Gyges had abruptly ended. The career of Crœsus furnished them a theme the most striking upon the instability of human affairs. It was said that Solon, while a guest at the court of Crœsus, was asked by the king, "Who is the happiest man?" Solon had replied that "No one can judge of the happiness of a man while he yet lives." The captured Crœsus was ordered by Cyrus to be burnt on a funeral pyre. The unhappy captive cried out, "Solon! Solon! Solon!" Cyrus, hearing these words, ordered Crœsus

to be unbound from the pyre and brought before him. After that Crœsus had explained the words of Solon, Cyrus treated the fallen king with the greatest kindness.

After the fall of Sardis, the lieutenants of Cyrus subjected all Asia Minor to his rule, while the king himself made campaigns into the country to the east of Persia, to Bactria and Tartary. These Eastern campaigns occupied about six years (B.C. 545–539). Then came his conquest of Babylon, which we give according to the account of M. Maspero, the French archæologist.

In the first year of his sojourn at Babylon, Cyrus issued his edict permitting the Jews to return to Jerusalem, 536 B.C. Babylonia henceforth was simply a province of Persia. Of all the potentates who had allied themselves against Persia, Ahmes II, of Egypt, alone remained free from a conflict. For a moment that conflict seemed now at hand. It was but a moment that Cyrus hesitated, then started on another campaign in the East, and disappeared in a mysterious manner (B.C. 529). According to Xenophon he died in his bed, surrounded by his children, edifying those who approached him by the wisdom more than human that he evinced. But this information is no more authentic than are in general the statements of Persian affairs furnished by Xenophon. According to Herodotus, "the Massagetes had the upper hand. The greater part of the Persian army lay on the field of battle; Cyrus himself perished there after a reign of twenty-nine years." The Persians recovered the body of their king and brought it to Pasargadæ, where they buried it sumptuously in the gardens of his palace.

Cyrus' Capture of Babylon.

When Cyrus turned his attention to Babylon, its king was Nabonidus, the son of a high priest and of Nitocris, who was probably of royal blood. Nevertheless, Nabonidus was an usurper, having attained the throne through the influence of the priesthood. As king he devoted great attention to the temples and worship of all the gods of Babylonia; but the priests of the capital became much displeased at receiving no preference over those of the other cities. They were soon

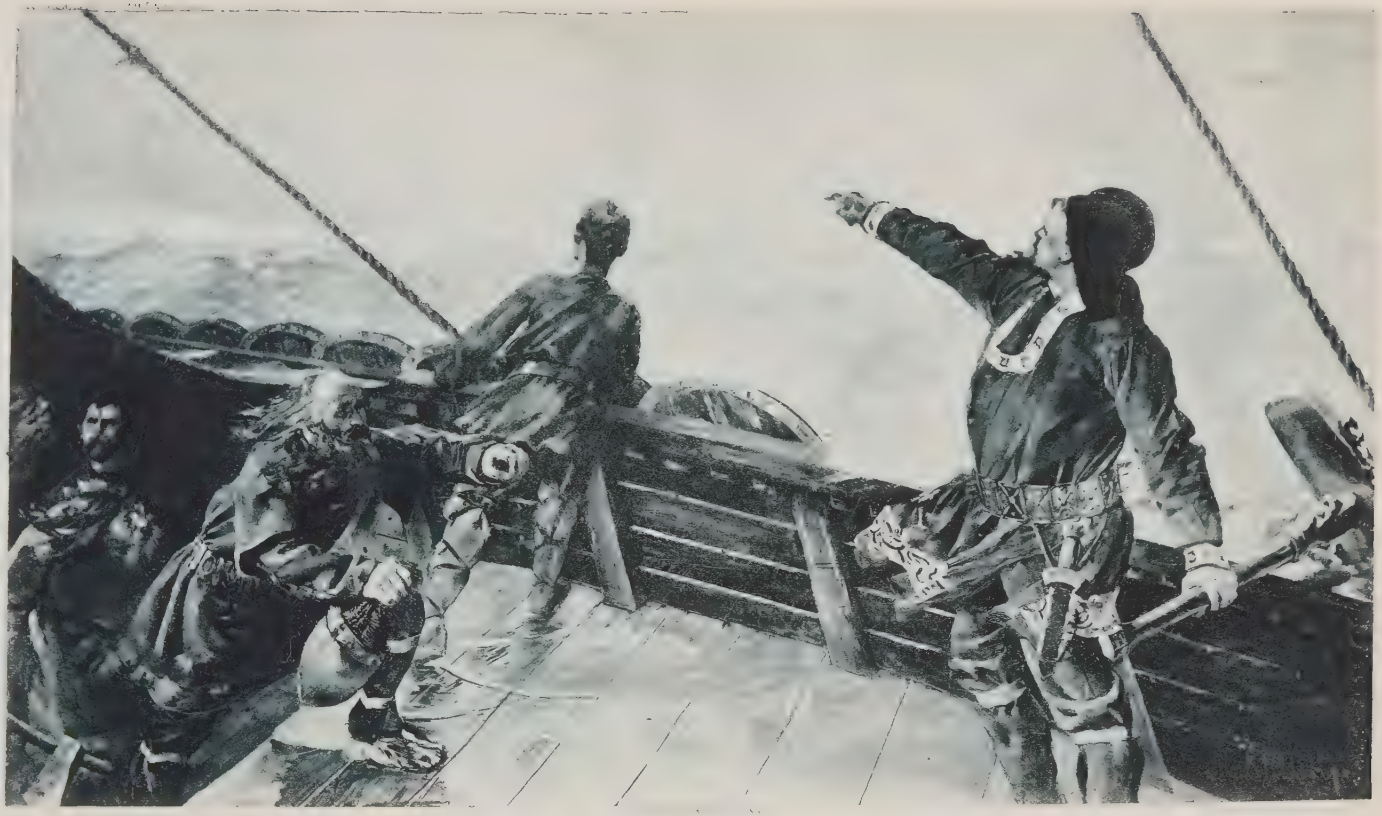
ripe for conspiracy. It is very doubtful that Cyrus could have captured Babylon without a siege, unless there had been treachery within. The most impolitic act of Nabonidus was his placing of the statues of all the gods in the temple sacred to Merodach in Babylon. According to the cuneiform records of the time, the offended god and his priests left the city. The frightened people prayed him to return. He granted their prayer conditionally. He would tolerate no longer the presence of an impious ruler. "And he (Merodach) selected a king to conduct after his heart what he committed to his hands. He proclaimed the name of Cyrus, king of the city of Auzan, to be king over the whole country, and to all people he declared his title. . . . To his own city of Babylon, he summoned him to march." The clay cylinders, giving us this information, contain the famous proclamation of Cyrus the Great. It establishes the fact that the priesthood of the city called in the enemy. The resources of Babylonia had been exhausted in previous wars and it was easy to foresee the approaching downfall of its power. Nabonidus was neither a soldier nor a hero; he was a scholar and an archæologist. He was not the leader needed for the crisis.

When the Persians arrived at the frontiers of Southern Babylonia, Nabonidus resorted to immense sacrifices to the gods to avert the threatened calamity to his people. The Persians, however, were not intimidated. They crossed the Tigris and defeated the Babylonians, under the command of Belshazzar, the king's son, in the first engagement. Thereupon the inhabitants of the city of Accad surrendered it without a struggle. This was in June, B.C. 538. A few days later the city of Babylon opened its gates to Gobryas, the Persian general. Nabonidus, escaping, fled into the country, and was made a prisoner. Three months afterwards he died, and the Persians buried him with all the honors due to his rank; for a whole week the city lamented the death of the good Nabonidus. At this time Cyrus had arrived in Babylon. He sent back to every city its tutelary god, that Nabonidus had brought away. "All the people of Babel . . . of Sumer and of Accad . . . the nobles and the priests . . . rejoiced in their new master and changed their oath of fealty, for the

god (Merodach), who brings the dead to life and is merciful in all misfortune and in all anguish, has accorded all his favor to him."

The Babylonians were not alone in seeing in the Persian a messenger of God; still more the Jews were disposed to assign him this character. The manner in which Babylon had succumbed had disappointed their hopes; . . . the city of Nebuchadnezzar had not been wiped from the face of the earth like that of Sennacherib (Nineveh), and the vengence of Jerusalem was less complete than that of Samaria. But they felt that the deliverance was near, and one of their greatest poets, Isaiah, announced it in magnificent words:

"Sing, O ye heavens; for the LORD hath done it: shout, ye lower parts of the earth: break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein: for the LORD hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel. Thus saith the LORD, thy redeemer, and he that formed thee from the womb, I am the LORD that maketh all things; that stretcheth forth the heavens alone; that spreadeth abroad the earth by myself: that confirmeth the word of his servant, and performeth the counsel of his messengers; that saith to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be inhabited; and to the cities of Judah, Ye shall be built, and I will raise up the decayed places thereof: that saith to the deep, Be dry, and I will dry up the rivers: that saith of Cyrus, He is my shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure: even saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built; and to the temple, Thy foundation shall be laid."—G. C. C. MASPERO.



LEIF ERICSON,

NORWEGIAN DISCOVERER OF AMERICA.

THE discovery of a continent so large that it may be said to have doubled the habitable world, is an event so grand and interesting that nothing parallel to it can ever occur again in the history of mankind. America had been vaguely known to barbarous tribes of Eastern Asia for thousands of years; but it is singular that it should have been visited by one of the most enterprising nations of Europe five centuries before the time of Columbus without awakening the attention of either statesman or philosopher. The account of this discovery by the Northmen, though meagre, is distinct and consistent. Its authenticity can scarcely be disputed.

Iceland was discovered by the Northmen between 861 and 868 A.D., and in 874 it was colonized by Ingolf, the Norwegian. A few years later all the habitable parts of the island had been completely settled. During the last half of the tenth century, while the Norwegians were struggling against the introduction of Christianity, restless men continued to seek new homes where they might persist in the practice of their Pagan religion. One of these, Eric the Red, wandered to Iceland, and after a long search for some place farther west where he might feel himself under still less constraint, he discovered a land which he named Greenland, in the hope, perhaps, of making others believe that it was a fruitful country. This was in the year 983, and shortly afterwards he induced a number of Icelanders to colonize Greenland.

A son of Eric the Red, named Leif, who had remained in Norway and had been converted to Christianity, came to Greenland 1000 A.D. A number of monks, whom he brought with him, began at once to baptize the people, till soon there was not a pagan among them. The life in Greenland became somewhat monotonous to the young voyager, and when an opportunity presented itself for further adventure, he quickly embraced it. An Icelander, Bjarne, while sailing in search of his father, who had gone on a trading voyage to Greenland, was carried away to the west and south, till he reached a flat country, so closely wooded that he felt certain from the description he had heard of Greenland, it could not be the land of which he was in search. He, therefore, sailed in a different direction, and on arriving, at last, at Greenland, told of the strange land he had seen. On hearing this, Leif was at once so impatient to visit the new country that, buying Bjarne's ship, he manned it with thirty-five good seamen and set sail.

Leif had been desirous that his father Eric, who was still living, should accompany them and command the expedition. Eric objected, that he was too old, and was unable to endure hardships as formerly. But at last he yielded to his son's urgency and they rode from home. As they approached the ship Eric's horse stumbled and he fell, hurting his foot. This accident he regarded as a sign from Heaven and said to his son: "I cannot go with you. It is not my destiny to discover any other lands than this in which we live. I will follow you no further." Leif then took command. He is described as a large and strong man, of imposing looks, and wise and moderate in everything.

Following the course which Bjarne had pointed out, Leif reached a long line of coast, at many parts of which he and his men landed, amongst others, the coast of Labrador and of Nova Scotia. On one of these occasions he suddenly missed Tyrker, a German. Leif sought him a long time in the woods, and at length found him gathering bright purple and red bunches of fruit, which the man seemed overjoyed to have found. It was some time before Tyrker could make Leif and his Norwegian comrades understand that he had found grapes,

of which his native countrymen made wine. The Northmen spent the winter in this district, and Leif named the country "Vinland the Good." Vinland is now generally conceded to be some part of Massachusetts or Rhode Island. After cruising along the coast further south, during the succeeding spring they returned to Greenland. After they had come in sight of its glaciers, some of the crew thought that Leif was steering the vessel out of its course. But Leif said, "I see something, but cannot tell whether it is a ship or a rock." When others saw that it was a rock, Leif's keen sight enabled him to see men on the rock. Therefore he drew closer; the ship was anchored, and a boat sent out. The leader of the men on the rock proved to be Thorir, a Norwegian, who was now glad to be taken, with his fifteen men, on board Leif's vessel. After his return Leif is said to have been rich and respected, and was surnamed the Lucky.

Leif seems to have remained contented with the exploits we have narrated, and died in Greenland among his kindred. His brother, Thorstein, attempted a voyage to Vinland, but contrary winds and stormy seas prevented the accomplishment of the object. Another brother, Thorwald, however, made an expedition to Vinland and settled there. But within a short time he was killed in a fight with the natives, who swarmed about the settlers and harassed them with their arrows. Thorwald was buried there, and his companions returned to Greenland.

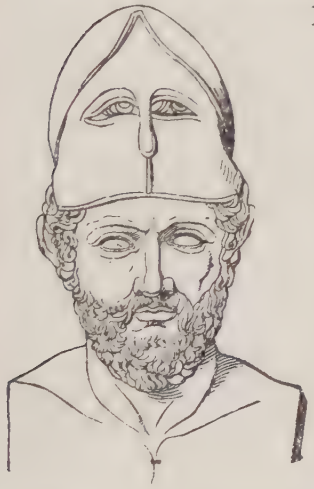
Finally Thorfinn, a wealthy Norwegian, came to Brattahlid, the colony in Greenland, with two ships, and hearing so much talk there about Vinland the Good, resolved to colonize it if possible. He set sail in 1007 with a number of colonists, and landed in a country that corresponded to the description given by former navigators. Wild wheat covered the fields, and grapes the hills. Numbers of the natives visited them in canoes, carrying on a system of barter in furs, peltries, etc., extremely profitable to the Northmen. In a few months this friendly intercourse ceased and skirmishes ensued, in which several of the settlers were killed. Their discouragements so increased that their settlement was broken up, and the colonists returned to Greenland, A.D. 1011. During

the three years' residence a son was born to Thorfinn, probably the first descendant of Europeans ever born in America. He afterwards became a person of great distinction, and his descendants included some of the most eminent persons of Northern Europe. Among them we may mention Thorwaldsen, the sculptor.

This was the last authentic attempt at a settlement in America. Even the Greenland colony, after an existence of nearly five hundred years, completely disappeared (1460 A.D.), and the memory of it was almost wholly forgotten. First the "Black Plague," which had raged in Europe about 1350, reached Greenland, and swept away nearly all the people. The few who had escaped the frightful disease were soon afterward cut off by an invasion of hostile Esquimaux from the north. After a period of oblivion covering four centuries and a half, the western world was again restored to the knowledge of the civilized nations of Europe, when, in 1492, Christopher Columbus re-opened the ocean-road to its vast territories. In the early part of the eighteenth century Hans Egede, with ships and means furnished by Frederick IV., of Denmark, proceeded to Greenland in search of the remains of the long-forgotten colony. Since that time the Danes have held possession of the country.

It remains to be said that certain supposed monuments, attesting the visits of the Northmen, such as the "Dighton Rock" and the "Old Mill" at Newport, are not authentic, and are in no wise necessary to prove the priority of the Northmen in the discovery of America. The late Prof. Horsford believed that he had discovered evidence of ancient Norwegian settlements on the Charles River, Massachusetts, but the proof seemed insufficient to establish his theory.

PERICLES.



PERICLES was not only the greatest of Athenian statesmen, but one of the most remarkable characters of antiquity. The age of Pericles is memorable as the most brilliant period of Athenian art, culture and dramatic literature. Among his illustrious contemporaries were the tragedians Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles; the philosophers Democritus and Socrates; the lyric poet Pindar; the historians Herodotus and Thucydides; the painter Polygnotus, and his personal friend the sculptor Phidias. Amid this constellation the genius of Pericles still shines conspicuous.

Pericles was the son of Xanthippus, who defeated the Persians at Mycale in 479 B.C. By his mother, Agariste, he was connected with the princely line of Sicyon, and other noble families. The precise date of his birth is unknown. Pericles received the best education the times could supply, among his teachers being Damon, Zeno of Elea, and the subtle and profound Anaxagoras. Plutarch declares that Anaxagoras gave him that force and sublimity of sentiment superior to all the demagogues, and formed him to that admirable dignity of manners and unruffled serenity which marked his character amid all the storms of political life, and won for him the surname of Olympian Zeus.

Pericles began his career about 470 B.C. as leader of the democratic, or progressive party, when Cimon was the leader of the aristocratic, or conservative party. His wealth, his noble birth, his powerful friends, his grand manner, and even

his personal resemblance to the tyrant Pisistratus, might have seemed to indicate that his natural place was on the other side; while the blunt, jovial, rough and ready Cimon, though of equally noble birth, seemed better fitted to be the leader of the popular party. Yet every action of the career of Pericles attests the sincerity of his convictions and the ardor of his patriotism. "Adorning his orations," says Plutarch, "with the rich colors of philosophy, adding the loftiness of imagination and all-commanding energy with which philosophy supplied him, to his native powers of genius, he far excelled all other leaders." Pericles introduced the practice of paying the citizens liberally from public moneys for the performance of public duties, thus not only overcoming the lavish outlay made by the aristocratic party from their private resources, but enabling poorer citizens to give their time to matters of general concern. About 461 B.C. he deprived the Areopagus of the judicial power which had rendered it a formidable instrument of the aristocracy. When the struggle between the two parties and the two leaders reached a crisis, Pericles, according to the remarkable provision of the Athenian law, procured the ostracism of Cimon. Yet in the year 456 Pericles proposed a decree that Cimon should be recalled from exile. Pericles was now the acknowledged and undisputed master of Athens, but he ruled, not by terror and tyrannic usurpation, but in accordance with law and by his matchless gift of persuasive eloquence.

During his long administration, by his profuse expenditure of public money, he made Athens the most beautiful city of Greece, and cultivated the taste of the people by excellent models of sculpture and architecture. The Acropolis was covered with magnificent temples and monuments of inimitable beauty; the Parthenon was built and adorned with the sculptures of Phidias. In this course he claimed to be fulfilling the desire of his fellow-citizens, for, as he says in one of his orations, "We Athenians are lovers of the beautiful." Pursuing the policy inaugurated by the far-sighted Themistocles, Pericles urged the importance of a navy, and rendered the maritime power of Athens superior to that of any other State. He opposed ambitious schemes of foreign conquest, and pre-

ferred to win power by peaceful methods. Yet he conquered the wealthy island of Samos in 440 B.C., and he planted colonies at Chalcis and Sinope. His administration rendered Athens an imperial State, with numerous allies and colonies, partly free and partly tributary. With the wealth which flowed freely into the treasury of Athens, Pericles fortified as well as beautified his native city. Under his rule was built the Long Walls, which, connecting Athens with the Piræus, converted the capital and its seaport into one vast fortress.

The wonderful growth of the grand naval empire of Athens roused into bitterness the jealousy of Sparta, which claimed the military leadership of Greece. In 432 B.C. the Spartans organized a league of Hellenic States against the Athenians, and all Greece became involved in the great Peloponnesian war. The Spartans were confessedly superior on land, and thought to end the war by invading Attica, but Pericles was master of the sea. Even when Attica was ravaged by the enemy, he remained on the defensive. By his advice and direction the country people carried their movable property, partly to adjacent islands and partly to the space enclosed by the Long Walls. At the end of the first campaign Pericles pronounced on those who had fallen in battle a funeral oration which, as reported by Thucydides, is one of the noblest monuments of Athenian glory. This speech, perhaps the most remarkable of all compositions of antiquity —the full transfusion of which into a modern language is an impossibility—exhibits a more complete view of the intellectual power and moral character of Pericles than all that the historians have said of him.

In the second campaign Pericles led in person a powerful fleet against the Peloponnesus, and ravaged its coast, that the Lacedæmonians might have the evils of war brought home to them. In 430 B.C. a great plague broke out in Athens, undoubtedly due to the overcrowding of the country people in temporary habitations within the walls, and the privations caused by the raids of the Spartans. The fickle and impatient populace charged their misfortunes on Pericles, fined him and deprived him of command. But no other was found equal to the task, and Pericles, who had submitted gracefully

to the will of the people, was again elected general and restored to all his former power. He died in the autumn of 429 B.C., during a second outbreak of the pestilence. He had lived many years in conjugal relations with the highly gifted and beautiful Aspasia, but they were not legally married because she was a foreigner. His tender regard for the welfare and life of every Athenian is attested by many recorded sayings. On his death-bed, when his friends were recounting his claims to public gratitude, he roused himself to remind them of his best title to remembrance: "No Athenian," he said, "ever put on black through me."

The abundance of men of genius of the first order in the little States of Greece at this time, conferred on the Age of Pericles a brilliance which has made it conspicuous in the history of the world. Pericles was not inferior to any of them in versatile genius or nobility of character. Emerson says: "The best heads that ever existed, Pericles, Plato, Julius Cæsar, Shakespeare, Goethe and Milton, were well read, universally educated men." His philosophy teaches that life is to be enjoyed, death not to be feared. Though a leader of the democratic party, he did not believe in the natural equality of men; and although the head of the Athenian State, he was suspected of rejecting much of the traditional religion. He wielded the powers of his majestic intelligence and the stores of his spacious imagination with consummate ease and mastery. In the perfect harmony and completeness of nature, and in the classic calm which is the fruit of it, Pericles is the type of the ideal spirit, not of his own age only, but of antiquity.

Pericles' Oration.

The True Glory of Athens.

(In the year 430 B.C., Pericles pronounced the Funeral Oration of those Athenians who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponnesian War. We present here the main part of this celebrated oration).

I will speak first of our ancestors, for it is right and becoming that now, when we are lamenting the dead, a tribute should be paid to their memory. There has never been a time when they did not inhabit this land, which, by their valor, they have handed down from generation to generation,

and we have received from them a free State. But if they were worthy of praise, still more were our fathers, who added to their inheritance, and after many a struggle transmitted to us, their sons, this great empire. Of the military exploits by which our various possessions were acquired, or of the energy with which we or our fathers drove back the tide of war, Hellenic or Barbarian, I will not speak, for the tale would be long and is familiar to you. But before I praise the dead, I should like to point out by what principles of action we rose to power, and under what institutions and through what manner of life our empire became great.

Our form of government does not enter into rivalry with the institutions of others. We do not copy from our neighbors, but are an example to them. It is true that we are called a democracy, for the administration is in the hands of the many, and not of the few. But while the law secures equal justice to all alike in their private disputes, the claim of excellence is also recognized; and when a citizen is in any way distinguished he is promoted to the public service, not as a matter of privilege, but as the reward of merit. Neither is poverty a bar; but a man may benefit his country, whatever be the obscurity of his condition. There is no exclusiveness in our public life, and in our private intercourse we are not suspicious of one another, nor angry with our neighbor if he does what he likes; we do not put on sour looks at him which, though harmless, are not pleasant. While we are thus unconstrained in our private intercourse, a spirit of reverence pervades our public acts; we are prevented from doing wrong by respect for authority and for the laws, having an especial regard to those which are ordained for the protection of the injured, as well as to those unwritten laws which bring upon the transgressor of them the reprobation of the general sentiment.

And we have not forgotten to provide for our weary spirits many relaxations from toil. We have regular games and festivals throughout the year; at home the style of our life is refined, and the delight which we daily feel in all these things helps to banish melancholy. Because of the greatness of our city the fruits of the whole earth flow in upon us, so

that we enjoy the goods of other countries as freely as of our own.

Then, again, our military training is, in many respects, superior to that of the Spartans. Our city is thrown open to the world, and we never expel a foreigner or prevent him from seeing or learning anything of which the secret, if revealed to an enemy, might profit him. We rely not upon management or trickery, but upon our own hearts and hands. And in the matter of education, whereas they from early youth are always undergoing laborious exercises which are to make them brave, we live at ease, and yet are equally ready to face the perils which they face. And here is the proof. The Lacedæmonians come into Attica not by themselves, but with their whole confederacy following; but we Athenians go alone into a neighbor's country; and although our opponents are fighting for their homes and we on a foreign soil, we have seldom any difficulty in overcoming them. Our enemies have never yet felt our united strength. The care of a navy divides our attention, and on land we are obliged to send our own citizens everywhere. But they, if they meet and defeat a part of our army, are as proud as if they had routed us all; and when defeated, they pretend to have been vanquished by us all.

If, then, we prefer to meet danger with a light heart, but without laborious training, and with a courage which is gained by habit and not enforced by law, are we not greatly the gainers? Since we do not anticipate the pain, although, when the hour comes, we can be as brave as those who never allow themselves to rest. Thus, too, our city is equally admirable in peace and in war. For we are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. Wealth we employ, not for talk and ostentation, but when there is a real use for it. To avow poverty with us is no disgrace; the true disgrace is in doing nothing to avoid it. An Athenian citizen does not neglect the State because he takes care of his own household; and even those of us who are engaged in business have a very fair idea of politics. We alone regard a man who takes no interest in public affairs not as a harmless, but as a useless

character; and if but few of us are originators, we are all sound judges of a policy. The great impediment to action is, in our opinion, not discussion, but the want of that knowledge which is gained by discussion preparatory to action. For we have a peculiar power of thinking before we act and of acting, too; whereas, other men are courageous from ignorance, but hesitate upon reflection. And they are surely to be esteemed the bravest spirits who, having the clearest sense, both of the pains and pleasures of life, do not on that account shrink from danger.

Again, in our relation to our friends we are unlike others; we make friends by conferring, not by receiving favors. Now, he who confers a favor is the firmer friend, because he would fain by kindness keep alive the memory of an obligation; but the recipient is colder in his feelings, because he knows that in requiting another's generosity he will not be winning gratitude, but only paying a debt. We alone do good to our neighbors, not upon a calculation of interest, but in the confidence of freedom and in a frank and fearless spirit. To sum up: I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian, in his own person, seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the State. For in the hour of trial Athens, alone among her contemporaries, is superior to her report. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the reverses which he sustains at the hands of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him. And we shall assuredly not be without witnesses; there are mighty monuments of our power which will make us the wonder of this and of succeeding ages; we shall not need the praises of Homer or of any other panegyrist whose poetry may please for the moment, although his representation of the facts will not bear the light of day. For we have compelled every land and every sea to open a path for our valor, and have everywhere planted eternal memorials of our friendship and of our enmity. Such is the city for whose sake these men nobly fought and

died; they could not bear the thought that she might be taken from them; and every one of us who survive should gladly toil in her behalf.

I have dwelt upon the greatness of Athens because I want to show you that we are contending for a higher prize than those who enjoy none of these privileges, and to establish by manifest proof the merit of these men whom I am now commemorating. Their loftiest praise has been already spoken. For in magnifying the city I have magnified them, and men like them, whose virtues made her glorious. And of how few Hellenes can it be said as of them, that their deeds, when weighed in the balance, have been found equal to their fame! Methinks that a death such as theirs gives the true measure of a man's worth; it may be the first revelation of his virtues, but is at any rate their final seal. For even those who come short in other ways may justly plead the valor with which they have fought for their country. They have blotted out the evil with the good, and have benefited the State more by their public services than they have injured her by their private actions. None of these men were enervated by wealth or hesitated to resign the pleasures of life; none of them put off the evil day in the hope, natural to poverty, that a man, though poor, may one day become rich. But, deeming that the punishment of their enemies was sweeter than any of these things, and that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honorably avenged, and to leave the rest. They resigned to hope their unknown chance of happiness; but in the face of death they resolved to rely upon themselves alone. And when the moment came they were resolved to resist and suffer rather than to fly and save their lives. They shrank from the word of dishonor, but on the battle-field their feet stood fast, and in an instant, at the height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene, not of their fear, but of their glory.

Such was the end of these men. They were worthy of Athens, and the living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit, although they may pray for a less fatal issue. The value of such a spirit is not to be expressed in words. Any one can discourse to you forever about the advantages of a

brave defense which you know already. But instead of listening to him I would have you, day by day, fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with love of her; and when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it; who, in the hour of conflict, had the fear of dishonor always present to them, and who, if ever they failed in an enterprise, would not allow their virtues to be lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest offering which they could present at her feast. The sacrifice which they collectively made was individually repaid to them, for they received again, each one for himself, a praise which grows not old and the noblest of all sepulchres—I speak not of that in which their remains are laid, but of that in which their glory survives—and is proclaimed always and on every fitting occasion, both in word and deed. For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men. Not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stone, but in the hearts of men. Make them your examples, and, esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war. To a man of spirit cowardice and disaster coming together are far more bitter than death, striking him unperceived at a time when he is full of courage and animated by the general hope. —*Translated by* PROF. B. JOWETT.

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

This was the ruler of the land,
  When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
  When each was like a living flame;
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
  His sovereignty was held, or won;
Feared, but alone as freemen fear;
  Loved, but as freemen love, alone;

He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
By nature's first great title—mind.

Resistless words were on his tongue;
Then eloquence first flashed below;
Full-armed, to life the portent sprung,
Minerva, from the thunderous brow;
And his the sole, the sacred hand
That shook her ægis o'er the land.

Then, throned, immortal, by his side,
A woman sits, with eye sublime,—
Aspasia,—all his spirit's bride;
But if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage,
Their crime was in that darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won;
He perished in his height of fame;
Then sank the cloud on Athens' sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul, she could not die:
Her conquest was posterity.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

PHIDIAS.

"THE Greek national mind," says Lübke, "unfolded in all its splendor immediately after the Persian wars. In political life, as well as in art and science, the bands were loosened, and released from its former restraint the Greek mind developed with perfect freedom and beauty. Athens . . . was the central point of this development. . . . All that was achieved in the short space of one generation (from 460 B.C. to about 430) belongs, even in the poor mutilated remains which have come down to us, to the most splendid possessions of the human mind."

It was at this propitious period, so favorable to the development of genius, that Phidias, the greatest sculptor of Greece, achieved his artistic triumphs. He was the son of Charmides, and was born at Athens about 500 B.C. He made his studies in the plastic art under Hegias of Athens and Ageladas of Argos. His first notable opportunities came when the Athenians, under Cimon, began the magnificent restoration of their city, which had been destroyed by the Persians. A colossal statue of *Athena Promachos* (on the Acropolis), another of Athena, at Platæa, and a group commemorating the victory of Marathon, at Delphi, were his most famous contributions, during that period, to the artistic manifestation of Greece triumphant.

The administration of Pericles, who succeeded Cimon, was marked by an even more extraordinary and brilliant

artistic development, and under his patronage Phidias, too, reached the maturity of his powers. Beside being commissioned to execute the more important statuary to be erected, he was entrusted with the general superintendence of the artistic improvements planned for the city. The two most famous monuments of art thus carried out under his directions were the Propylæa and the Parthenon. His huge gold and ivory figure of Athena (438 B.C.)* in the latter building has completely disappeared, but the sculptured ornaments of the building,† directly "inspired" by him, give evidence of his great genius, even though they may not—or at least not all—be his own handiwork.

But his most famous statue is the colossal one of Zeus, at Olympia, executed in ivory and gold like the Athena, the embodiment of the Homeric Zeus. Although the usual practice of the Greeks was to place the image of a deity in the sanctuary or inner chamber of his temple, this majestic statue, nearly sixty feet high, was erected in the outer room, directly facing the entrance. On ordinary occasions it was concealed with an elaborate curtain, but on the great festivals it was unveiled. Zeus was represented seated on a magnificent throne, crowned with a wreath of olive, holding in his right hand a statue of Victory, formed of ivory and gold, and supporting with his left hand his sceptre, highly ornamental and surmounted with an eagle. His sandals and robe were of gold, the latter being decorated with figures of animals and flowers, especially lillies. The throne was formed of ivory and ebony, inlaid with gold, set with precious stones, and sculptured with graceful figures. The fronts of the steps bore bas-reliefs of classic myths, and the foot-stool rested on four lions couchant. In this great work presented the Greek ideal of the Supreme Ruler of the world. The sculptor himself said he found his model in the famous lines of Homer in the First Book of the Iliad :—

* We are told that the nude parts of the statue were of ivory, gems formed the eyes, and gold was used for the drapery, arms and ornaments.

† Fragments of the metopes, frieze and pediments were taken to England by Lord Elgin, and are housed in the British Museum, being known as the "Elgin Marbles."

"So did he speak, and, at pausing, he signed with his shadowy eyebrows,
And the ambrosial curls from the head everlasting were shaken,
And at the nod of the King deep trembled the lofty Olympus."

The sojourn of Phidias in Olympia has usually been regarded as subsequent to the production of the *Athena Parthenos*, but Loeschke and other more recent writers place his activity in Elis before the time of the erection of the Parthenon statue (*i. e.*, soon after 460 B.C.).

The famous Athena, it appears, furnished the pretext for his overthrow. The intensity of party feeling against Pericles extended to him and others who enjoyed that ruler's favor. Phidias was accused of having appropriated part of the gold intended for the *Athena Parthenos*, but cleared himself by taking off the gold portions of the statue, which were removable, and weighing them. Nevertheless, on the further charge of impiety in having introduced himself and Pericles among the battling Greeks on the shield of the goddess, he was thrown into prison, where he died about 432 B.C.

Phidias has been called the greatest of all sculptors, not only on account of his consummate technical and artistic ability, but also by reason of the grandeur and nobility of his conceptions. In his figures of the gods he created types that were sublime in their perfect embodiment of the highest ideas of the Greek mind. It was the verdict of the ancients that he alone had "seen the true likeness of the gods, and rendered them visible." In his work, Greek art attained the height of spiritual beauty, and produced, it is believed, the noblest specimens of sculpture in the world.

DARIUS.

DARIUS, the first of that name who became King of Persia, was the son of Hystaspes, a Persian nobleman of the royal family of the Achalmenides. According to the great cuneiform inscription of King Darius, sculptured on the mountain-wall at Behistun, his father, Hystaspes, was entrusted with the satrapy of Hyrcania and Parthia by King Cambyses. He gives the genealogy of his own family thus :

1, Achaemenes.
|
2, Teispes.
|
3, Cyrus. — 7, Ariarames.
|
4, Cambyses. — 8, Arsanes.
|
5, Cyrus the Great. — (Hystaspes.)
|
6, Cambyses. — 9, Darius.

Immediately after Darius assumed the sceptre of Persia (B.C. 521), Babylon revolted under Nidintabel, a pretender, who called himself "Nebuchadnezzar the son of Nabonidus," the last Babylonian king. Darius overthrew the pretender in two battles at Zazan and laid siege to the city. It was taken June B.C. 519 after a blockade of nearly two years, the Persians penetrating into the city during a festival, by marching along the dry channel of the Euphrates. Nidintabel was captured and executed. It is this siege and capture which Herodotus transfers to the age of Cyrus.

Legends soon gathered around the events attending the

capture of Babylon. A favorite story relates that Darius, on arriving at Babylon, found that the inhabitants had cut canals, filled their magazines and granaries. In the course of twenty months the Persians were no further advanced than on the first day. At last, when they were utterly disheartened, Zopyrus, a noble Persian, sacrificed himself to assure them the victory. Cutting off his nose and ears, he fled into the city and pretended to be a fugitive from the cruelty of the Persian King. Being entrusted with a command, he led some sorties of the besieged and gained some advantages. When he had thus sufficiently won the confidence of the Babylonians to be placed in charge of the walls, he opened two of the gates for the entrance of his countrymen, who thus became masters of the city. By the order of the king three thousand Babylonians were impaled, the walls were leveled to the ground, and the city repeopled with foreign colonists. All antiquity applauded the self-sacrificing treachery of Zopyrus, on the word of Herodotus.

Parthia and Hyrcania revolted under the lead of a certain Phraortes, and Darius had great difficulty in suppressing the rebellion. Suddenly quitting Babylon, he penetrated Media, and threw himself fiercely upon the enemy. Phraortes fled towards the mountains in the North, but was afterwards captured. His chastisement was atrocious, his nose and ears and tongue were cut off; his eyes were torn from their sockets; finally he was impaled. Of his principal partisans, some were impaled, and others beheaded. But it seems that one war engendered another: the ephemeral success of a second false Bardes evoked a second false Nebuchadnezzar. Darius had hardly left Babylon when an Armenian, Aracha, gave himself out as the son of Nabonidus. A general of Darius, however, vanquished and executed him (B.C. 513).

Having vanquished all these rebels, Darius at last had opportunity to exhibit to the world his remarkable genius for organization. For the first time in history centralization became a political fact. Hitherto the Great King had not concerned himself to suppress the local dynasties, but rather encouraged the people to maintain their language, customs,

religion, laws, and all their particular constitutions. The Jews had permission to finish the construction of their Temple; the Greeks of Asia retained their various governments, Phoenicia retained its kings and judges, Egypt its hereditary monarchs. But above these local authorities there was a power unique, superior to all and everywhere the same. The King was the source of all authority. "It is true that a council, consisting of seven nobles, and a hereditary subnobility, sat without the will of the king; but this relic of a period when Persia had not yet become an empire had little power or influence against the bureaucracy, the members of which owed their offices to an irresponsible despot. The centralization of Persia stands in marked contrast to the decentralization of Greece."

The Persian empire was divided into twenty-three satrapies. Each satrap was responsible for a fixed tribute, but beyond that he enjoyed the full power of a king. It was of course the interest of the crown to prevent the provinces from being exhausted. The danger to the government caused by the power of the satrap and his distance from the central authority was diminished in several ways. Royal scribes were employed to send reports of the satraps and of their actions to the king. At irregular times an officer of the court came to inspect the province. It seems also that the important fortresses were always entrusted to an independent officer. But on the frontiers of the empire necessarily the offices of satrap and commander were often united in the one person for the purpose of prompt suppression of popular disturbances. These three rivals, satrap, scribe, general, balanced and held each other in check so as to make a revolt of either if not impossible, at least difficult.

Despite some defects of detail, the fiscal system introduced by Darius conduced to the stability of the government. No more was the death of each king the signal for revolts in the provinces, which occupied the greater part of the reign of the successor in suppressing. Darius not only had the glory of organizing the Persian empire; he invented a form of government which served thereafter as a model for the great Oriental States. His renown as an administrator has even

overshadowed his military fame. By reason of its previous conquests, Persia had now issue for its energies only in two directions, on the east into India, on the west into Greece.

About 512 B.C., Darius invaded the Punjab in Northern India and acquired extensive territory, of which he formed a new satrapy. Declining to push his conquests further east, he had a fleet constructed and placed under the orders of Scylax, a Greek admiral, who descended the Indus river to its mouth. Hence he set sail westward, and arrived in less than thirty months at the coast of Arabia. Darius next directed his attention to securing his northwest frontier. The coast of the Black Sea was explored, the Bosphorus was bridged, and the steppes of Southern Russia were swept by the Persian army. Meanwhile Thrace had been reduced, and Macedonia made a tributary kingdom.

But in 501 B.C. came the Ionic revolt, when Sardis was burnt by the Athenians. Darius, bent on vengeance, no longer delayed to listen to Hippias, the exiled tyrant of Athens. He sent envoys to demand the submission of Athens and the restoration of the tyrant. When satisfaction was refused, Mardonius was sent against the offending city with a large army. But his fleet was wrecked off Mount Athos. Two years later (B.C. 490) the Persian army under Datis was again hurled against Attica; but Athenian valor at Marathon drove back the power hitherto held invincible, and saved Greece. For three years Asia was astir with preparations for crushing the audacious Athenians. Fortunately for Athens, Egypt now revolted (B.C. 487) and diverted the blow which would have fallen upon Greece. Before the Egyptian revolt could be suppressed Darius died, in the sixty-third year of his age and the thirty-sixth of his reign (B.C. 486).

CHARLES THE BOLD.

THE name Burgundy has at various times been applied to different areas. But under Charles the Bold, who followed the policy of extension inaugurated by his predecessors, the possessions of the Duke included, besides the Duchy and County of Burgundy, Flanders, Holland, Gelderland, Hainault, Brabant, Namur, Luxemburg, Limburg, Lorraine and Alsace. The whole formed a huge curve, hemming in France on the east, and extending from the Flemish coast to Switzerland. For part of this vast domain the Duke owed allegiance to the King of France, and for the rest to the Emperor of Germany.

Charles the Bold (in French, *Le Têméraire*) was the son of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and was born at Dijon, November 10, 1433. During his youth he was known as the Count of Charolais. He married Isabella of Bourbon in 1454, and in 1464 the Princess Margaret of York. When he succeeded his father as Duke of Burgundy, in 1467, he was still in the prime of life, a man of decided promise. He was chivalrous, refined, open to good influences, well educated, highly accomplished, athletic, energetic and ambitious. But despite all these good qualities his pride, choler and obstinacy, in the course of years, brought out strongly the darker side of his nature and eventually caused his ruin.

The conflict with Louis XI. of France, forms a dominant note in his life, a conflict extending from the intrigues of

Louis, while a refugee at the court of old Duke Philip, to his sinister influence on Charles' career to the very end. On the one hand, the "imperial dreamer," the man of "great thoughts," whose ambition conceived of the establishment of a grand "Empire of the Rhine," a stepping-stone to a new and splendid Holy Roman Empire; on the other, the founder of absolute monarchy in France, a master in state-craft and intrigues.

When Louis ascended the throne, Charles became the leading spirit of the great nobles' "League of the Public Weal" against the French king. At Montleheri that queer battle ensued between Louis and Charles (16 July, 1465), in which both sides ran away and both claimed the victory. The Leaguers besieged Paris unsuccessfully, but made what appeared to be very favorable terms with the king in the Peace of Conflans, (October 5, 1465), but the wily sovereign, having lulled the princes into a feeling of security, could with more ease attack them separately. Charles was powerless, for the League was broken up; but he meted out severe and savage punishment to the town of Dinant, which had combined against him with Liége. From this expedition he returned to find his father dying, nursed him to the end, and gave signs of a real and deep grief when it came.

In 1464 Charles had allied himself with England's royal house of York; these two, together with Brittany, Aragon and Castile, formed a powerful league. The Duke of Brittany was quickly put down by the king, who resolved to treat with Charles in person. He met him at Peronne, and it is rather remarkable that, in those days of deceit, perjury, and mysterious and violent deaths, he should have escaped with his life. As it was, he had to submit to abject humiliation at the hands of the wrathful Duke, signed peace at any price, and was forced to be present at the fearful punishment of the revolted citizens of Liége (1468). But Louis, once free again, convened a packed assembly of notables (1470), who speedily found that Charles had broken the Treaty of Peronne, and his well-trained army soon gave the Duke plenty to worry about; so that the latter made a three months' truce with Louis (10 April, 1471). Once more was his policy of coalition

brought into play, but the king's brother Charles, Duke of Guienne, on whom Charles the Bold had counted, died in 1472, and the great League crumbled to dust. The wrathy Duke crossed the Somme, ravaging the country in bloodthirsty fury: Nesle was destroyed with great slaughter and Roye submitted, but at Beauvais he failed before the valor of the citizens, men and women; at Dieppe he was also unsuccessful, and at Rouen he waited in vain for the Duke of Brittany, whom Louis had overpowered in the meantime. Charles left the land, and a truce was signed in the fall of the same year (1472) between him and Louis.

Fresh fields of conquest now attracted the Duke. To his already large possessions were added Alsatia, Breisgau, and, in 1473, Lorraine and Guelders, thus giving him control of both ends of the Rhine. Lordship over the whole of the river would be the first step towards the satisfaction of his ambitions. A noteworthy interview between him and the Emperor Frederick III. took place in the same year (1473) at Treves, but the wary emperor secretly decamped. Negotiations having failed to further his project, he had resort to force. He marched an army down to Neuss, near Cologne, but the little town held out stubbornly, and Charles persisted obstinately in a tedious and ill-advised siege of eleven months. Finally, he came to terms with the Pope and the Emperor, and withdrew; but his star was in the descendent.

Edward IV. landed in France, as agreed upon; but he and the Duke failed to make connections, and he was bought off with 72,000 crowns by Louis. The Duke now overran Lorraine, and took Nanci (30 November, 1475); the following year he attacked the Swiss town of Granson, and put the citizens to death. But the Swiss wreaked speedy vengeance on him soon after: the Burgundians fled in a wild panic, and all the treasures of the camp fell into the hands of the mountaineers. Charles, however, raised another army at Lausanne, and marched against Bern. But he got no further than Morat, for the brave garrison of that place barred the way while a large force of Germans, Alsatians, Lorrainers and Swiss came up. In the battle of Morat, June 22, 1476, his army was destroyed and his power broken.

Charles the Bold, though conscious of the lack of dependence to be placed in feudal levies, since he made attempts to found a standing army, lacked discretion in his plans of battle, and was a poor military commander even at a time when the art of modern warfare was quite in its infancy. After his defeat at Morat, he managed to raise another force and hastened to Nanci, but there met total defeat and death, January 4, 1477, in a battle with Duke Réné, against superior numbers. The proud, haughty, obstinate Duke, who had begun with high ideals and ended as a cruel and obstinate war-lord, was found on the day after the battle in a swamp, his naked body covered with wounds. He had lived up to his motto: "J'ay empris," and had failed.

The Invasion of Switzerland.

The army which Charles of Burgundy led against the Swiss was already exhausted by two winters' campaigns, and finding snow in the month of March in this cold Switzerland, betrayed no great eagerness for the expedition, if we may judge by a threat of the duke's in his general order, (February 26), that all caught deserting should be broken alive on the wheel. This army, somewhat recruited in Franche-Comté, hardly exceeded eighteen thousand men in number, to which are to be added eight thousand Piedmontese or Savoyards, led by James of Savoy. On the 18th of February the duke arrived before Granson, which, contrary to his expectation, detained him until the 28th. A brave garrison first maintained the town, and then the castle, against the assaults of the Burgundians. On this, some courtesans and a man were sent in with an offer that their lives should be spared. They surrendered. But the duke had not authorized the man to treat, and was angered with the Swiss for having delayed a prince like him, who did them the honor to attack them in person; so he suffered the people of the surrounding country, who had more than one grudge to pay off, to wreak their pleasure upon them. The Swiss were either drowned in the lake, or hung on the battlements.

The army of the confederates was at Neufchâtel. Great was their surprise and indignation at having lost Granson,

and, next, Vaumarcus, which surrendered without striking a blow. They advanced, in order to recover it. The duke, who occupied a strong position on the heights, left it, and advanced likewise, in quest of provisions. He descended into a narrow plain, where he was forced to extend his line and march in columns.

The men of the canton of Schweitz, who were some distance in advance, suddenly found themselves face to face with the Burgundians. They summoned, and were soon joined by Berne, Soleure and Fribourg. These cantons, the only ones which had yet arrived on the field of battle, were to bear the shock alone. They knelt a moment in prayer; then rising and fixing their long lances in the ground, the point towards the enemy, they waited immovable and invincible.

The Burgundians displayed but little skill. They were ignorant how to use their artillery, and pointed their cannon too high. The men-at-arms, according to the old custom, flung themselves upon the lances, where they were dashed to pieces and broken; their own lances were only ten feet long, whilst those of the Swiss were eighteen. The duke marched bravely to the attack at the head of his infantry against that of the Swiss; whilst the valiant Count de Châteauguyon charged his flanks with his cavalry, and twice forced his way up to the enemy's standard, touched it, and fancied it won; twice he was repulsed, and at last slain. No effort could divide the impenetrable mass.

With a view to throw it into confusion and draw it lower down into the plain, the duke ordered his first line to fall back, which retrograde movement struck a panic into the second. At this moment, a sudden sunburst displayed on the left a new army—Uri, Underwald and Lucerne, the men of which cantons had at length come up, having made their way in single file along a snow-track, from which a hundred horsemen could have precipitated them. The trump of Underwald lowed in the valley, with the wild horns of Lucerne and Uri. All uttered a cry of vengeance, "Granson, Granson!" The Burgundians of the second line, who were already falling back on the third, saw with dread these fresh troops deploying on their flank. Even from the camp arose

the cry, "*Sauve qui peut.*" From that instant nothing could stop their flight; vain was it for the Duke to seize them or cut them down. They fled without a thought but of flight: never was rout more complete. "The Confederates," says the chronicler with a savage joy, "the Confederates fell upon them like the hail, cutting up these gay popinjays piecemeal; so thoroughly discomfited and put to the rout are these poor Burgundians, that they seem smoke scattered by the northeast wind." So narrow was the plain, that few had been actually engaged. It had been panic and rout, rather than actual defeat. Comines, who, as being with the king, would, undoubtedly, have asked no better than to believe the loss had been considerable, says that there were only seven men-at-arms slain: the Swiss said three thousand.

He had lost little, but infinitely. The charm was dissipated. He was no longer Charles the *Terrible.* Valiant as he was, he had shown his back. His great sword of honor was now hung up at Fribourg or at Berne. Into the famous tent of audience of red velvet, which princes entered trembling, clowns had unceremoniously forced their way. The chapel, the very saints of the house of Burgundy, which he carried about with him in their shrines and reliquaries, had allowed themselves to be taken: they were now the saints of the enemy. His celebrated diamonds, known by their names all over Christendom, were thrown aside at first as bits of glass, and flung on the highway. The symbolic collar of the Fleece, the ducal seal, that dreaded seal which sealed life or death—to be handled, exposed, defiled, ridiculed! A Swiss had the audacity to take the hat which had shaded the majesty of that terrible brow (depositary of such vast dreams!); he tried it on, laughed, and then cast it on the ground.

Charles felt what he had lost, and every one besides felt it too. King Louis, who up to this moment had lived at Lyons much neglected, who sent everywhere, and was everywhere badly received, saw the crowd gradually return. The most decided of these repentant deserters was the Duke of Milan, who offered to advance the king a hundred thousand ducats in ready money, if he would fall upon the duke and pursue

him without allowing him peace or truce. King René, who had only waited for an envoy from the duke to give over Provence into his hands, came to Lyons to offer his excuses. He was old, and his nephew, his heir, sick; and as Louis XI., when he saw them concluded they would not last long, he settled upom them a good pension for life, in consideration of which they secured Provence to him after their demise.

The Duchess of Savoy, a sister truly worthy of him, played double. She sent a message to him to Lyons, but set off herself to the Duke of Burgundy.

The latter had established himself with her at Lausanne, as being the central point where he could most quickly assemble what troops might come to him from Savoy, from Italy, and from Franche-Comté. These troops arrived slowly, and at their pleasure; he was devoured with impatience. He had himself aided to alarm and disperse those who had fled, and to prevent them from returning to his banner by threats of condign punishment. What with his compulsory inactivity, his shame at his defeat at Granson, his thirst for vengeance, the impotence which he had to feel for the first time now that he was taught that he was only a mortal, he was suffocated; his heart seemed ready to burst. He was at Lausanne; not in the city, but in his camp, on the height commanding the lake and the Alps; solitary and ferocious, and suffering his beard to grow, which he had sworn that he would not cut until he had once more seen the Swiss face to face. He would scarcely allow his physician, Angelo Cato, to come near him, who, however, managed to apply cupping-glasses to him, got him to drink a little wine, unmixed, (he was a water-drinker,) and even persuaded him to allow himself to be shaved.

The good Duchess of Savoy arrived to console him, and sent home for silk to refit his wardrobe—he had remained in the torn, dishevelled array in which the flight from Granson had left him. Nor did she stop here; she clothed his troops, and had hats and scarfs made for them. Money and equipments of every kind were sent him from Venice, and even from Milan (which was plotting against him.) He was supplied by the Pope and by Bologna with four thousand Italians,

and recruited to its full number his good troop of three thousand English. There came from his own dominions six thousand Walloons; and, finally, from Flanders and from the Low Countries two thousand knights or holders of fiefs, who, with their body attendants, formed a fine body of five or six thousand horse. The Prince of Tarentum, who was close to the duke when he reviewed his troops, computed them at twenty-three thousand fighting men, over and above the large number of artillery men and baggage attendants; to which must be added nine thousand men, subsequently reinforced by four thousand more, from the Savoyard army of the Count de Romont. The duke, finding himself at the head of this large array, resumed all his pride, and even took upon himself to threaten the king on the Pope's account—no longer thinking it enough to have the Swiss upon his hands.

The unheard-of efforts made by the Count de Romont, and undertaken through his agency, to crush the allies, and which were ruining Savoy for the sake of the camp of Lausanne, confirmed the prevalent report that the duke had promised his daughter's hand to the young Duke of Savoy, that the territory of Berne had been partitioned out by anticipation, and that he had already bestowed its fiefs on the nobles who had taken the field with him. Berne wrote letter upon letter, each more pressing than the last, to the German cities, to the King of France, and to the other Swiss cantons. According to his wont, the king promised succor, but sent not a man. It was precisely that period of the year when the confederate mountaineers were in the habit of driving their flocks to the higher mountain pastures; and it was no easy matter to get them to descend and assemble together; they did not well understand how, to defend Switzerland, it was essential to march into Vaud and make that the battle-field.

Yet it was on the frontier that the war was about to break out. Berne rightly judged that the attack would be made upon Morat, which she considered to be her advance guard. The troops sent to defend this town were not without uneasiness, remembering Granson, and its unsuccored, hung, drowned garrison. To quiet their fears of being similarly abandoned to fate, out of every family in which there were

two brothers, one was chosen for the defence of Morat, the other drafted to the army of Berne. The honest and valiant Bubenberg undertook the conduct of the defence, and this post of trust was unhesitatingly confided to the leader of the Burgundian party.

There, nevertheless, lay the salvation of Switzerland; all depended on the resistance offered by this town; it was necessary to allow the Confederates time to assemble, since their enemy was ready. He did not push his advantage; he marched from Lausanne on the 27th of May, and did not reach Morat until the 10th of June, when he invested the town on the land side, and left the lake open, so that the besieged could receive provisions and ammunition at pleasure. Apparently, he deemed himself too strong to be resisted; and thought to carry the town at once. Repeated assaults, urged for ten days continuously, utterly failed. The country was against him. Friend of the Pope, as the duke was, and the legate accompanying him to boot, the whole land was horrified at his Italians, who were looked upon as infamous wretches and heretics. At Laupen, a priest bravely led his parishioners into battle.

Morat held out, and the Swiss had time to assemble. The red coats of Alsace came to its relief, despite the emperor; and with them the youthful René, a duke without a duchy, the sight of whom alone recalled to men's minds all the acts of injustice committed by the Burgundian. This young man, equally innocent and unfortunate, abandoned by his two natural protectors, the king and the emperor, and who came to fight on the side of the Swiss, arrived at the very moment of the engagement, like a living image of persecuted justice and of the good cause. The troops of Zurich joined at the same time.

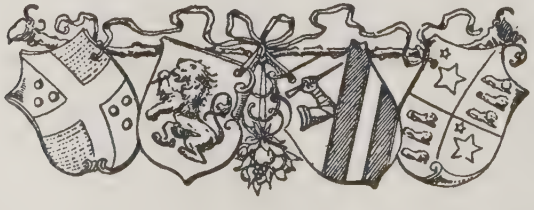
The evening before the battle, while the whole population of Berne filled the churches and offered up prayers to God for the event, the Zurichers passed through. The town was at once lighted up, tables spread for them, and a festival prepared; but they were in too great haste to stop, in their fears of arriving late; so embraces were quickly exchanged, and they were wished "God speed." Fine and irreparable mo-

ment of sincere fraternity, which Switzerland has never since enjoyed. They left Berne at ten, singing their war-songs, marched the whole night, despite of the rain, and joined the main body of the Confederates at a very early hour. All heard matins; and then numbers were dubbed knights, whether nobles or burgesses matters not. The good young Réné, who had no pride, desired to be made a knight too. There was nothing now to do but to march to battle. Many, through impatience (or through devotion?), took neither bread nor wine, but fasted on that sacred day (22d June, 1476.)

The duke, though warned the evening before, persisted in disbelieving that the army of the Swiss was in a state to attack him. Both parties had nearly the same number of men; about thirty-four thousand on each side. But the Swiss were in one body, whilst the duke committed the glaring fault of remaining divided, and of leaving at a distance, before the opposite gate of Morat, the Count de Romont's nine thousand Savoyards. His artillery was badly stationed, and his fine cavalry was of little use, because he would not give it room to act by changing his position. He staked his honor on disdaining to budge, on not giving way one foot, on never stirring from his place. The battle was lost beforehand. The physician and astrologer, Angelo Cato, had warned the Prince of Tarentum, the evening before, that he would do wisely to take his leave. On the duke's march to Dijon it had rained blood; and Angelo had predicted and written in Italy the rout of Granson; that of Morat was easier to be foreseen.

In the morning, the duke draws up his army in battle-array under a heavy rain; but the bows and the powder getting saturated, the troops fall back into the camp. The Swiss seize the moment, scale the mountain's brow from the opposite side, clothed with wood, where they had remained concealed, and when they reach the summit, kneel down in prayer. The sun bursts forth, and at once reveals to their view the lake, the plain and the enemy. They descend with hasty strides, shouting "Granson! Granson!" and fall upon the intrenchment, which they had charged whilst the duke was still scouting the idea that they would attack him.

The camp was covered by a numerous train of artillery, but, as was common in those days, badly and slowly served. The Burgundian cavalry charged and broke their opponents, and Réné had a horse killed under him; but the infantry, the immovable spearsmen, came to their support. Meanwhile, an old Swiss captain, who had served with Huniades in his campaigns against the Turks, turns the battery, gains possession of it, and directs the guns against the Burgundians. On the other hand, Bubenberg, sallying out of Morat, gives full occupation to the corps commanded by the bastard of Burgundy. The duke, being thus deprived of the services of the bastard and of the Count de Romont, was left but twenty thousand men to oppose to more than thirty thousand. The rear-guard of the Swiss, which had not yet been engaged, made a movement which placed them in the rear of the Burgundians, so as to cut off their retreat. They thus found themselves hemmed in on both sides, and met on the third by the garrison of Morat. The fourth was the lake. In the plain between, there was resistance, and a fearful resistance—the duke's guard fought till cut to pieces; so did his personal attendants, so did the English. All the rest of the army, a confused, bewildered mass, was gradually impelled towards the lake. The men-at-arms sunk into the muddy shore; the foot soldiers were drowned, or afforded the Swiss the cruel pleasure of riddling them with arrow after arrow. No pity was shown; they slew as many as eight or ten thousand men, whose heaped up bones formed for three centuries a hideous monument.—M. MICHELET.



J. SCHRADER PINX.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

UNTIL the present century English historians have not merely neglected but have done flagrant injustice to Oliver Cromwell, who was certainly entitled to a foremost place among their statesmen and rulers. Though his acts proved him one of the most extraordinary men that ever lived, it was deemed sufficient by most writers to pronounce him at once a fierce fanatic and an odious hypocrite —two incompatible characters. But the genius of Carlyle and the judgment of Macaulay, confirmed by the sober sense of subsequent impartial investigators of the Parliamentary struggle of the seventeenth century, have set the character and career of the Lord Protector of the British Commonwealth in their true light, and proved him to be a genuine and most striking embodiment of that spirit which has made English institutions and ideas dominant over so great a part of the world.

Oliver Cromwell was born at Huntingdon on the 25th of April, 1599. His father, Robert Cromwell, was the second son of Sir Henry Cromwell of Hinchinbrook, surnamed from his munificence "the Golden Knight." His mother, Elizabeth Steward, was descended from the royal line of Scotland. He inherited from his father an ample estate. In April, 1616, he entered Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where he remained until his father died, in June, 1617. He began the study of law in London, but having there married Elizabeth Bourchier, in 1620, he settled on the ancestral estate at

Huntingdon. Here he passed many years in the cultivation of the soil, and came into intimate fellowship with the Puritans, who were then beginning to resist the arbitrary tendencies of the king in both Church and State. Cromwell represented the borough of Huntingdon in the parliament which met in 1628, and was dissolved in March, 1629. It had, however, done great service to liberty by enacting the famous Petition of Right, which deprived the king of power to imprison without cause shown, and to make forced loans. In this parliament Cromwell made his first speech rebuking bishops for advancing clergymen who had been censured by the House of Commons. This was the last parliament that met in England for eleven years, during which period the country was subject to the arbitrary and tyrannical personal government of the king.

According to some authorities, Cromwell and his cousin, John Hampden, in 1637, resolved to emigrate to North America for the sake of liberty. They had even embarked on a ship, but were detained by order of the king or his council, and so they remained in England. This statement, however, seems to be incorrect, as are many others about Cromwell's early life. He represented Cambridge in the Short Parliament which met for three weeks in April, 1640, and also in the Long Parliament which succeeded it in November of that year. When he rose once to address the House, Lord Digby asked Hampden who "that sloven" was. Hampden replied that it was Oliver Cromwell, and added, "That sloven whom you see before you has no ornament in his speech; but if we should ever come to a breach with the king, that sloven, I say, will be the greatest man in England." This Long Parliament abolished the king's personal government, and stripped the crown of various arbitrary powers it had acquired. Hoping to intimidate the members, Charles, in January, 1642, attempted to seize Hampden and four other leaders of the House, whom he accused of treason. But warned of his project they had retired, and the attempt recoiled on the king. Both parties then appealed to arms.

At the mature age of forty-three Cromwell entered the Parliamentary army as captain of cavalry, and soon distin-

guished himself by practical sagacity, military genius, and strict discipline. He took care to enlist in this service yeomen of the rural districts, Puritans and other men of firm principles. Thus he gradually gathered a regiment whose title of "Ironsides" has become memorable in history. In 1643 the Earl of Manchester was appointed general of an army, with Cromwell as lieutenant-general. The latter gained his first victory in July near Gainsborough, over a body three times as large as his own, and again defeated the royalist horse at Winceby in October of that year. In the following April the Scotch Covenanted army entered England and joined the Parliamentary forces. On July 2, 1644, in the great battle of Marston Moor, Cromwell commanded the left wing, and after sweeping all opposing him, turned to aid Fairfax, who had been overpowered by the royalist left wing, commanded by Prince Rupert. In his own forcible phrase, "God made them as stubble to our swords." The other Parliamentary generals had lost their armies, but Parliament granted them fresh troops and ordered Manchester to join them. Though the result of the conflict at Newbury, in October, was in their favor, Cromwell could not persuade Manchester to follow up his advantage.

Returning to Parliament he urged the remodeling of the army, which was finally agreed to. By the "self-denying ordinance," members of Parliament were prohibited from holding military offices. Soldiers were also permitted to enlist without signing the Covenant, which had been prepared by the Presbyterians as a basis of government for the kingdom, but was rejected by the Independents, who were steadily becoming stronger. The former had a majority in Parliament, but were unable to control the current of affairs.

Early in 1645 Sir Thomas Fairfax was appointed general of the newly-organized army. Cromwell being exempted from the self-denying ordinance, proved his military skill in several fights, and was made lieutenant-general, with the command of the cavalry. He led the right wing at the decisive battle of Naseby, 14th of June, 1645, and totally defeated the royal forces. "The stake played for at Naseby," says Gardiner, "was the crown of England, and Charles lost

it." His private papers captured here revealed his persistent intrigues to bring alien armies into England. Cromwell never lost a battle; he also became noted for the success of his sieges, capturing strongholds that had been deemed impregnable. Early in 1646 the civil war virtually came to an end, and Cromwell, on his return to Parliament, was received with distinguished honors.

The contest between the Independents and the Presbyterians occupied the next two years. The king, yielding to circumstances, promised to establish Presbyterianism in his three realms and punish heresy. The city of London was as Presbyterian as Parliament, and the Presbyterian leaders fancied themselves masters of the situation. The Parliament resolved in 1647 to disband the army, which they feared more than the king. But the army refused to disband. In June one of Cromwell's officers seized the king and removed him from the custody of Parliament to that of the army. A Scottish army under the Duke of Hamilton invaded England on behalf of the king in 1648, and began the second civil war. In August Cromwell, with less than 9,000 men, met the enemy at Preston and utterly routed the Scottish army of 22,000.

On December 5, the House of Commons, recoiling from the effect of their own success, declared for a reconciliation with the king. On the next day forty-one royalists were ejected from the House by Colonel Pride, one of Cromwell's officers. The part left seated was called in derision the Rump. Of this the Independents were in full control, and soon brought Charles Stuart to trial for violation of the liberties of England. Cromwell was a member of the court which condemned the king to death, in January, 1649. Thereupon Parliament declared Great Britain to be a Commonwealth.

Cromwell was now the most powerful man in England. But Presbyterian Scotland and Roman Catholic Ireland acknowledged Charles II. as rightful sovereign. In August, 1649, Cromwell led an army to Ireland, which was in a state of anarchy. He defeated the royalists at Drogheda and Wexford, and, by punishing their resistance with frightful severity, reduced the rest of Ireland to speedy submission.

It is remarkable that his brief rule brought to that ill-fated island an unexampled prosperity.

In June, 1650, Charles II. landed in Scotland and was proclaimed King by the Scotch, who raised an army to fight for him. Cromwell, having been appointed by Parliament commander-in-chief, marched hastily into Scotland. On September 3, 1650, he defeated the Scotch army at Dunbar, and took about 10,000 prisoners. Charles, however, was reinforced and led his army into England. Cromwell pursued him and gained a complete victory at Worcester, September 3, 1651, absolutely destroying the Scottish army. Those who were not slain were taken prisoners. After this final ruin of the royal cause, a change in Cromwell's manner appeared. Clarendon observes that "his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had concealed his faculties till he had occasion to use them."

In April, 1653, Cromwell finally dissolved the Long Parliament, which had sunk from usefulness and glory to utter shame and contempt. At the end of that year he assumed the title of Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, with much of royal state and nearly royal power. Nominally, he was restrained by a council of state which was independent of him. The Protector and the council moved forward in the path of conservative reform. With the poet Milton as his Latin Secretary, he defended the Protestant cause on the Continent of Europe and compelled the respectful attention of sovereigns to his wishes. Liberty of conscience was one of the principles of his domestic policy. He was bitterly hated by the extreme royalists and by the religious enthusiasts who abused the liberty granted them. Charles II., to his disgrace, offered rewards for the murder of the usurper. In the face of such danger Oliver abandoned the forms of constitutional government. He divided England into ten military districts, over each of which he set a major-general with arbitrary power.

The Protector, having become involved in a war against Spain, formed, in 1655, an alliance with France. A new Parliament met September, 1656, with a remodeled House of Lords. Its subservient character is shown by the fact that

Oliver was urged to take the title of king, but he refused. In June, 1658, the allied armies of England and France defeated the Spaniards in a great battle on the Dunes, and in the same month Dunkirk surrendered and was placed in the hands of the English. Cromwell's political aims were noble, but his earnest efforts to restore order were partly frustrated by the mutinous and factious conduct of his enemies. Yet no open resistance was made during his life. His death occurred after a brief illness, on September 3, 1658, the anniversary of his victories at Dunbar and Worcester. He left two sons, Richard and Henry. The former, weak and good-natured, was easily thrust aside by determined men, and monarchy was soon restored.

Although it was formerly the fashion for historians to revile Cromwell as a hypocrite, a fanatic, an usurper and a man of mediocre talents, it is now admitted by all that as a statesman, a reformer and general, he possessed abilities of the highest order. "Never," says Macaulay, "was any ruler so conspicuously born to sovereignty. The cup which has intoxicated almost all others, sobered him. His spirit, restless from its buoyancy in a lower sphere, reposed in majestic placidity as soon as it had reached the level congenial to it. Rapidly as his fortunes grew, his mind expanded more rapidly still. Insignificant as a private citizen, he was a great general; he was a still greater prince."

The Battle of Naseby.

Cromwell drew together about 6,000 chosen horse, marched after Fairfax, and on the evening of the 13th of June, came up with him at Northampton, where he lay within six miles of Charles. The presence of Cromwell at once carried life and energy into the camp of Fairfax. He found the general still uncertain of the movements of the king, and, without hesitation, suggested the propriety of sending out a detachment of horse to ascertain the exact position of the Royalists, and to attack their rear should they persist in retiring from the scene of action. Cromwell, resolved to bring on a battle, intrusted this service to Ireton, on whom he could best rely, and who well justified his selection.

The night had scarcely fallen when Ireton moved silently out with a choice party of men, charged and drove in the king's outposts, and brought back with him several prisoners, from whom all necessary intelligence as to the number and disposition of the enemy was immediately obtained. Cromwell, in great excitement, declared for a "decisive action" on the morrow. Fairfax acquiesced, and about an hour before dawn on the morning of the 14th of June, the whole army formed, and in deep silence and admirable order began its march.

A strange and agitated scene had meanwhile been acting in the camp of Charles. Ireton's assault upon the outposts spread alarm with the rapidity of wildfire; officers, summoned out of their beds to attend a council of war, were seen hurrying towards the king's tent in abrupt excitement and disordered dress, and after an hour's consultation, the whole camp was ordered into motion. With that careless and characteristic gallantry which, whatever their other failings, never failed the Cavaliers, the officers had resolved, notwithstanding their critical position, not only to risk, but to advance and offer battle.

This resolution taken, the army was at once drawn up on a rising ground about a mile south from Harborough, a position of a most advantageous nature both for the foot, cavalry, and ordnance. The main body of the infantry, amounting to about 25,000, was put under the command of Lord Ashley; the right wing of horse, being somewhat less numerous, was led by Prince Rupert; while the left wing, consisting of cavalry from the Northern counties, and of some detachments from Newark, in all not exceeding 1600, was intrusted to the charge of Sir Marmaduke Langdale. In the reserve were the king's life-guards, commanded by the Earl of Lindsay, Prince Rupert's regiment of foot, and the royal horse-guards, under Lord Bernard Stuart, recently created Earl of Litchfield. Here, after remaining in order of battle till eight o'clock (still the busy and fatal morning of the 14th of June), Charles began to doubt the intelligence on which they had moved, when suddenly Prince Rupert, who had dashed forward with his characteristic impetuosity upward of two miles in front of

his men to ascertain the intentions of Fairfax, galloped back, and sent word throughout the line that the enemy were about to turn their backs, and that one fierce attack in pursuit would utterly disperse them. The word was given; Charles put his army in motion; and, relinquishing the favorable ground he had originally occupied, led his battalions into the plain, or fallow field, about a mile in breadth, which separated Harborough from a village called Naseby.

Here, with no thought of retreat, the men of the new model had been drawn up by their great leaders. Here, at dawn in the morning, having sung a psalm in praise of their God, they had sat down composedly and in rank with their arms in their hands. Some few troops merely had been set in motion by Cromwell, and miserably had Rupert, self-deceived, deceived his unfortunate master!

The position, a remarkably strong one, had been selected by Cromwell, who being satisfied early in the march (from catching a glimpse of a corps of Rupert's cavalry in motion) that the king had doubled back on his pursuers, and determined to give rather than receive battle, suggested to Fairfax the fallow field near Naseby. Along the ridge of a gentle eminence the men were drawn up, the infantry in the centre, the cavalry on either flank, and some twenty pieces of artillery so well planted as to cover every avenue of approach. Fairfax and Skippon commanded the main battle, Cromwell took the right wing, and at his request Fairfax gave Ireton upon the field the rank of commissary-general, and the command of the horse on the left. The forces were nearly equal, and might amount altogether to about 36,000 men.

Rupert began the battle, and charged Ireton with such furious force that even the astonishing resistance of that lion-like soldier opposed the shock in vain. Again and again he strove to rally his men, but Rupert hewed down everything before him. At the head of the last few troops who had kept their ground, Ireton then threw himself, with the terrible courage of despair, on a body of the royal infantry; their pikes pierced him in the face and thigh, he fell senseless from his horse, was taken prisoner, and only in the subsequent rout recovered by his friends. His division was now utterly dis-

persed, and Rupert, regardless, after his impetuous fashion, of the fate of the main body of the men engaged, rushed on after the fugitives, drove them through their reserves with the gay excitement that belonged to the hunting-field rather than the collected resolution and foresight necessary in such a momentous battle, and having reached the enemy's cannon and baggage in the rear, only turned round his jaded horsemen when they had lost all further opportunity of service.

Fairfax, meanwhile, maintained in the centre an unequal fight. Abandoning the privileges of a captain, he grappled personally with the foe, galloped through the thickest of the fray, and his helmet having been beaten to pieces, still bareheaded as he was, flamed resolution and courage everywhere among his men, when the colonel of his body-guard, Charles D'Oyley, threw himself before him with his own helmet, entreating him not to hazard unduly so rich a life. "'Tis well enough, Charles," said Fairfax, putting the proffered helmet by.

But, with total rout upon the left wing, and fearful uncertainty in the centre, Cromwell and his Ironsides now singly decided the battle. Langdale had charged after Rupert's example, but might as well have charged against a rock. Recoiling from the steady shock of that iron wall, Cromwell charged him in his turn, first with a heavy fire of carbines, next at the sword's point, routed the whole of his cavalry, sent three squadrons after them to prevent their rallying, and with the remaining four, which he had held steadily in hand, wheeled furiously round, and with loosened rein and spur in his horse's flanks, led them on with overpowering shock against the weary infantry engaged with Fairfax. Not for an instant could the Royalists resist that fell attack. They wavered, gave way, were cut through and through, and fled in all directions. One regiment alone preserved its ground, and scarcely a man of it survived to tell his courageous story.

Charles behaved with the bravery which never deserted him in war. At the head of the cavalry that remained—joined in the instant by Rupert's weary stragglers—he implored them to follow their king, and stand the coming shock. A terrible conviction of his hopeless ruin, no doubt,

then flashed upon him. "One charge more," he exclaimed "and we recover the day." It was too late; Rupert's cavalry were already worn out by their chase, and the rest had been panic-struck by the charge of the Ironsides. Never was rout so triumphantly complete. Two thousand men were left dead upon the field. The Royalists who were made prisoners were five thousand foot and three thousand horse. There were also captured the whole of Charles' artillery, eight thousand stand of arms, above one hundred pair of colors, the royal standard, the king's cabinet of letters, his coaches, and the whole spoil of his camp.

The first civil war was decided by this victory; and so, it is evident, Cromwell at once perceived, for nothing could equal his excitement after the day was won. He led the pursuit for upward of twelve miles, returned to Harborough (Haverbrowe it was then called), and, before taking rest or refreshment, after toils that would have worn down the strength of a score of ordinary men, took up his pen and wrote news of the victory to the Speaker of the House of Commons. The letter of the second officer in command reached Parliament a day before the letter of the lord-general. The circumstance created some sensation, and no doubt Cromwell intended that it should. The news which was to dismay the Presbyterians more than intelligence of a defeat would have dismayed them; the victory which was to elevate Vane and the Independents into enthusiastic strength and joy, should fitly issue first from *him*. And how the letter is written—with what an ill-subdued effort from exultation—in what curt regal sentences—with what resolute purpose against his political adversaries in the House! It is addressed to the Speaker, and bears date from "Haverbrowe, June the 14th, 1645.

"Sir,—Being commanded by you to this service, I think myself bound to aquainte you with the good hand of God towards you and us. Wee marched yesterday after the kinge, whoe went before us from Daventree to Haverbroue, and quartered about six miles from him. This day wee marched towards him. He drew out to meet us. Both armies engaged. Wee, after three howers fight, very doubtfull, at last routed his armie; killed and tooke about 5000, very many officers, butt of what quallitie wee yett know not. Wee took also about 200 carriages, all he had, and all his gunnes, beinge 12 in num-

ber, whereof 2 were demie-cannon, 2 demie-culverings, and (I thinke) the rest sackers. Wee pursued—enemie from 3 miles short of Haverbrowe to nine beyond, even to sight of Leicester, whither the kinge fled.

"Sir, this is none other butt the hand of God, and to him alone belongs the glorie, wherein none are to share with him. The general served you with all faithfulnesse and honour; and the best commendations I can give him is, that I dare say he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himselfe; which is an honest and a thrivinge way, and yett as much for bravery may be given to him in this action as to a man. Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trustie. I beseeche you, in the name of God, not to discourage them. I wish this action may beget thankfulnesss and humilite in all that are concerned in it. He that venters life for the libertie of his countrie, I wish he trust God for the libertie of his conscience, and you for the libertie he fights for. In this he rest whoe is your most humble servent, "OLIVER CROMWELL."

But not in the affairs of battle does the writer rest till all his work is done. After Naseby he overspread the land with his victorious forces, as with a devastating torrent. Leicester was immediately retaken; Taunton, besieged by the dissolute Goring and defended by the valiant Blake, was relieved; Goring himself was beaten, and obliged to retreat to Bridgewater. Here the prudence, not less than the valor, of Cromwell, shone forth most eminently. An advanced party of horse, with inconsiderate rashness, rushed forward to charge the enemy, when, with consummate presence of mind, he checked them until the whole of the cavalry had come up, and then putting himself at their head, attacked the Royalists with such vigor and success, that nearly their whole body of foot became his prisoners, while he captured also the greater part of their ordnance. From this he pushed on against the town itself, which he carried by storm against a heavy garrison. While engaged in this gallant work, he had a very narrow escape from a musket-ball of the enemy.—J. FORSTER.

CROMWELL BEFORE THE DEAD BODY OF CHARLES I.

History relates that Cromwell expressed a wish to look upon the King after his execution, which he accordingly did—"not in cruelty, or anger, or exultation; but with reverential fear, as he thought on the judgment of God."

With stern, sad brow, and mournful mien, and rigid lip compressed,
And head low bent in brooding thought upon his mail-clad breast,—
With all the stormy elements that swept his mighty soul,
Subdued to silent, solemn awe, beneath a dread control,—
He of the iron heart and frame, and spirit's fiery mould,
Gazed on the form that slept in death,—ghastly, and stiff, and cold.

Before him lay his crowned king,—his liege, whom he had sworn
To honor with the loyalty, by faithful subject borne;
Whose sacred person he was vowed to guard from every foe,
Whose rightful throne his oaths were pledged to shield from hostile blow;
And yet that kingly neck beneath the headsman's stroke had bent,—
That throne had crumbled to the ground,—that sceptre's power was rent.

And he—he who with folded arms, and sorrow's sternest air,
Upon that strangely pallid face, so long stood gazing there,—
How could *he* see the axe descend, and yet forbear to spring
With vengeful fury on the power that dared assail his king!
How could *he* see that monarch's throne just tottering to its fall,
Nor interpose his stalwart arm,—his life's best blood,—his all!

Across his flashing eye, the mist of feeling gathers now,—
His lips relax, and softer light is falling o'er his brow;
No weakly, woman's nature moves the warrior's heart,—and yet,
The cheek made rugged by the toils of war's wild strife, is wet;
Strange man! a conqueror he stands before the conquered here,—
His exultation but a groan, his triumph but a tear!

"Would God thou hadst not perished thus! Would God thou hadst not wrought,
With suicidal hand, the fate so blindly on thee brought!

That thou by priestly craft hadst ne'er submitted to be led,
And to the majesty of law hadst bowed thine own proud head;
And still maintained thy solemn oaths, in reverent faith and fear;—
Thou hadst to-day been on thy throne, and not—upon thy bier!

"Thy people broke not fealty, till 'twixt *their* cause and *thine*,
Thy sacrilegious sword had drawn the deep, dissevering line,—
Till covenanted rights, which blood of thousand heroes slain,
Had flowed to win, were trampled down with scorn and high disdain.—
Till at the shrine of lawless power thou sought'st with vain disguise,
To make a nation's fondest hopes, the costly sacrifice!

"With zeal I served thee once,—but when thine unrelenting hand
Weighed its usurping force against the freedom of the land,—
When holy faith and liberty within one scale were laid,
And loyalty and tyrant-rule in balance were arrayed,—
Since I must choose,—with liberty and faith my choice I fling—
Keep my allegiance to my God, and break it to my king!

"And yet I fain had turned aside this fearful, fatal blow!
No vengeance in *my* heart required thy princely blood to flow;
Thy form—how fit for length of years! unsilvered still thy hair;
How mildly grave thy face! no dark, deceitful lines are there;
But He who marked thy devious course, hath smote thee with His rod,
And here thou liest—the monument of an avenging God!"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

HENRY HUDSON.

THE name of Henry Hudson is indissolubly linked with the waters of the Western Continent, yet the greater part of his life is wrapped in obscurity. He is supposed to have been born about A.D. 1570. The first certain knowledge of him which we have is his appointment, in 1607, to the command of the "Hopeful," a vessel sent by the Muscovy Company on a voyage "to discover the pole." On the first of May he set sail accompanied by his son and a crew of twelve men; and after various adventures, through icy seas and regions intensely cold, during which he touched at Greenland and coasted along the island of Spitzbergen, he arrived home September 15th, of the same year.

On the 22d of April, 1608, Hudson made his second voyage for the Muscovy Company, with his son and a crew of thirteen men. This time he took the route formerly attempted by Willoughby and Barentz, to find a passage by the northeast to the pole. This second voyage was as unsuccessful as the first, and he arrived in England August 26, 1608.

Not disheartened, he attempted a voyage for the Dutch East India Company, and set sail from Amsterdam, Holland, on March 25, 1609, with two ships. When off the coast of Nova Zembla, the crew of his own ship refused to proceed farther, and Hudson, turning about, stretched across the Atlantic to the coast of Nova Scotia, and thence southward to the Chesapeake Bay, from which he turned northward, touching

at the Delaware Bay, and reached the bay of New York September 2, 1609. He devoted a month to the examination of this bay, and sailed up its river the distance of one hundred and fifty miles. The river has since received his name. He now put to sea, and arrived in England November 7, 1609.

The next year, April 17, 1610, Hudson made his last voyage. He sailed from London in the "Discovery," fitted out at the cost of three English gentlemen, to attempt the northwest passage, if through any of those American inlets which Captain Davis saw, but durst not enter on the western side of Davis' Strait, any passage might be found to the South Sea.

Arriving the 15th of June, off Frobisher's Strait, Hudson thence proceeded until he arrived at the strait which bears his name, into which he sailed westward, as the land and ice would permit, till he got into the bay, which has ever since borne the name of "Hudson's Bay." He gave names to places as he went along, and called the country itself "New Britain."

Captain Hudson sailed over three hundred miles into the bay, being confident he had found the desired passage to the South Sea; but discovering his mistake at last, he concluded to winter at the most southern point of the bay, and by the 10th of November, 1610, his ship was frozen in, possibly near Moose Fort. The winter passed very miserably; the provisions were hardly sufficient, and the supply of game and fish was scanty. With the opening of the Spring of 1611 came dissension. On the 23d of June, when he arrived at the west end of the strait, on the way home, the mutineers entered Hudson's cabin in the night, seized, bound and put him into the small boat; and with him they put his son, John Hudson, King, and seven men who were sick. The boat was then cut adrift, and they were never seen again.

Bylot was now elected master of the "Discovery," and while proceeding eastward through the strait, the provisions being almost exhausted, a party went on shore to hunt game. Of the party five were killed by the Esquimaux. Only a miserable remnant of the crew, worn by famine and sickness, survived to reach England. They were immediately imprisoned, but were shortly afterwards released. Bylot himself,

in the following year, sailed with Button in his voyage to Hudson's Bay. It is probable that the surviving mutineers were judged to have expiated their crime by their sufferings.

The accounts we have of Henry Hudson are really very vague. The river, the strait, the bay, and the vast tract of land which bear his name have made his memory imperishable; but in point of fact not one of these was discovered by him. All that can be seriously claimed for him is that he pushed his explorations further than his predecessors, and left a somewhat imperfect record of them. It has been conclusively shown by Dr. Asher that the river, the strait, and the bay were marked in maps years before the time of Hudson.

What Henry Hudson really did was to show, in four several voyages, that the passage to Cathay was not the simple thing that was generally supposed; that there was no strait through the continent of North America in a low latitude, and if there was one in a high latitude, it would not avail, on account of being ice-bound nearly the whole year round. He tried in fact all the routes that had been suggested, and these having all failed, there is little doubt that had he lived, he would have examined beyond Davis' Strait, and have anticipated Baffin's discoveries of a few years later.

Henry Hudson was a bold, energetic and able man, zealous in the cause to which he had devoted himself, though prevented by cruel fortune from achieving merited success.

The Discovery of the Hudson River.

The tradition of Henry Hudson's arrival at the mouth of the Hudson River, as originally given by the Indians themselves to the Rev. John Heckewelder, for many years a Moravian missionary to the Indians in Pennsylvania, runs as follows: "A long time ago, when there was no such thing known to the Indians as people with a white skin, some Indians who had been out a fishing, and where the sea widens, espied, at a great distance, something remarkably large, swimming or floating on the water, and such as they had never seen before. They, immediately returning to the shore, told their countrymen of what they had seen, and pressed them to go out with them and discern what it might be. These together hurried

out, and saw, to their great surprise, the phenomenon, but could not agree what it might be, some concluding it to be an uncommonly large fish or other animal, while others were of opinion it must be some very large house. It was at length agreed among them, that as this phenomenon moved toward the land, whether it was an animal or not, it would be well to inform all the Indians of what they had seen, and put them on their guard. Accordingly they sent runners to carry the news to their scattered chiefs, that they might send off in every direction for the warriors to come in. These now came in numbers, and seeing the strange appearance, and that it was actually moving forward, concluded that it was a large canoe or house, in which the *Great Manitto* [or Spirit] himself was, and that he probably was coming to visit them. By this time the chiefs of the different tribes were assembled on York Island, and were counseling as to the manner in which they should receive the *Manitto* on his arrival. They now provided plenty of meat for a sacrifice; the women were required to prepare the best of victuals; their idols or images were examined and put in order; and a grand dance was supposed not only to be an agreeable entertainment for the *Manitto*, but might, with the addition of a sacrifice, contribute toward appeasing him in case he was angry. The conjurers were also set to work to determine what the meaning of this phenomenon was, and what the result would be. To these, and to the chiefs and wise men of the nation, men, women and children were looking up for advice and protection. Being at a loss what to do, between hope and fear, and in confusion, a dance commenced. In the meantime, fresh runners arrived, declaring it to be a great house of various colors that was coming, and filled with living creatures. It now appeared certain that it was their *Manitto* coming, bringing probably some new kind of game. But other runners now came in, declaring that it was a house of various colors and filled with people, but that the people were of a different color from themselves; that they were also dressed in a different manner from them, and that one in particular appeared altogether red. This they thought must be the *Manitto* himself. They were now lost in admiration.

Presently they were hailed from the vessel, but in a language they could not understand, and were able to answer only by a yell. Many were now for running into the woods, while others pressed them to stay, in order not to offend their visitors, who could find them out and might easily destroy them. The house (or large canoe) stopped, and a smaller canoe now came ashore, bringing the red man and some others in it. Some stayed by this canoe to guard it. The chiefs and wise men formed a circle, into which the red-clothed man and two others approached. He saluted them with a friendly countenance, and they returned the salute after their manner. They were amazed at the color of their skin and their dress, particularly at the red man, whose clothes glittered with something they could not account for. He must be the great *Manitto*, they thought; but then why should he have a white skin? A large elegant bottle was brought forward by one of the *Manitto's* servants, and something poured from it into a small cup or glass, and handed to the *Manitto*. He drank it, had the cup refilled, and had it handed to the chief next to him for him to drink. The chief took it, smelt it, and passed it to the next, who did the same. The cup passed in this way round the circle, untasted, and was about to be returned to the red-clothed man, when one of their number, a spirited man and a great warrior, jumped up, and harangued the multitude on the impropriety of returning the cup unemptied. 'It was handed to them,' he said, 'by the *Manitto* to drink out of as he had done; that to follow his example would please him, but to return what he had given them might provoke him and cause him to destroy them. And that since he believed it to be for the good of the nation that the contents offered them should be drunk, if no one else was willing to drink, he would try it, let the consequence be what it would, for it was better for one man to die than that a whole nation should be destroyed. He then took the glass, smelt it, addressed them again, and bidding them all farewell, drank it. All eyes were now fixed upon him, to see what effect this would have upon him. He soon began to stagger, and the women cried, supposing that he had fits. Presently he rolled on the ground, and they all began to bemoan him, supposing him to

be dying. Then he fell asleep, and they thought now that he was dead, but presently they saw that he was still breathing. In a little time he awoke, jumped up, and declared that he never felt himself before so happy, as after he had drunk the cup. He asked for more, which was given to him, and the whole assembly soon joined him, and all became intoxicated.

"While the intoxication lasted, the white men kept themselves in their vessel, and when it was over, the man with the red clothes again returned to them, bringing them presents of beads, axes, hoes and stockings. They soon now became familiar, and talked by making signs. The whites made them understand that they should now return home, but the next year they should visit them again with presents, and stay with them a while. But as they could not live without eating, they should then want a little land to sow seeds, in order to raise herbs to put into their broth. Accordingly a vessel arrived the next season, when they were much rejoiced to see each other; but the white men laughed at them when they saw the axes and hoes hanging to their breasts as ornaments, and the stockings used for tobacco pouches. The whites now put handles in the former, and cut down trees and dug the ground before their eyes, and showed them the use of the stockings. Then all the Indians laughed, to think that they had been ignorant of the use of these things so long, and had carried these heavy articles hung around their necks. They took every white man they saw for a *Manitto*, yet inferior to the *Supreme Manitto;* to wit, to the one who wore the shining red clothes. They now became more familiar, and the whites now reminded them that they wanted some land; and asked if they might have as much land as the hide of a bullock spread before them would cover. Their request was readily granted. The white men then took a knife, and beginning at one place on the hide, cut it up into a rope not thicker than the finger of a little child, so that by the time this hide was cut up, there was a great heap. They then took the rope and drew it gently along (to keep it from breaking) in a circular form, and took in a large piece of ground. The Indians were surprised at the superior wit of the whites, but did not wish to contend with them about a little land, as

they had enough. They lived contentedly together for a long time; the whites from time to time asking for more land, which was readily granted to them. And thus they gradually went higher and higher up the *Mahicannituck* [or Hudson] *River*, until they began to believe they would soon want all their country, which proved at last to be the case."

This tradition is remarkably confirmed by a Dutch historian, who wrote his history only forty-three years after the discovery of Henry Hudson. He says, "that the Indians or natives of the land, many of whom are still living, and with whom I have conversed, declare freely that before the arrival of the Lowland ship, the 'Half Moon,' in the year 1609, they, the natives, did not know that there were any other people in the world than those who were like themselves, much less any people who differed so much in appearance from them as we did. When some of them first saw our ship approaching at a distance, they did not know what to think about her, but stood in deep and solemn amazement, wondering whether it were a ghost or apparition, coming down from heaven, or from hell. Others of them supposed her to be a strange fish or sea-monster. When they discovered men on board, they supposed them to be more like devils than human beings. Thus they differed about the ship and men. A strange report was spread about the country concerning the ship and visit, which created great astonishment and surprise among the Indians."

It is said that the tribe of Delaware Indians, even to this day, call New York *Mannahattanink*, meaning thereby, the *Island or place of general intoxication.*

On the morning of September 12th, while Hudson was still at his anchorage, twenty-eight canoes, filled with men, women and children, came off to see him, bringing oysters and clams to trade for trifles. These Indians had "great tobacco pipes of yellow copper, and pots of earth to dress their meat in." Hudson's men seem, as usual, to have been suspicious of them, and though they traded with them, none of them were allowed to come on board.

About noon, with a heart full of hope, he weighed anchor, and moved into the river. The wind was not fair; so that he

made only two leagues, and again anchored for the night. The place off which he lay is supposed to have been what is now Manhattanville. The next day, the wind being ahead, he managed, by the help of the flood tide, to pass up only eleven miles higher. This brought him to what is now known as Yonkers, and again he cast anchor. In the course of this day he was again visited by Indians, bringing provisions, and they seemed very friendly; but his crew suspected these also, and none of them came on board the ship.

The day following the weather was fair, and a fine breeze springing up from the southeast, he passed up through Tappan and Haverstraw bays; "the river" (as the journal says) "being a mile wide, and anchored at night about thirty-six miles higher, in a region where the land was very high and mountainous." He was now evidently in the neighborhood of "the Highlands," and his anchorage near West Point.

Hudson and his men seem to have been struck with the wild and beautiful appearance of the country; and strange must have been his feelings, when in his little "yacht," moored beneath the Highlands, the shadows of night fell over him. He had braved the tempests of the north, and seen the monsters of the ocean; but all now was a new world around him. A wild and beautiful wilderness hung over him. Perhaps in the distance he might see the camp-fires of straggling Indians; then he might hear the screechings of the owls, and the scream of panthers in the wilderness above him, or perhaps be startled by the strange and tremendous roar of the "Naked Bear" of the Indians.

The next morning a mist hung over the river and mountains until sunrise, when it cleared up with a fair wind. Just as he was weighing anchor a circumstance happened which afterwards gave him trouble. The two Indians whom he held as hostages made their escape through the port-holes of the ship and swam to the shore, and as soon as the ship was under way, they were seen standing on the shore making loud and angry cries, and looking at them "with scornful looks." They now moved up the river, "passing by the high mountains," until, having sailed fifty miles, they came at night in sight of "other mountains which lie from the river side."

Here they found (as the journal says) "very loving people and very old men," who treated them very kindly. Having cast anchor here (which was probably near what is now Catskill Landing), Hudson sent the boat off, and the men caught large quantities of fine fish.

It was here, perhaps, that the pleasant interview happened between Hudson and an old chief of the Indians. The story is, that he went on shore in one of their canoes with an old man, who was the chief of forty men and seventeen women. These he saw in a large circular house made of oak bark. In the house, he discovered a large quantity of maize or Indian corn, and beans of the last year's growth, and near the house, for the purpose of drying, there lay enough to load their ship, besides what was growing in the fields. Upon his entering the house, two mats were immediately spread out to sit upon, and food was brought forward in large red bowls made of wood. In the meantime, two men were dispatched with bows and arrows in search of game. Soon after, they returned with a pair of pigeons; then they killed a fat dog, and skinned it in great haste for their guest, with shells which they had got out of the water. After the feast, they supposed that Hudson would remain all night with them. But upon his showing signs of departure, the hospitable old man became very uneasy; and his people, supposing that the guest might be leaving because he was afraid of them, took all their arrows, and breaking them in pieces, cast them into the fire.

The quantities of fish taken the evening before now induced Hudson (the next morning being warm and fair) to send some of the men out upon another fishing party. This time, however, they were not so successful; for the natives had been there all night in their canoes. In the meantime, the Indians flocked on board the ship, bringing Indian corn, pumpkins and tobacco. The whole day was consumed in trading with these friendly people, and filling the water casks with fresh water. Towards night, he again set sail, and, passing some six miles higher up, found the water shoal and cast anchor. He was now probably near the spot where the city bearing his name has since grown up. The weather was warm, and Hudson determined to take

advantage of the cool hours of the morning. At dawn, therefore, the next day he weighed anchor, and ran up the river "six leagues higher;" but finding shoals and small islands in the middle of the river, he once more stopped. As night came on, the vessel drifted near the shore and grounded; but they "layed out their small anchor and heaved her off again." In a little time, she was aground again in the channel; but when the flood-tide rose she floated off, and then they anchored for the night, it is thought, somewhere near Castleton.

The next day was fair, and he "rode still" all day. In the afternoon, he went ashore with "an old savage, a governor of the country, who carried him to his house, and made him good cheer." With the flood-tide, about noon on the following day, he ran up "two leagues above the shoals," and cast anchor again in eight fathoms of water. The natives now came on board in crowds, bringing grapes, pumpkins, beaver and other skins, for which the sailors readily gave them beads, knives, and hatchets.

Here Hudson seems to have had some misgivings as to the depth of the river above him. He had now been seven or eight days in reaching this point, and his ship had been aground and his soundings shallow more than once in the last three days. The next day, therefore (the morning of the 20th), he sent the mate with four men in the boat to explore the river and take soundings. They were gone nearly the whole day, and returned with the report that "the channel was very narrow;" that two leagues above, they found only two fathoms' water, though in some places there was a better depth. The next morning they were about starting again, to explore the depth and breadth of the stream (for the wind was fair, and Hudson was anxious to move up with the ship), but were prevented by the great crowds of Indians that came flocking on board. They seem again to have been afraid of these men, and unwilling to leave the ship while they were there. Finding that he was not likely to make any progress on that day, Hudson sent the carpenter ashore to make a new foreyard for the ship, and determined with his men, in the meantime, to make an experiment with some of these Indians, that he might learn if they were treacherous.

This experiment was a strange one; it was neither more nor less than intoxicating some of the Indian chiefs, and thereby throwing them "off their guard." He therefore took several of them down into the cabin, and gave them plenty of wine and brandy, until they were all merry. The poor women looked innocently on, for we are told particularly of the wife of one of these merry chiefs, who "sate in the cabin as modestly as any of our country-women would do in a strange place." The men drank plentifully, and presently one of them became so drunk that he fell asleep. The rest were now frightened, supposing him to be poisoned, and immediately took to their canoes and pushed for the shore. They did not forget the poor man on board; for some of them soon returned, bringing long strings of beads, which they hoped the whites would accept, and release their poor countryman.

The poor Indian slept soundly all night, and the next day, when his countrymen came to see him, they were rejoiced to find him well. They returned to the shore, and about three o'clock came again, bringing beads and tobacco, which they gave to Hudson. One of them made a long oration, and showed him all the country round about. Anxious still farther to show him their gratitude, they now sent one of their number ashore, who presently returned with a large platter of venison, dressed in their own style, and placed it before Hudson, that he might eat with them. After this, they all "made him reverence" and departed.

In the morning, before all this scene took place, Hudson had again started the mate with the four men to sound the river. At ten o'clock at night he came back in a hard shower of rain, bringing a bad report once more. He had ascended the river eight or nine leagues, and found only seven feet of water and very irregular soundings.

Disappointed in not finding this the passage to the East, Hudson was cheered by the reflection that he had passed up this noble stream nearly one hundred and fifty miles, and discovered a beautiful and fertile region, for the future enterprise of his employers. He now prepared for his return.

About mid-day on the 23d, he commenced retracing his way, and went down the river only six miles, the wind being

ahead. On the 24th, he ran down twenty-four miles farther and anchored (it is supposed between Athens and Hudson). Here he was detained four days by head winds; but the time was spent pleasantly and profitably in surveying the country. Some of the men went on shore gathering chestnuts, and others strolled along the bank making their observations. They found "good ground for corn and other garden herbs, with a good store of goodly oaks and walnut-trees and chestnut-trees, yew-trees and trees of sweet wood, in great abundance, and great stores of slate for houses, and other good stones." While they lay at this anchorage, they had a visit from one who considered himself at least an old friend. On the morning of the 26th, two canoes came up from the place where they met "the loving people" (Catskill Landing), and in one of them was the old chief who had been made drunk above, and given so much alarm to his countrymen. The friendship of this old man must have been strong, for he seems to have followed them even to the Catskill mountains. He brought now another old chief with him, who presented strings of beads to Hudson, and "showed him all the country thereabout, as though it were at his command." The old man's wife was along, with three other Indian women. Hudson was very kind to them, invited them all to dine with him, after dinner gave them presents, and they departed begging that he would visit them as he passed by, for the place where they lived was only two leagues off.

The wind being north on the morning of the 27th, they set sail and moved onward. As they passed the old man's home, he came off again, hoping they would cast anchor, and go ashore and eat with him. The wind was too fair and inviting for them to listen to his invitation, and he left them, "being very sorrowful for their departure." Toward night they reached the neighborhood of what is known as Red Hook Landing, and there had fine fishing. For the two next days his progress was very slow, for on the morning of the 30th, we are told, his ship was anchored off "the northernmost of the mountains," meaning, I suppose, the head of the Highlands. Here, again, the natives came on board in a friendly manner. Detained for a day by head winds, he

observed the country closely. The description of the land near them is very minute, and the town of Newburgh has arisen, perhaps, upon the very spot of which the journal speaks. "This" (says the journal) "is a very pleasant place to build a town on. The road is very near, and very good for all winds, save an east-northeast wind." Here, too, they were struck with the strange appearance of some of the mountains. "The mountains look as if some metal or mineral were in them. For the trees that grow on them were all blasted, and some of them barren, with few or no trees on them. The people brought a stone aboard like to emery (a stone used by glaziers to cut glass), it would cut iron or steele, yet being bruised small and water put to it, it made a color like black lead, glistering. It is also good for painters' colors." On the 1st of October, with a fair wind he sailed through the Highlands, and reached as far as the neighborhood of Stony Point, when being becalmed he cast anchor.

No sooner had they anchored, than the natives were crowding aboard, astonished at, and admiring everything they saw. They came trading with skins, but these could not procure all that they desired. One poor fellow, therefore, was prompted to steal. He swept his canoe lightly under the stern, crawled up the rudder into the cabin window, and stole a pillow with some articles of clothing. The mate saw him as he moved off with his canoe, shot at him and killed him. The rest now fled in terror, some taking to their canoes, and some plunging into the stream. The ship's boat was manned at once, and sent to secure the stolen articles. These were easily obtained; but as the boat came back, one of the Indians who was swimming in the water took hold of her, endeavoring to overturn her. The cook now drew a sword, and with one blow cut off his hand. The poor creature sank to the bottom—never to rise again. They now returned to the ship, got under way immediately, and passing down six miles farther, anchored, near dark, off the mouth of Croton River, near the entrance into Tappan Sea.

The next day, with a fair wind, they sailed twenty-one miles, which must have brought them somewhere near the head of Manhattan Island. Here they soon found themselves

in trouble. The two Indians who had escaped from the ship on their way up, angry and indignant at their captivity, had roused a number of their countrymen along the shores of the river, and they were now assembled near this point to attack Hudson on his return. A canoe appeared, in which was one of those who had escaped, and many others armed with bows and arrows. Hudson suspected something from their appearance, and none of them were allowed to come on board. Presently, two canoes filled with armed men dropped under the stern, and the attack was commenced with their bows and arrows; six muskets were fired from the ship, and three Indians fell dead. The Indians on the land, marking what was done, were now exasperated the more: they moved down to the shore in a solid body ("about one hundred of them"), and made ready with their bows as the ship passed slowly on. A cannon was now fired from the ship upon them, and two more Indians fell. The rest fled for the woods, with the exception of nine or ten desperate men, who were resolved upon revenge. These jumped into a canoe, and advanced to meet the ship. The cannon was again discharged, the canoe "shot through," and another man killed; at the same time the men fired again with their muskets, and killed three or four men. Thus the fight ended with the loss of nine Indians. The ship now moved on her way, and at the distance of "two leagues" dropped anchor under the shores of what is now known as Hoboken. The next day was stormy; but the morning of the 4th dawned upon them with a fair wind. Hudson again weighed anchor, passed through the bay, and, with all sails set, put out to sea once more.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN.

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN was born in Brouage, in the Province of Saintonge, in France, about the year 1567. He was of a noble family. In his early life he served in the French navy, becoming quartermaster. He was pensioned and attached to the court of Henry IV. Champlain gained his experience in navigation from his uncle, who was a pilot-general of the Spanish fleets, and with whom he frequently sailed. In about 1600, he commanded a vessel called the "St. Julien," and in her made a voyage to the West Indies, of which he kept a diary. This was discovered about 1860 and published in 1870 by the Laval University.

After an absence of two years Champlain returned to France, when it was decided to prosecute the discoveries of Jacques Cartier in Canada. M. de Chastes, Governor of Canada, engaged Champlain in his service. On March 15, 1603, he set sail for America. They sailed up the St. Lawrence River to the Sault St. Louis; this was in the neighborhood of Hochelaga, an eastern suburb of Montreal. After making many inquiries from the natives, and carefully examining the banks of the river, he returned, in August, to France. It was now that he published his first volume, entitled, "Des Sauvages." M. de Chastes died, and was succeeded by Sieur de Monts. He engaged Champlain as his pilot in another voyage. They sailed March 7, 1604, and landed in Acadia, May 6th. Champlain spent the winter in exploring the country, going as far as Cape Cod. They founded the settle-

ment on the island of St. Croix, which is at the mouth of the river which divides the United States from New Brunswick.

In October, 1607, Champlain returned to France. His third voyage to America he made in the following year. It was on this trip that he founded Quebec upon the site of an Indian village, Stadacona. Here he erected a barracks and houses, cultivating the surrounding land, and sowing wheat and rye. A plot was made by some of his followers to assassinate him; but it was fortunately discovered, one of the conspirators being hanged and the remainder condemned to the galleys. Champlain had heard an account from the Indians of a wonderful inland sea, dotted with islands, lying to the south of the St. Lawrence. As soon as the winter snows had melted, he set out with the hope of finding it. Only two of his own countrymen accompanied him; but there were sixty Indian warriors and twenty-four canoes with them. After a toilsome passage up the rapids, they entered the lake to which he gave his own name. In 1609 he joined in assisting the Hurons and Algonquins to defeat their common enemy, the Iroquois. He hoped by this to secure to France, as allies, those Indians for whom he fought. Champlain, with the aid of his arquebuse and the armor in which he was clad, contributed largely to the victory of the Hurons and Algonquins. He shot two of the Iroquois chiefs dead, and the sound of fire-arms so alarmed their followers that they fled in terror, leaving all behind. The conquerors returned to Quebec with their girdles adorned by fifty Iroquois scalps. The Iroquois through this became the friends and allies of the English.

Champlain was now summoned to return to France, but remained there only for a short period. On coming again to Canada, he joined the Montagnez Indians against the Iroquois. In this fight Champlain was wounded with an arrow. On the death of Henry IV., the interest of De Monts in Canada ended. Charles de Bourbon succeeded him, and appointed Champlain his lieutenant. After this Champlain frequently crossed the Atlantic. To the end he remained a bitter enemy of the Iroquois. He discovered Lake Ontario, and explored along the western boundaries of Northern New York. He was the first explorer of the Thousand Islands.

In July, 1629, Quebec was taken by the English, and Champlain was conveyed to France. But he was once more able to return to Canada, as Governor-General, that country being restored to France, by the treaty of St. Germains, 1632. He was eager in every way to promote the interest of the Christian religion, and that the Indians should be brought under its influence. He established schools and a college at Quebec; but before its completion he died in that city, on Christmas day, 1635.

Champlain was a shrewd, calm and patient master of men. Though he was credulous, he possessed an uncommon share of penetration. He could work with determined Calvinist and subtle Jesuit alike; he harmonized the conflicting interests of fur traders and colonists to a surprising degree, and his zeal for the spread of religion was so great that he used to say, "that the salvation of one soul was of more value than the conquest of an empire."

Discovery of Lake Champlain.

After the settlement of Quebec, it was deemed by the French colonists wise policy to keep on friendly terms with the neighboring Indians, among whom were the Algonquins, Les Montagnez and Hurons. At the same time the Indians were glad to avail themselves of the alliance of their new neighbors, who, they thought, would render them efficient service in their attacks upon their powerful enemies, the Iroquois. Having secured the friendship of the whites, it was not long before they obtained their consent to unite with them in vigorous measures against their common enemy.

A party of Indians, in company with a few of the Frenchmen of Quebec, set out, in 1609, upon an expedition against the terrible Iroquois. Samuel Champlain was one of their number. He was induced to join them with the hope that, by so doing, he might be able to humble the proud Iroquois, and then, by negotiating a peace, bring all the tribes of Indians in Canada into a friendly league with the French. If this could have been accomplished, it would have been highly advantageous to the French. Champlain, however, found that it was much more easy to project the plan than to carry

it into execution. The confederated Iroquois, otherwise known as the Five Nations, or sometimes as the Six Nations, who had held in check and were the terror of the tribes for a space of three hundred miles around them, were not to be subdued. Another European nation, who had watched with an eagle eye the advancing power of the French in the New World, was to enter into league with the Iroquois for the purpose of arresting the farther progress of France. This, however, was hidden from Champlain. He, no doubt, was determined to exert himself, to the utmost of his ability, for the accomplishment of the object he had in view. He accordingly embarked with his Indian allies at Quebec.

The vessel proceeded slowly up the broad and noble St. Lawrence. They passed the mouth of the Chaudiere River on the south; then the River St. Anne, which came in on the north; then the Becancour and the St. Maurice, nearly opposite each other. Here the St. Lawrence gradually widened into a broad lake, now called Lake St. Peter, twenty-six miles long, and containing several islands. They sailed through the whole length of this lake, passed by the islands, and then entered a river which came in on the south. This was the Iroquois, now known as the St. John's or the Sorrelle River. It unites the waters of the St. Lawrence with those of Lake Champlain. They had not proceeded far into this river before a discovery was made which convinced Champlain of the unprincipled duplicity of his allies; this was the discovery of impassable rapids. His allies, if they had been true, would have given him information of these rapids; but, instead of that, they had carefully concealed them from him. His vessel could proceed no farther. He therefore sent her back to Quebec. Himself and two faithful Frenchmen, who would not forsake him, determined to press on, notwithstanding the secrecy and deceitfulness of the Indians. They carried their canoes around the falls, and then made preparations for their night encampment. The Indians, according to their custom, sent out one of their number to reconnoitre and ascertain whether any enemies were in sight. He returned without making any discoveries. They then prepared for sleep, without the precaution to appoint a guard.

Champlain rebuked them for stupidity and carelessness; but all the reply they gave was, that those who were fatigued all day needed sleep at night. But as they approached nearer the settlements of their enemies, they redoubled their vigilance. They traveled only at night, and made no fires in the day, lest the columns of smoke might reveal their retreat.

Champlain was delighted with the beautiful and romantic appearance of the uncultivated regions through which he passed. The islands were well stocked with deer and other game, whilst the river abounded with fish. They found it a pleasant amusement to hunt and fish in order to supply themselves with food. On this excursion, Champlain obtained considerable information of Indian customs and character. He was especially interested in the implicit confidence which they reposed in the mysterious powers of their sorcerers or powwows. One of these was in their company, who took occasion, at one of their encampments, to go through with his superstitious, terrific incantations. After this they inquired for several days, of Champlain, if he had not dreamed of seeing the Iroquois. He told them no. At this they were greatly troubled, and made no attempt to conceal their anxiety from him. Under the impression that it would afford them relief, and might encourage them to deeds of noble daring in the coming conflict, he finally told them that, in a dream, he had seen their hated enemy, the Iroquois, drowning in a lake, but that he placed no confidence in it. They, however, were filled with joy. They had now no doubt of victory. It is not improbable that the powwow, in his incantations, had associated Champlain, dreaming of the Iroquois, with a favorable termination of the present expedition; hence their enthusiasm when he informed them that he had seen, in a dream, their enemy overwhelmed in the waters of a lake. After this they pressed on with high hopes.

They soon left the spot where St. John's now stands, and the Isle aux Noix, passed by Rouse's Point, and entered upon the romantic Lake Champlain. For a hundred and ten miles did they paddle their light canoes over this beautiful sheet, passing by places which, since then, have been consecrated by important national events, as classic localities in the history

of the country. On the south, Champlain connects with Lake George, which is greatly admired for the transparency of its waters and the extreme beauty of its shores. Pebbles and shells on its bottom can be seen at a great depth. It seems almost like sailing in the air. Between these two lakes there are rapids. The intention of the allies was to pass these rapids, make an irruption into the quiet and romantic valleys of the Iroquois, and suddenly pounce upon one of their villages. But their plan was thwarted by the unexpected appearance of their enemy, at ten o'clock at night, upon the lake. When they met both parties were surprised and elated, which they expressed in loud shouts. As it was contrary to their practice to fight upon the water when they could reach the land, the two parties made directly for the shore.

The allies immediately placed themselves in a position for battle, by concealing themselves behind trees and stumps, or whatever else offered them safety, and then sent a messenger to their enemy, to know whether they would fight that night. This certainly was a somewhat singular procedure. Why did they not at once attack the Iroquois, and let them exhibit by their conduct whether they were ready for battle? Their enemy sent them word that the night was too dark; they must, therefore, wait till day. Early the next morning Champlain stationed his two Frenchmen, with a few Indians, in the woods, so as to attack the enemy in flank. Each party consisted of about two hundred men, all confident of victory. They were all armed with bows and arrows, except the French, who alone had fire-arms, and who were expected by the allies to determine the victory. They showed Champlain who were chiefs among their enemy, and advised him to fire upon them. They were distinguished by their head-dress of feathers being higher and more showy than the others. Their plan of attack was original and ingenious. The allies rushed out from their entrenchments, and ran two hundred feet towards the enemy; they then parted to the right and left, making an opening in the center. Through this opening Champlain, who was in the rear, advanced and took the command.

This sudden appearance of a singular-looking, pale-faced

stranger, with a kind of weapon which they had never seen before, created great astonishment among the Iroquois. Whilst they were wondering at this white-skinned stranger, suddenly a flash was seen, and a loud report heard, followed by a cloud of smoke. It was the discharge of an arquebuse from the spot where Champlain had placed four of his men. When the Iroquois saw, as the effect of this new mode of warfare, two of their chiefs slain and a third badly wounded, their amazement was extreme. The allies rent the air with their wild shouts, and let fly a shower of arrows. Champlain followed up his success with another discharge of his fire-spitting and ball-hurling weapons. The enemy were terrified; they turned and fled in dismay. They were hotly pursued by the victorious army, and some of them were taken prisoners. The corn which the Iroquois left behind them in their flight furnished a timely supply to their conquerors, who were reduced to great need. Two hours did they pass upon the field of battle in singing, dancing and feasting.

So successful had been the conflict that not one of their number had been slain, and only a few wounded. They made no attempt to follow up their advantage. It was the custom with those tribes for the conquerors, as well as the conquered, to retreat after an engagement; and sometimes the victors would exhibit as much disorder in their retreat as though the enemy was shouting in full pursuit. One of their prisoners they subjected to horrible tortures, to which Champlain soon put an end. The victorious party returned to Quebec. In September following, Champlain sailed for France.—J. FROST.

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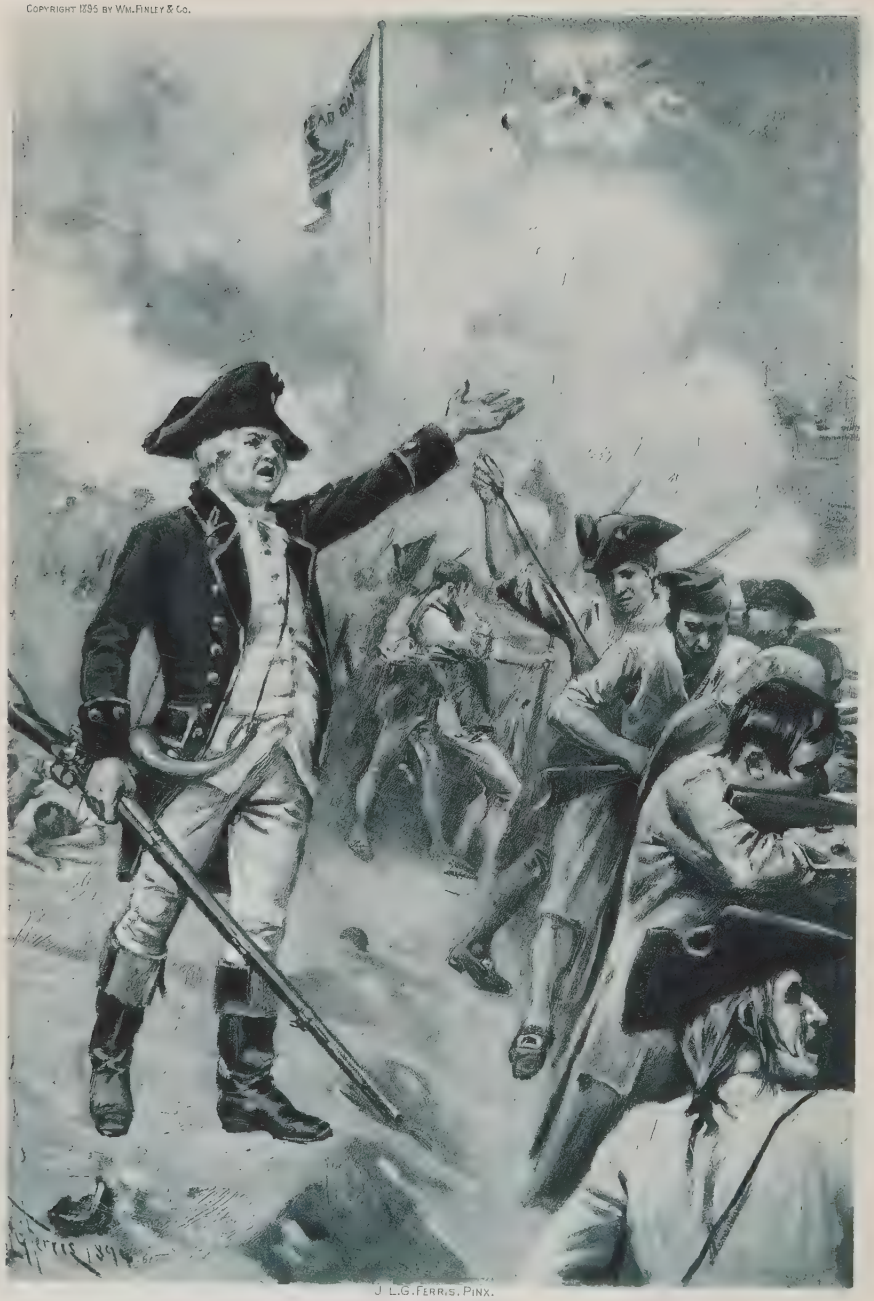
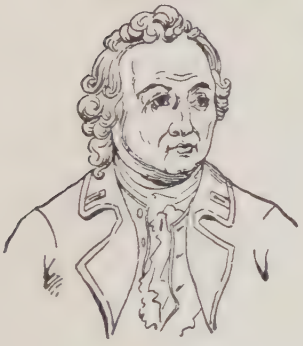


GENERAL PUTNAM AT BUNKER HILL.

GENERAL ISRAEL PUTNAM.



ISRAEL PUTNAM was one of the most striking figures of the American Revolution. He was a very Paladin in executing the commands of his superior officer. He was born at Salem, Massachusetts, on the 7th of January, 1718. As he grew up, he became distinguished for feats of skill and strength; and in leaping, running and wrestling had no superiors. In 1739, he married, and shortly after emigrated to Pomfret, Connecticut, where he engaged in farming. Here, also, he pursued and shot, in her cave, the she-wolf which had so long been a terror to the neighborhood.

In 1755, on the outbreak of the French war, Putnam commanded a Connecticut company in the expedition against Crown Point; and in 1757, was raised to the rank of Major. In 1758, the British general, Abercrombie, attacked Ticonderoga, which was garrisoned by 5,000 French troops. Putnam was in the van, attended by Lord Howe, when, upon the first fire of the enemy, Howe fell, universally beloved and regretted. In the course of the assault the British troops, in the confusion and smoke of battle, fired upon each other, and Abercrombie was forced to relinquish his design. Afterwards Putnam and his men were ambuscaded by the French; Putnam himself was captured by their Indian allies, and was on the point of being burnt to death at the stake, to which he had been fastened, when a French officer rushed in, scattered the blazing brands, and took the victim to his quar-

ters. When Putnam arrived in Montreal he was in a very sad plight, with ragged clothes, his body torn with briers, and a tomahawk gash in his face. His exchange being shortly effected, in 1759 he was raised to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was in the victorious expedition of General Amherst against Ticonderoga and Crown Point.

In the rupture between Great Britain and Spain, in January, 1762, a formidable expedition against Havana was committed to the charge of Lord Albemarle. It was composed in part of provincials from New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Putnam accompanied it at the head of a regiment. After the reduction of Havana, he returned home, and settled down to farming, after ten years of military service.

The battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775, was the tocsin of the war. Colonel Putnam, like another Cincinnatus, on hearing of the battle, left his plough in the field, and without delaying to change his clothes, rode one hundred miles to Cambridge in a single day. He was soon appointed Major-General in the provincial army. Immediately after General Gage, the British Commander-in-chief, heard of this, he privately conveyed to Putnam an offer of a Major-Generalship in the British army, together with a great pecuniary reward as the price of his honor; but Putnam spurned the proposal.

In the battle at Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, General Putnam arrived in time to participate in that brilliant affair, wherein the vanquished were really the victors, although the lack of ammunition compelled them finally to give up the ground.

When Washington, who had been elected by Congress Commander-in-chief, organized the American army at Cambridge, July 2, 1775, Putnam, who was one of the first four Major-Generals commissioned, was assigned to the reserve division. In the summer of 1776, when General Greene, just before the battle of Long Island, was taken sick, Washington selected Putnam to fill his post. Unfortunately Putnam did not fully appreciate the emergency, and did not take full precaution against the landing of the British troops. The battle was lost, and the British entered New York. However, during

the various operations that followed on the Hudson and through the retreat across New Jersey, Putnam was energetic in his assistance to Washington, and during November he was deputed to the charge of Philadelphia. In January, 1777, he was sent to Princeton, and, in May, he was assigned a separate force in the Highlands, on the Hudson River. This was now an important point. General Burgoyne was advancing from Canada, and Sir Henry Clinton was hastening up the Hudson. Favored by a fog, most of Clinton's force crossed the river at Stony Point, and very soon captured Forts Montgomery and Clinton. Putnam had, of necessity, to retire to Fishkill, and the command of the river was lost. Gates having defeated Burgoyne at Saratoga, Washington now ordered a brigade to Philadelphia, and Putnam, for some reason, having hesitated, the Commander-in-chief censured him in a letter. Putnam, however, was continued in the command of the Highlands.

Here occurred the tragical incident of the hanging of the British spy, a lieutenant of a levy of Tories. Tryon, the Royalist Governor of New York, threatened vengeance if the lieutenant was executed, whereupon Putnam wrote this pithy reply:

"SIR, Nathan Palmer, a lieutenant in your King's service, was taken in my camp as a spy; he was tried as a spy; he was condemned as a spy; and he shall be hanged as a spy. ISRAEL PUTNAM."

"P. S. Afternoon. He is hanged."

To Putnam chiefly belongs the merit of having selected West Point as the true key of the Highlands. In March, 1778, Putnam was relieved of his command, through the influence of certain persons in New York, who were entrusted with the disposal of Tory property. He had interfered to prevent their peculations. In 1779 he was detached to Connecticut, where he was nearly surprised, at West Greenwich, by Governor Tryon, and only escaped by dashing, on horseback, headlong down a steep ascent, nearly one hundred feet high. The place has since been called Putnam's Leap, and sometimes Horse-neck Hill.

After the campaign of 1779, a paralytic affection impaired

his bodily activity, and he passed the remainder of his days in retirement. He died at Brookline, Connecticut, May 29, 1790, aged seventy-two years.

The Battle of Bunker Hill.

The Battle of Bunker Hill was the first real battle of the American Revolution. The British army, under General Thomas Gage, numbering 10,000 men, occupied Boston, and were besieged by the Americans. General Artemas Ward had 9,000 infantry and four companies of artillery at Cambridge. General Thomas had 5,000 infantry with three companies of artillery, extending from Roxbury to Dorchester. The peninsula upon which Charlestown stands is separated from the northern side of Boston by the Charles River. On this peninsula are two elevations; one, known as Breed's Hill, is seventy-five feet high; the other, called Bunker Hill, is 112 feet high. At a council of war held by the American generals it was decided to fortify this peninsula.

Accordingly, a detachment of 1,000 men, under Colonel Prescott, was sent thither, on the night of the 16th of June, 1775, with orders to fortify the higher hill, but by mistake in the darkness they actually began work on the lower. They proceeded with such secrecy and despatch that the officers of a ship of war then in the river, expressed their astonishment when in the morning they saw entrenchments reared and fortified in the space of a few hours, where they least expected the Americans would look them in the face.

The alarm being immediately given, orders were issued by General Gage that a continual fire should be kept playing upon the unfinished works from the ships, the floating batteries in the river and Copp's Hill, a fortified post of the British in Boston, directly opposite the American redoubt; but, with extraordinary perseverance, the Americans continued to strengthen their works, not returning a shot. At noon a number of boats and barges, filled with regular troops from Boston, approached Charlestown. The day was exceedingly hot. Ten companies of grenadiers, ten of light infantry, with a proportion of field artillery, landed at Moulton's Point, the whole commanded by Major-General Howe and Brigadier-

General Pigot. These troops having formed, remained in that position till joined by a second detachment of light infantry and grenadier companies, the Forty-seventh Regiment and a battalion of marines, making in the whole near three thousand men.

The Americans had not a rifleman amongst them, not one having yet arrived from the southward, nor had they any rifles; their arms were but common muskets, and these mostly without bayonets; but then they were almost all marksmen, being accustomed to sporting of one kind or other from their youth. A reinforcement of Massachusetts troops was posted in a redoubt, and in part of the breast-work nearest it. The left of the breast-work, and the open ground stretching beyond its point to the water side, along which time did not admit of accomplishing the work, were occupied partly by the Massachusetts, and partly by the Connecticut men under Captain Knowlton, of Ashford, and the New Hampshire under Colonel Stark, the whole amounting to about one thousand five hundred men. By direction of the officers the troops upon the open ground pulled up the post and rail fence, and carrying it forward to another of the same kind, and placing some clods of grass between, formed a slight defence in some parts.

A critical scene now opened to the view. The British regulars, formed in two lines, advanced slowly, frequently halting to give time for the artillery to fire. The light infantry were directed to force the left point of the breast-work, and to take the American line in flank. The grenadiers advanced to attack in front, supported by two battalions, under General Howe, while the left, under General Pigot, inclined to the right of the American line. As the British advanced nearer and nearer to the attack, a carcass, or shell, was discharged from Copp's Hill, which set on fire an old house in Charlestown, and the flames quickly spread to others. The houses at the eastern end of Charlestown were set on fire by seamen from the boats. The whole town, consisting of about three hundred dwelling-houses, and nearly two hundred other buildings, speedily became involved in one great blaze, being chiefly of timber. The large meeting-

house, by its aspiring steeple, formed a pyramid of fire above the rest. The houses, heights, and steeples in Boston were covered with anxious spectators of this scene, and the surrounding hills were occupied by others.

The slow movement of the British troops advancing to the attack, afforded to the Americans the advantage of taking a surer and more deliberate aim. The wind having shifted, carried the smoke in such a direction that the British had not the cover of it in their approach. The destruction of the place, however, served to prevent their opponents from effecting a lodgement in the houses, whence they might have annoyed to advantage. General Warren, who had been appointed by Congress a Major-General in their army only four days before, was everywhere aiding and encouraging his men. General Pomeroy commanded a brigade, and General Putnam directed the whole on the fall of General Warren. The troops were ordered to reserve their fire until the close approach of the British. They strictly obeyed, with a steadiness and composure that would have done honor to the most approved veterans, and when the enemy had arrived within ten or twelve rods, poured in a discharge of small arms which arrested and so staggered their foes, that they could only for a time return it, without advancing a step. Finding the stream of the American fire so incessant as to mow down whole sections, they retired in disorder to the river. Rallying as well as their extraordinary loss of officers would admit of, the British again advanced with an apparent resolution of forcing their way, whatever loss of lives it might cost them. The Americans again reserved their fire till the enemy arrived within five or six rods, when, discharging their pieces, which were admirably pointed, they threw the opposing ranks again into confusion.

General Clinton, who, with General Gage, the Commander-in-chief of the British forces in Boston, was on Copp's Hill, observing the events of the day, when he perceived the disconcerted state of the troops, passed over and joined just in time to be of service. The united and strenuous efforts of the different officers were again successful, and the columns were advanced a third time to the attack, with a desperation

increased by the unshaken opposition they experienced. It is probable, from the nature of the resistance, that every effort to dislodge the Americans would have been ineffectual, had not their ammunition failed; on sending for a supply none could be procured, as there was but a barrel and a half in the magazine. This deficiency prevented them from making the same defence as before; while the British enjoyed a farther advantage by bringing some cannon to bear so as to rake the inside of the breast-work from end to end, upon which the Americans were compelled to retreat within their redoubt.

The British now made a decisive movement, covered by the fire of the ships, batteries, and field-artillery. The Americans disputed possession of the works with the butt-ends of their muskets, until the redoubt, easily mounted and attacked on three sides at once, was taken, and their defences, the labor of only a few hours, had been prostrated by artillery. Whilst these operations were going on at the breast-work and redoubt, the British light infantry were engaged in attempting to force the left point of the former, through the space between that and the water, that they might take the Americans line in flank. The resistance they met with was as formidable and fatal in its effects as experienced in the other quarter; for here, also, the Americans, by command, reserved their fire till the enemy's close approach, and then poured in a discharge so well directed and with such execution that wide chasms were made in every rank. Some of the Americans were slightly guarded by the rail fences; but others were altogether exposed, so that their bravery in close combat was put to the test, independent of defences neither formed by military rules nor workmen. The most determined assaults of their regular opponents, who were now brought to the charge with redoubled fury, could not, after all, compel them to retreat, till they observed that their main body had left the hill, when they retrograded, but with a regularity that could scarcely have been expected of troops newly embodied, and who in general never before had seen an engagement. Overpowered by numbers, and seeing all hope of reinforcement cut off by the incessant fire of the ships across a neck of land that

separated them from the country, they were compelled to quit the ground.

The staunch opposition of this band of patriots saved their comrades, who must otherwise have been cut off, as the enemy, but for them, would have been in the rear of the whole. While these brave heroes retired, disputing every inch of ground, and taking up every new position successively that admitted of defence, their leader, the gallant Warren, unfortunately received a ball through the right side of the skull, and mechanically clapping his hand to the wound, dropped down dead.

The British, taught by the experience of this day to respect their rustic adversaries, contented themselves with taking post at Bunker Hill, which they fortified. The Americans, with the enthusiasm of men determined to be free, did the same upon Prospect Hill, a mile in front. It was here that General Putnam regaled the precious remains of his army, after their fatigues, with several hogsheads of beer. Owing to some unaccountable error, the working parties who had been incessantly laboring the whole of the preceding night, were neither relieved nor supplied with refreshments, but left to engage under all these disadvantages.

This battle was generally admitted, by experienced officers of the British army who witnessed it and had served at Minden, Dettingen, and throughout the campaigns in Germany, to have been unparalleled for the time it lasted, and the numbers engaged. There was a continued sheet of fire from the breast-work for nearly half an hour, and the action was hot for about double that period. In this short space of time the loss of the British, according to General Gage, amounted to 1,054, of whom 226 were killed; of these 19 were commissioned officers, including a lieutenant-colonel, two majors, and seven captains; 70 other officers were wounded.

The battle of Quebec, in the former war, with all its glory, and the vastness of the consequences attending it, was not so disastrous in the loss of officers as this affair of an American entrenchment, the work of but a few hours. The fact was, the Americans, accustomed to aim with precision and to select objects, directed their skill principally against the officers

of the British army, justly conceiving that much confusion would ensue on their fall. Nearly all the officers around the person of General Howe were killed or disabled, and the general himself narrowly escaped. At the battle of Minden, where the British regiments sustained the force of the whole French army for a considerable time, the number of officers killed, including two who died soon after of their wounds, was only 13, and the wounded 66 ; the total loss of the army on that occasion was 291 in killed, and 1,037 wounded.

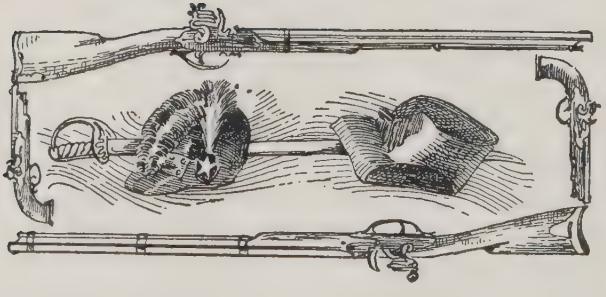
The British acknowledged the valor of their opponents which, though by no means new to them, surpassed on this occasion what could have been expected of a *handful* of *cottagers*, as they termed them, under officers of little military knowledge and still less experience, whom they affected to hold in contempt.

They pretended to forget that many of the common soldiers who gained such laurels by their singular bravery on the Plains of Abraham, when Wolfe died in the arms of victory, were natives of the Massachusetts Bay. When Martinique was attacked in 1761, and the British force was greatly reduced by sickness and mortality, the timely arrival of the New England troops enabled the British commander to prosecute the reduction of the island to a happy issue. A part of the troops being sent on an expedition to the Havana, the New-Englanders, whose health had been much impaired by service and the climate, were embarked in three ships for their native country, with a view to their recovery. Before they had completed their voyage, they found themselves restored, ordered the ships about, steered immediately for the Havana, arrived when the British were too much weakened to expect success, and by their junction, contributed materially to the surrender of the place. Their fidelity, activity, and good conduct were such as to gain the approbation and unbounded confidence of the British officers. Of such elementary principles were the heroes of Bunker Hill composed. It surely was a misguided policy to rouse the opposition of men made of these materials.

The blood spilt here roused the whole American people, and united them in a common cause, in defence of their rights.

Whether indeed we consider the action of the 17th of June in itself, or as the prelude to succeeding events, we must pronounce it most glorious.

If we except that of New Orleans, no parallel is to be found to it in the extent of impression produced upon the enemy. But there time had been afforded for maturing the works, which were constructed under the superintendence of skilful engineers, and extended across a position that could not be outflanked. Twelve hours only were gained for those on Breed's Hill, formed, during a great part of the time, under a heavy fire from the enemy's ships, a number of floating batteries, beside fortifications which poured upon them an incessant shower of shot and shells, and left incomplete, owing to the severe cannonade.—E. FERRETT.



GEN. NATHANIEL GREENE

NATHANIEL GREENE was, after Washington, the ablest of the American Revolutionary heroes. His mental qualities singularly resembled those of the Commander-in-chief,—the same calm judgment, the same originality, energy, perseverance, and capacity of adapting himself to circumstances. When Washington, year after year, stood on the defensive, and when Greene made his memorable retreat through North Carolina, there were many who openly charged them with incapacity; but both of these great Generals, conscious of their superior insight, persisted in the course they had laid down for themselves, and finally triumphed. As the war progressed the natural daring of Greene became tempered with prudence. Nothing can exceed in boldness the resolution he took to abandon Virginia to Cornwallis; yet it was based on the soundest rules, and eventually wrought the downfall of that General, and the emancipation of the Carolinas.

Nathaniel Greene was born at Warwick, Rhode Island, on the 27th of May, 1742. His family were Friends or Quakers, in which denomination his father was a preacher; and Greene himself continued a member of that sect until he was disowned in consequence of his assuming arms. His education was self-acquired, and he worked in his father's blacksmith shop, along with his father, until he was elected by the people of Warwick to represent them in the General Assembly of Rhode Island.

At the breaking out of the War of Independence the Legislature chose Greene to command the troops, with the rank of Brigadier-General. In August, 1776, Greene was commissioned a Major-General. He was with the army at Trenton and Princeton, sharing in that enterprise so fortunate for the American cause. About the time of the battle at Germantown, Washington appointed him to the duties of Quartermaster-General. These duties he performed while still retaining his rank in the line.

Everything had gone wrong for the patriots in the South. The British considered the war as finished there, when Greene, ordered thither by Washington, appeared upon the scene. He found the army in a most wretched condition; a mere skeleton of military force, having been wasted away by sword, famine and desertion. Many of his companies were worse than Falstaff's famous battalion, for they were not only ragged, but almost literally naked.

The next month after Greene's arrival, the brave General Morgan having joined him, was fought the battle of Cowpens, January 17, 1781, one of the fiercest of the war. The proud and courageous Tarleton was beaten by a force smaller than his own, two-thirds of whom were raw militia. On March 15, 1781, occurred the battle of Guilford Court-House, without decisive results for either side. His next conflict was with the forces under Lord Rawdon, at Camden, with like result as the previous battle.

The British, having received reinforcements, took the offensive; but in turn they were attacked by General Greene, in the battle at Eutaw Springs, September 9, 1781. Greene's army was victorious, and the consequences were favorable to the American cause; the British, who had so long lorded it over the Carolinas, were forced to keep themselves in Charleston. To the difficulties that at this time embarrassed General Greene, was added that of a dangerous plot among a few of his men, whom privations had made reckless. The purpose of it was to deliver up their brave General to the British. The conspirators, about twelve in number, were severely punished when the plot was fortunately discovered.

The happy moment at last arrived, when, aided by the

favor of Heaven, America compelled Great Britain to recognize her Independence. Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown, October 19th, 1781, virtually ended the war. The armies retired from the tented field to their homes to cultivate the arts of peace. General Greene now revisited his native State, being everywhere received with enthusiasm. In October, 1785, he removed with his family to his estate near Savannah, Georgia. His life as a planter, however, was brief. He died suddenly June 19, 1786, in his forty-fourth year, leaving a wife and five children.

General Greene, like every other man who has achieved an eminent place among his fellow-men, had his detractors. He, however, lived down envy and malice, and rose triumphant over all who assailed him. He possessed an undeviating honesty and integrity of character, worthy the best ages of the world. He claimed no lineal honors—he had no adventitious supports.

The Battle of Guilford Court-House.

General Gates, the victor at Saratoga, had yielded his laurels to Cornwallis, at the fatal fight of Camden. The war in the South needed a more prudent and not less courageous warrior. General Greene was therefore appointed to the command. The *debris* of Gates' army awaited him at Charlotte, North Carolina. Here he found it; but it was a wreck indeed, —few in number, feeble in spirit, and wanting everything necessary to proper performance. To examine into the nature of the country he designed to penetrate,—to ascertain the objects and resources of his enemy,—to find or make the resources essential to his own troops, and to discipline them for active and immediate service, required and received his instant attention. His people were dispirited; his enemy exulting in repeated conquest. To avoid precipitate conflict with the latter, without still farther depressing the *morale* of the former, required the talents of superior generalship. Greene brought these to the work before him. It was fortunate that he was admirably sustained by his own officers, and the peculiar abilities of the partisan captains which the South furnished for co-operation with him. With Marion, Sumter

and Pickens, of the Carolina troops; and Morgan, Williams, Howard, Lee and Carrington, of the regular service, he might well found his hopes upon a resource which would scarcely fail him, the material of war being still so greatly wanting. He soon entered the region of bloody debate and peril. A detachment, under Morgan, was sent across the Catawba, while Greene, with the main army, encamped upon the Pedee.

His presence and proceedings were very soon productive of the most admirable effects. His appearance in Carolina was followed by results of the most encouraging character. Marion and Lee carried Georgetown by surprise, though they failed to hold it; and Morgan, after some small successes against the Tories, met and defeated Tarleton, in the bloody and brilliant battle of the Cowpens. Greene soon appeared in the camp of Morgan, on the banks of the Catawba. Meanwhile, Cornwallis had destroyed his baggage, to facilitate his movements, and was preparing to cross the same river. His objects were unknown; but Greene endeavored to anticipate them. He drew his army together and hastened its march towards Salisbury. "There is great glory ahead," he writes in one of his letters; "and I am not without hopes of ruining Lord Cornwallis, if he persists in his mad scheme of pushing through the country." The aim of the British general was not long doubtful. The waters of the Catawba, by which the two armies were separated, swollen by recent rains, now began to subside. The fords were practicable. Greene determined to dispute the passage with his militia, and to retard and harass the progress of the enemy, with whom he was not yet sufficiently strong to engage in equal battle. Cornwallis effected the passage of the Catawba, in a rain storm, and under the American fire. A sharp conflict ensued. The British suffered severely; but the death of General Davidson, who commanded the militia, had the effect of dispiriting and dispersing them. Greene retreated upon Salisbury.

Cornwallis urged the pursuit with vigor, sending General O'Hara forward to prevent the Americans from passing the Yadkin. But the prudence of Greene, by which boats had been secured in advance, enabled them to effect the passage before the British appeared in sight. The Whigs of Salisbury

were bringing up the rear, when O'Hara's advance broke upon them. A sharp skirmish followed, in which both parties claimed the victory. But the Americans gained their object. They threw the river between them and their pursuers, without loss to themselves, baffled the efforts of O'Hara to seize upon their boats, and, in the delay thus caused to the pursuit, the Yadkin, swelled by successive rains beyond its bounds, effectually saved the Americans from farther annoyance. It was in vain that the British opened with a fierce cannonade upon the camp of Greene. Their bullets tore the shingles from the roof of the cabin in which he sat, writing his dispatches, but without disturbing his composure or injuring his person.

Cornwallis continued the pursuit, as soon as he could cross the river, in the hope of cutting off his adversary from the upper fords of the Dan. The manœuvres which followed from this chase have been justly considered among the most masterly that had been exhibited during the American war. Greene's great merit was that Fabian policy which had so frequently saved Washington. On the 10th of February, the two armies lay within twenty-five miles of each other. Nearly one month had been consumed in this protracted pursuit, and the eyes of the nation were drawn upon the rival armies. To crush his adversary without impediment, Cornwallis had destroyed his baggage. This showed a rare and stern resolution, at all hazards to effect his object. But one river lay between the British general and Virginia. This crossed, and the South must be detached from the confederacy, certainly for the time, possibly forever. Greene felt the vast importance of the trust; and his genius rose with its pressure, and proved equal to its exigencies. We cannot pursue these beautiful details of progress, as exquisitely nice and as admirably calculated as any work of art, by which a series of the most masterly manœuvres, and occasional skirmishes of great spirit, placed the Americans in safety on the northern banks of the Dan, and finished this remarkable retreat and pursuit. "Your retreat," said Washington, "is highly applauded by all ranks." Tarleton, an enemy, writes: "Every measure of the Americans, during their march from the Catawba to Virginia, was judiciously

designed and vigorously executed." And the retreat, thus made in the immediate presence of a far superior foe, was made by troops many of whom had never seen battle,—raw militia, in fact,—without adequate clothing, without supplies, in the depth of winter, and under inclement skies. The genius of their commander supplied deficiencies, soothed discontent, encouraged hope, and converted a dispirited militia into confident and veteran soldiers.

Greene soon obtained supplies and reinforcements. Recrossing the Dan, it was now the turn of Cornwallis to retreat. Pickens advanced with a strong body of militia on the left flank of the enemy. Caswell, with a subsidy from the North Carolina militia, made a similar demonstration from the opposite direction. The two armies lay sullenly watching each other, when the British columns suddenly began their retreat from the banks of the Dan. Bodies of picked men from the American army followed his movements, at once to harass his progress, and ascertain his objects. These were doubtful. At one moment he seemed to threaten Pickens, at another the magazines on the Roanoke; but, suddenly turning his back upon the Dan, he moved towards Hillsborough, a region filled with loyalists, whence he issued his proclamation calling upon the faithful to repair to his standard. But the time had come when, as he himself expressed it, the friendly had grown timid, and the hostile inveterate. Greene watched and followed all his movements, determined to prevent his flight to the coast—a purpose which his proceedings seemed to indicate. The delay of a few days, he well knew, would be fatal to the British. The American partisans were closing around them. The army of Greene was receiving daily accessions; and several smart skirmishes, in which the British suffered great losses, had encouraged their adversaries with fresher hopes. Greene was not yet strong enough to give battle to Cornwallis; but circumstances made it necessary that he should keep the field, and exhibit equal boldness and activity. His light troops were continually employed in beating up the British quarters, harassing their march, cutting off their supplies,—doing everything, in short, but pitching their standards before

them in the plain. It became the policy of Cornwallis to force him to retreat or fight. A war of manœuvre followed, and the result of this struggle at length brought Greene to Guilford Court-House, within fourteen miles of the British position.

A battle was now nearly inevitable, and, yielding somewhat to popular opinion, Greene was prepared to wait for it, if not to seek it. It was on the 15th of March, 1781, that he drew up in order of battle. The ground was chosen with regard to the nature of the American troops. It was broken and irregular. The first line of Greene was drawn out on the skirts of a wood, and at right-angles with the road by which the enemy was approaching. It consisted of raw and untrained militia from North Carolina, who had never crossed arms with an enemy. But they were practiced marksmen. They were commanded by Generals Butler and Eaton. The second line, arranged about three hundred yards behind the first, consisted of raw troops also, Virginians, led by Stevens and Lawson. Both of these lines extended across the road. About four hundred yards behind the second line, the Continentals were placed under Huger and Williams. They presented, in conformity with the aspect of the ground they occupied, a double front,—two regiments of Virginia regulars, under Greene and Rudford, on the right, and the First and Second Maryland on the left, under Gunby and Ford. A corps of observation, composed of the dragoons of the First and Third Regiments, Lynch's Riflemen, and a detachment of light infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel William Washington, covered the right flank. Lee, with his legion, supported by detachments of light infantry and riflemen, increased the securities of the left, and both of these corps occupied the woods at the extremities of the first line. The artillery, with the exception of two pieces, under Captain Singleton, which were pushed forward, commanding the enemy's first approaches, was posted with the regulars on the hill, near the Court-House.

The van of the British army came under the fire of Singleton's pieces about one o'clock in the day. A brisk cannonade from the royal artillery answered them, until the

British had formed their line of battle. They were ranged in a single line, and without a reserve. They advanced under cover of the smoke from their artillery, and the militia yielded to the charge of the bayonet, delivering a partial fire only. The enemy, pressing forward upon the second line, were suddenly checked by a sharp fire from the corps of Washington and Lee. To dislodge these was necessary to the British progress. Concentrating a sufficient force for this object, Cornwallis drove them slowly before him, suffering severely under their fire, and making his way only with the bayonet. The battle now began with double spirit. The Virginia militia met the tide of conflict manfully, undismayed by its torments and the bad example of the North Carolinians. The fire told with deadly effect upon the assailants, whom nothing saved but the flight of the first line of the Americans and their own admirable discipline. The right wing of the Americans gradually yielded, but with ranks still unbroken. The British followed up their advantage with the bayonet, and the retreat of the wing, which still held together, became general throughout the line. Retreating to the third line, they took post on the right of the Marylanders. On the left, where the militia was supported by the corps of Lee and Campbell, the action still continued.

The eye of Greene was cheered by the prospect, with all its disadvantages. By this time the whole of the British army, with the exception of its cavalry, had been brought into action. It had suffered to a considerable degree, in all its divisions, from the American fire. The line was dismembered, some of its corps were scattered; and, with his third line fresh, and as yet untouched, the American general had every reason to think that the victory was within his grasp. The veteran regiment of Gunby was the first to feel the British fire, as General Webster, with his division, flushed with the success already won, advanced upon the third line of the Americans. Discipline met discipline. They were received by a steady blaze of fire, general and well-directed, under which they reeled, stunned and confounded, and before they could recover from the shock, the Americans were upon them with the bayonet. The rout was complete. Had the cavalry

of Greene been present, or could he have ventured to push forward another regiment to follow up the blow, the conflict would have been finished in victory.

But the battle was still raging on the left, and had assumed an aspect unfavorable to his fortunes. Stevens, who commanded the left wing of the Virginians, had been disabled; his militia, after a gallant struggle, had at length yielded to the push of the veteran bayonet, and, still delivering their fire from tree to tree, as they withdrew, were winding through the woods to the rear of the Continentals. Their retreat left the column of Leslie free to hasten to the support of that of O'Hara, who was now hurrying to the assault upon the Second Regiment of Maryland. It was their shame and Greene's misfortune, that this latter body failed to follow the brilliant example just given them by that of Gunby,—failed in the moment of trial, and, breaking at the first rude collision with the enemy, scattered themselves in confusion through the field. Gunby's regiment again interposed to check the progress of the British. Wheeling to the left upon the advancing guards of the enemy, they compelled a renewal of the contest. Fierce and wild was the encounter. Gunby's horse was shot down; Howard succeeded to the command. At the moment of the greatest peril, when the strife was at its worst, Washington with his cavalry dashed through the British ranks, smiting terribly on every side. The charge of the bayonet, led by Howard, rendered the shock irresistible, and Stuart, the commander of the guards, being slain, they sought safety in flight, suffering dreadfully under the close pursuit of Howard and Washington, who gave them no breathing moment to reunite their broken ranks.

Cornwallis beheld the peril of the day. The field could be saved only by an expedient, at once bold and terrible. He did not scruple to use it. The ground was covered by his favorite but flying troops. The Americans were close upon their footsteps. All was about to be lost, when the stern but sagacious Briton commanded his artillery to open upon the mingled masses, though every bullet told equally upon friend and foe. "It is destroying ourselves," remonstrated O'Hara. "Very true," was the reply of Cornwallis, "but it is neces-

sary that we should do so, to arrest impending destruction." The expedient was successful; the pursuing Americans paused from the work of death; but one-half of the British battalion was cut to pieces by their own artillery.

As the British rallied, Greene seized the opportunity to recall his troops, and retire from a field at once of defeat and victory. The laurel had been within his grasp more than once during the conflict. The premature flight of the first line, before their fire had well told upon their assailants—the unhappy panic of the Second Regiment of Maryland—had lost him the day. But for these events the victory was beyond all question. To Cornwallis, who had narrowly escaped captivity in the conflict, it was such a victory as that of Pyrrhus. It left him undone. The fruits of the battle of Guilford inured to the Americans. The remaining force of Cornwallis showed a diminution of one-fourth of its strength, and its progress was encumbered by his numerous wounded. It soon became necessary that he should retreat from the barren field that he boasted to have won. Greene pressed upon his retreating footsteps. But the flight of Cornwallis was too precipitate; and, after having contributed, by an eager pursuit, to quicken further his movements, Greene forbore the chase, and prepared to contemplate a new enemy and another field of action.—J. T. HEADLEY.

THE BATTLE OF EUTAW.

Hark! 'tis the voice of the mountain,
  And it speaks to our heart in its pride,
As it tells of the bearing of heroes
  Who compassed its summits and died!
How they gathered to strife as the eagles,
  When the foeman had clambered the height,
How, with scent keen and eager as beagles,
  They hunted him down for the fight.

Hark! through the gorge of the valley,
  'Tis the bugle that tells of the foe;
Our own quickly sounds for the rally,
  And we snatch down the rifle and go.

As the hunter who hears of the panther,
Each arms him and leaps to his steed,
Rides forth through the desolate antre,
With his knife and his rifle at need.

From a thousand deep gorges they gather,
From the cot lowly perched by the rill,
The cabin half hid in the heather,
'Neath the crag where the eagle keeps still,
Each lonely at first in his roaming,
Till the vale to the sight opens fair,
And he sees the low cot through the gloaming,
When his bugle gives tongue to the air.

Thus a thousand brave hunters assemble
For the hunt of the insolent foe,
And soon shall his myrmidons tremble
'Neath the shock of the thunderbolt's blow,
Down the lone heights now wind they together,
As the mountain-brooks flow to the vale,
And now, as they group on the heather,
The keen scout delivers his tale:

"The British—the Tories are on us,
And now is the moment to prove
To the women whose virtues have won us,
That our virtues are worthy their love!
They have swept the vast valleys below us
With fire, to the hills from the sea;
And here would they seek to o'erthrow us
In a realm which our eagle makes free!"

No war-council suffered to trifle
With the hours devote to the deed;
Swift followed the grasp of the rifle,
Swift followed the bound to the steed;
And soon to the eyes of our yeomen,
All panting with rage at the sight,
Gleamed the long wavy tents of the foeman,
As he lay in his camp on the height.

Grim dashed they away as they bounded,
The hunters to hem in the prey,

And, with Deckard's long rifles surrounded,
  Then the British rose fast to the fray;
And never with arms of more vigor
  Did their bayonets press through the strife,
Where with every swift pull of the trigger,
  The sharp-shooters dashed out a life!

'Twas the meeting of eagles and lions;
  'Twas the rushing of tempests and waves,
Insolent triumph 'gainst patriot defiance,
  Born freemen 'gainst sycophant slaves;
Scotch Ferguson sounding his whistle,
  As from danger to danger he flies,
Feels the moral that lies in Scotch thistle,
  With its "touch me who dare" and he dies!

An hour, and the battle is over;
  The eagles are rending their prey;
The serpents seek flight into cover,
  But the terror still stands in the way:
More dreadful the doom that on treason
  Avenges the wrong of the state;
And the oak tree for many a season
  Bears fruit for the vultures of fate!

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN.

GENERAL MORGAN'S victory at Cowpens was the turning point of the struggle for American Independence in the Southern States. Though a citizen of Virginia, he was originally from the North. He was of Welsh extraction, and was born in New Jersey in 1736. His education was entirely neglected, and his adventurous disposition led him, at the age of seventeen, to run away from home. Wandering to the wildest parts of Virginia, he settled, in 1754, in Berkeley County (since Jefferson), at Charlestown.

When General Braddock came with his army in 1755, young Morgan joined the expedition with his wagon and horses, beginning his military career as a teamster. Braddock pushed forward with the greater portion of the troops, leaving Colonel Dunbar in command at Little Meadows. When Braddock's force was routed by the Indians, Virginia raised an additional regiment, and gave the command to Washington. Morgan, with his wagon and team, was attached to the quartermaster's department. In 1756, while taking a wagon-load of stores to Fort Chiswell, he got into serious trouble. A British officer, taking offence at something he had done, struck him with the flat of his sword. Morgan knocked the officer down. He received for this offence the horrible punishment of five hundred lashes on his naked back. Morgan received his first commission as ensign from Governor Dinwiddie, in recognition of bravery he displayed, at the head of a few backwoodsmen, defeating a small force of Frenchmen. Shortly

afterwards, in an engagement with Indians, he was shot through the neck. Morgan kept his seat on horseback, and although weak from loss of blood, got safely back to the fort.

Having married Abigail Bailey, a farmer's daughter, Morgan now purchased a house and piece of land a few miles east of Winchester. This he named "Soldier's Rest." Here, with his wife, he established himself and commenced his domestic career. In 1771 he received a commission as Captain of militia, and served in Lord Dunmore's war on the frontier. At the outbreak of the Revolution in 1775, Morgan, with a company of riflemen, marched to the American camp before Boston, a distance of 600 miles, which he covered in twenty-one days. In September he was sent with the expedition against Quebec, and marched with Arnold through Maine. In the attack on the city Arnold was wounded, and Morgan and his riflemen carried a battery at the west angle of the town; but he was surrounded and taken prisoner. Governor Carleton, admiring his bravery, released him on parole and he returned to Virginia. Prisoners being exchanged, he was released from parole.

Towards the close of 1776, Morgan was appointed colonel of a rifle regiment. In this and the following year, he also rendered Washington valuable assistance in New Jersey. Being sent to assist Gates, he largely contributed to the capture of Burgoyne, though Gates did not speak of it in his dispatches. In the South he served again, under that general and Greene. With great valor he defeated Tarleton, in the battle of the Cowpens, January 17, 1781. This was the crowning achievement of his career, and for his valuable services he received a gold medal from Congress. He continued in every way to harass Cornwallis, until compelled by sickness to retire to his home.

From 1795 to 1799, Morgan was a member of Congress. The year previous to his election in Congress, he helped in quelling the Whiskey Insurrection in Pennsylvania. After living thirteen years in retirement on his estate, he died at Winchester, Va., 6th of July, 1802. General Morgan was plain in his manners, and indulgent in command of his trusty riflemen. Whatever task he undertook, however diffi-

cult, he executed it with unshaken courage and perseverance. He was a true Christian of the Presbyterian faith. Of undoubted veracity, he was the soul of honor.

The Battle of the Cowpens.

In December, 1780, General Greene reached the American camp, and assumed command of the Southern Army. He was attended by General Morgan at the head of a body of Virginia regulars and a few light troops. Greene's object was to prevent a general engagement in the open field, for which he was ill-prepared. He resolved by prudent means to rouse the spirit of the country, already excited by the cruelty of the English; to suppress the meeting of the Tories, and to keep the enemy in check. Having taken post with the main body of his army at Hicks' Creek, he sent Morgan to the country bordering on the Pacolet River, that he might organize resistance to the enemy, and make a demonstration against Fort Ninety-Six. Morgan's whole command consisted of not more than six hundred men—three hundred infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel John Eager Howard, two hundred Virginia riflemen, and about one hundred gallant dragoons under Colonel William Washington.

When Cornwallis learned of his movements, he dispatched his celebrated subordinate, Colonel Tarleton, to oppose him, and if possible to force him into action. The name of Tarleton had become proverbial through the country for his activity, his success, and his harsh measures towards the patriots. He promised himself an easy victory over "the wagoner," as Morgan was called in contempt, and the force at his command seemed fully to justify his expectations. Tarleton had light and legion infantry, fusileers, three hundred and fifty cavalry, and a fine battalion of the Seventy-first Regiment, making in all eleven hundred men, besides two field-pieces well served by artillerists. But he had now to encounter a general who had braved the snows of Camden, had scaled the walls of Quebec, and had faced the legions of Burgoyne. With consummate prudence Morgan retreated until he reached the memorable field of the Cowpens, near one of the branches of Pacolet River. This was a place in the woods roughly

enclosed, in which the cattle of the settlers, who roamed at large most of the year, were gathered at certain seasons to be claimed by their owners. Here, in the face of a superior enemy, Morgan determined to make a stand. He communicated his design to his inferior officers, and with ready spirit they prepared the minds of the men for the expected combat. Morgan's arrangement was simple but masterly, and showed a perfect knowledge of the character, both of his own force and of that of Tarleton. In the open wood, which formed the Cowpens, he established three lines; the first consisted of the militia, under Colonel Pickens, a brave officer who had been recently released from captivity among the English. The next line embraced all the regular infantry and the Virginia riflemen, and was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Howard. The third was formed by Washington's dragoons, and about fifty mounted militia, armed with swords and pistols. Knowing that the militia, though full of courage, were liable to panics, Morgan directed that the first line, if overpowered, should gradually retire and form on the right and left of the second. When Tarleton found his foe drawn up in battle order, he rejoiced in the hope of a speedy victory, and though his troops were somewhat fatigued by a rapid march, he gave orders for a charge. Before his first line was perfectly formed, he placed himself at its head, and in person rushed to the onset. Colonel Pickens ordered his men not to fire until their adversaries were within fifty yards, and their fire was delivered with great steadiness and with severe effect. But so impetuous was the British charge that the militia gave way, and falling back attempted to form on the flanks of the second line.

At the head of his legion and fusileers, Tarleton pressed upon the regulars and riflemen, and notwithstanding their stern resistance they were borne down by numbers, and forced to yield their ground. The British regarded their victory as secured, and for a time at least the hearts of the Republicans failed. But Morgan was everywhere encouraging his men by his voice and presence. At this moment, when their very success had caused some confusion among the fusileers, Washington at the head of his dragoons made a furious charge, and

dashing in among them overthrew them in a moment. His horses passed over the British infantry like a storm, and the swords of his men hewed them down with resistless sway. In this happy crisis, Howard succeeded in restoring the Continentals to order, and Pickens rallied the militia and brought them again into line. Morgan gave the word to advance, and with presented bayonets the compact line bore down upon the Royalists. Struck with astonishment at finding themselves thus assaulted by men whom just before they looked upon as defeated, the English troops wavered and then broke in disorder before the charge. In vain their officers endeavored to rally them for a renewed stand. The spirits of the patriots were roused, and pressing forward with their bayonets they carried everything before them. Infantry and cavalry were alike broken by their violence. Nearly two hundred of Tarleton's horse retreated in dismay from the field, riding over their comrades, and involving them in confusion beyond remedy. The Americans gained the two field-pieces, and Colonel Howard having come up with a large body of infantry and summoned them to surrender, they laid down their arms on the field. The rout of the British was now complete; a more signal victory had never been achieved. Washington and his horse followed the flying foe during several hours, and Tarleton himself narrowly escaped falling into the hands of his determined pursuer.

Such was the brilliant battle of the Cowpens, and beyond doubt the success of the Americans must be largely attributed to the prudent arrangement of General Morgan, and to the brave spirit which he had succeeded in infusing into his men. To form some idea of the importance of this victory, we must recall the loss of the enemy and the gain of the Americans. The British lost ten officers and more than one hundred privates killed, two hundred men wounded, twenty-nine officers and above five hundred privates prisoners. The Americans captured two field-pieces, two standards, eight hundred muskets, thirty-five baggage-wagons, and more than one hundred cavalry horses; and they lost but twelve men killed and sixty wounded.

But great as was the effect of this battle in restoring the

confidence of the Americans, it was hardly more important to the future fame of Morgan than his subsequent retreat. When Cornwallis learned of the total defeat of his favorite Tarleton, and of the destruction of his corps, he was deeply mortified; but instead of yielding to despondency, he resolved to pursue the victor and wrest the fruits of triumph from his hands. Leaving behind him heavy baggage and everything that could impede his progress, he pressed on, hoping to overtake his enemy and crush him at a blow ere he could cross the Catawba River. But the sagacious American had anticipated his movements and prepared to counteract his design. Sending his prisoners on before under a strong guard of militia, he manœuvred in the rear with his regulars and riflemen, whom he knew he could at any time push to a rapid march. Thus the vanguard and prisoners crossed the Catawba on the 29th of January, and Morgan, still retreating before Cornwallis, passed the river in safety on the evening of the same day. Hardly had he crossed before the English army appeared on the other side, but during the night a tremendous fall of rain took place, and so swelled the river that a passage became impracticable. Thus nature herself seemed to come to the aid of liberty; nor was this the only occasion in which she interposed in behalf of the patriot army.

General Greene had feared for Morgan's safety, and believing that his own presence in this division of the army would contribute to its success in the retreat yet before it, he left the main body at Hicks' Creek, under General Huger, directing him to retire as rapidly as possible and form a junction with Morgan's division at Guilford Court-House in North Carolina. When Greene reached the camp of his subordinate on the 31st of January, the two generals immediately entered into consultation as to the best route for their continued retreat. Morgan thought a road over the mountains the most eligible, as he believed his men were accustomed to such localities, and he knew the roughness of the way would oppose many obstacles to a pursuing army. But Greene preferred the lower route, and when Morgan urged his wishes and declared that if the mountain road were not taken he

would not be answerable for the consequences, Greene replied, "Neither will you be answerable, for I shall take the measure upon myself." Thus the dispute was ended, and the march commenced.

Cornwallis marched rapidly up the Catawba River to cross at McGowan's Ford. Had a sufficient force, even of resolute militia, opposed him on the northern bank, it is not probable that his passage would have been effected without severe loss. But the Americans had unhappily taken post too far from the bank. A small number only disputed the point, and the British army forded in safety, though the water was generally up to the middle of their bodies. General Davidson, of North Carolina, was killed in the skirmish, and the militia rapidly retreated. Thus Greene was again in danger, and it seems that had he taken the mountain route recommended by Morgan, he might have been overwhelmed by his vigilant enemy. Reaching the banks of the Yadkin, he crossed on the 2d and 3d of February. The passage was made partly in flats and partly by fording, and all the boats were secured on the northern side. Cornwallis was so close on his rear that the light troops of both armies skirmished with each other, and the Virginia riflemen did good service. But in the night rain fell in torrents and the waters of the Yadkin rose suddenly to a height which rendered fording impossible. Again the British general was foiled. The American army was saved from a dangerous encounter, and the patriots, not without reason, ascribed their deliverance to divine intervention.

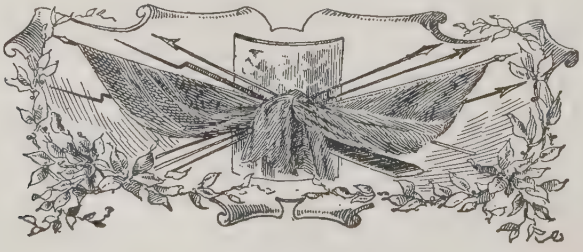
At Guilford Court-House the two divisions of the army united, and a few days were allowed for refreshment after the late rapid marching. General Morgan here resigned his command, and suggested Colonel Otho Williams as his successor, who was immediately appointed by Greene. It has been thought by many that Morgan's resignation was caused by his dispute with his superior; but we have the best reason to believe that this was not the case. Though firm and proud, he was generous and intelligent, and he could not have failed to perceive that Greene's measures had been prudent, and that the course he himself had preferred would have been

highly dangerous. We have a much more satisfactory explanation of his wish for retirement. His old malady, the rheumatism, had returned upon him, and aggravated by his late exposure, it had rendered him incapable of exertion. After crossing the Yadkin, it became so violent that he was unable to retain his command, and had he remained with the army it would have been only in the character of an invalid. Under these circumstances it cannot be surprising that he should have sought repose at his home in Virginia. To prove that he remained on terms of friendly intercourse with General Greene, we give a letter from the latter to him.

"AUGUST 26, 1781.

"DEAR MORGAN.—Your letter of 24th of June arrived safe at headquarters; and your compliments to Williams, Washington and Lee have been properly distributed. Nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to have had you with me. The people of this country *adore* you. Had you been with me a few weeks past, you could have had it in your power to give the world the pleasure of reading a second Cowpens affair; . . . the expedition ought to have realized us six hundred men, and the chances were more than fifty times as great in our favor as they were at Tarleton's defeat. Great generals are scarce: there are few Morgans to be found."

No American of that day could have been insensible to the merit of the hero of the Cowpens. When a full report of the victory was made to Congress, it passed a vote of thanks to Morgan and his officers, and directed that a gold medal should be prepared for him, with a suitable device and inscription expressing their sense of his value.—J. T. HEADLEY.



GENERAL FRANCIS MARION.

FRANCIS MARION, the "Swamp Fox" of the American Revolution, was born at Winyaw, near Georgetown, South Carolina, in 1732. He was the grandchild of a family of Huguenots who, in 1690, had sought shelter here from the storm of persecution raging in France. Francis was the youngest of the six children of Gabriel and Esther Marion. As a baby he was so diminutive and feeble that Weems says, "He was not larger than a New England lobster." At the age of sixteen, having a passion for the sea, he shipped for the West Indies. A storm arose, and the vessel foundered. He with five others took to the ship's boat, and it was seven days before they were picked up. Two had died of starvation, and Marion and the other three barely escaped with their lives. This cured him of the desire for a sailor's life.

In 1758 Marion went to St. John's, and settled at Pond Bluff. The following year he entered the service of the State, joining a company of horse under Captain Moultrie against the Cherokee Indians, and distinguished himself by his daring. Colonel James Grant held the command of the Royal Scots in 1761, and he was assisted by a State regiment of 1200 men, led by Middleton. Marion, still serving under Captain Moultrie with 2600 men, marched from Fort George. On the 7th of June a terrible battle was fought with the Indians at Etchoee. All the time Marion was in the hottest of the fight.

With thirty men he stormed the strongest position of the Indians. Fourteen towns of the Cherokees were burned and their country laid waste. Marion protested against this severity; said he, "To me it is a shocking sight. When we are gone the Indian children will return and ask their mothers: 'Who did this?' 'The white people, the Christians,' will be the reply."

In 1775 Marion was chosen to the Provincial Congress of South Carolina from St. John's. Whilst they were deliberating, news came of the battle of Lexington. They at once resolved to raise two regiments of infantry, consisting of 1500 men, and one of cavalry numbering 450 men. Marion had charge of the cavalry as captain under Colonel Moultrie. His commission as captain was dated 21st June, 1775. In the same year he assisted in the capture of Fort Johnson from the British. He was now promoted to the rank of major, and acted as such at Sullivan's Island. Owing to his skill in organization and his strict discipline he was called "the architect of the Second Regiment." On June 28, 1776, when the British fleet were driven from Charleston, Marion greatly distinguished himself and was raised to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Just before Charleston surrendered to Sir Henry Clinton, Marion injured his leg, and had to be taken home. This providentially saved him from being shut up in the city at that time.

On his recovery he made his way into Virginia and joined the army of Gates: having no command, he accepted the position of aide-de-camp to DeKalb. In the crushing defeat at Camden, Marion escaped with 30 men. With these he became a successful annoyance to the British. He first captured a British guard of three times his strength and liberated 200 American prisoners. He cut up a party of 49 Tories, taking their ammunition, baggage, arms and horses. His little force had now increased to one hundred and fifty men. Governor Rutledge, of South Carolina, gave him a commission as brigadier-general, directing him to protect the southwest portion of the State. This work he did, and successfully cut off supplies from the British. He harassed in every way their operations. He, in 1780, won two engagements. The first

against a party of Tories on the Black Mingo River; the second against a band of Colonel Tynes' regulars at Tarcote. Tarleton, the British general, gave Marion the name of "Swamp Fox," so impossible was it to get near him after he had inflicted a blow on the enemy. Three attacks did Marion make on Georgetown: the first two were unsuccessful; but the third effort proved successful. He so crippled the British cavalry at Parker's Ferry that they were of very little service to the enemy during the remainder of the war. Until the British evacuated Charleston on the 14th of December, 1782, Marion assisted his country's cause.

He sat as State Senator from 1782 to 1790; then, retiring from public life, he removed to his plantation at St. John's. In 1784 he married Mary Videau. They left no children. He died on his plantation February 27, 1795, his last words being: "Thank God, I can lay my hand on my heart and say that since I came to man's estate, I have never done, intentionally, wrong to any." Francis Marion was a true patriot, an active, brave and hardy soldier; his conduct was most generous. No houses were burned by his orders, and he hated making war on women and children. He and his comrades slept in the swamps, with not a blanket to cover them, for months together. The extremes of heat and cold he endured with indifference. Though a strict disciplinarian, he was beloved by his men. Always was he kind, chivalric and gentle.

The "Swamp Fox."

At the end of the summer of 1780 all seemed lost in South Carolina. Charleston was taken, and Gates had been totally defeated. Nothing like an organized force opposed the British. Their foraging parties swept through the country and insulted the inhabitants without hazard. The hopes of the most sanguine patriots seemed about to expire. Darkness and gloom were on every side. It was at this crisis that the true value of Francis Marion began to appear; and if the man deserves more admiration who struggles against the current of adversity than he who sails with a prosperous wind, we cannot refuse to admire the course now pursued by the partisan of South Carolina.

He obeyed a summons from a few brave men in the neighborhood of Williamsburg, who, after accepting British protection, had been required by Cornwallis to take up arms against their country. Outraged by this breach of faith, they threw off the fetters they had assumed, and invited Marion to come and lead them in the warfare they intended to wage against the enemy. About the 12th of August, 1780, four days after the defeat of Gates, he joined the little band at Lynch's Creek, and immediately commenced drilling them for service. He now held a commission as general from Governor Rutledge, of South Carolina, and the command of that part of the State in which he intended to act was committed to his hands.

Not more than thirty horsemen were at first assembled; but after the arrival of their commander the number increased. "Marion's Brigade" was formed, and it was soon renowned throughout the country. Tories feared it, and patriots heard of its deeds with delight. To join Marion, to be one of Marion's men, was esteemed the highest privilege to which a young man could aspire, who wished to serve his country. These troopers were men admirably adapted to the duty they assumed. Active and hardy in body, they were capable of enduring fatigue and exposure without a murmur; they rode well, and accustomed their horses to the privations they themselves encountered. They used the rifle with unerring skill; swords were at first wanting; but they stripped all the sawmills of the neighborhood, and the saws were converted by rude blacksmiths into sabres for the men; and we are informed by a contemporary that their rude swords were so efficient that a strong trooper never failed to cut down an adversary at a single blow.

Immediately after taking command of his troopers, Marion advanced silently upon the squadron of Major Gainey, an English partisan officer of considerable reputation, and before his approach was known, the whole party were his prisoners. Emboldened by this success, and by the surprise it produced, he next attempted a more important scheme. A party of about ninety British soldiers passed near Nelson's ferry, conducting at least two hundred American prisoners to Charles-

ton. These captives were from the ill-fated field of Camden. Marion and his band passed the ferry about an hour after sunset, and, concealing themselves on the other side, awaited the approach of the detachment. After crossing, the English sought the first public-house they could find, in which to pass the night, and, dreaming not of danger, they spent many hours in drinking and merriment, and finally fell asleep in a spacious arbor in front of the house, leaving drowsy sentinels to guard their slumbers. In a moment Marion was upon them, the sentinels were stricken down, and several of the detachment were slain before they knew who were their enemies. Starting from sleep, they found themselves invaded by bold troopers, who dashed among them with their horses, and with loud shouts called them to surrender. The English asked for quarter, and not until they were disarmed and their prisoners were all released did they discover how insignificant was the enemy who had vanquished them.

This exploit was soon followed by others of an equally daring character. Hearing that a party of Tories under Captain Burfield were assembling on the Pedee River, the American put his men in motion, and after a rapid ride of forty miles came upon the enemy at three o'clock in the morning. So startling was the assault that the Tories broke and dispersed without firing a single shot. Of forty-nine composing their number, thirty were either killed or fell into the hands of the patriots. From these two parties Marion obtained a welcome supply of ammunition, cartridge-boxes, muskets and horses, which enabled him materially to increase his own strength.

The English officers seem to have been greatly astonished at their defeats. While the whole country was apparently in their power, they found an American partisan leading his troops through the very heart of the province, dealing rapid and disabling blows upon his enemies, alarming the Tories and keeping alive the spirit of resistance. They determined to follow him with an overwhelming force, and to crush him at once; but they found his prudence equal to his courage. With more than two hundred British regulars advancing in front and about five hundred Tories in his rear, Marion com-

menced a retreat which was conducted with consummate skill and success. His practice was to dismiss many of his men to their homes, receiving from each his word of honor that he would return when summoned, and to the credit of these suffering patriots be it known that their promises in this respect were never violated. At the head of a small band, generally of about sixty men, Marion then plunged into the swamps, and concealing each trace of his passage, he would lie concealed until the immediate danger was over.

Finding that the enemy had abandoned the pursuit, he again turned his troops South, and leaving North Carolina, advanced cautiously into his own province. Major Wemyss, who had commanded the British regulars, had retired to Georgetown; but a large body of Tories had taken post at Shepherd's Ferry, on the Black Mingo River. Against this traitor class of foes Marion was always signally active, for he well knew their influence in depressing the spirit of liberty in the country. About a mile below Shepherd's Ferry a long bridge of planks crossed the Black Mingo, and this was the only avenue open to Marion. As his troopers entered upon the bridge, the trampling of their horses was so loud as to arouse the enemy, and immediately an alarm gun was heard from their camp. No time was now to be lost: Marion gave the word to charge, and the whole troop passed the bridge at a sweeping gallop. The Tories were there double in number, and they had drawn up in a body on a piece of rising ground near the ferry. A heavy fire received the patriots as they advanced, and for a time their leading corps faltered; but when the whole number came into action their onset was irresistible. After losing their commander, the Tories left their ranks and fled in the utmost disorder. Nearly two-thirds of their number were either killed or wounded, and many were made prisoners. Had they not been alarmed by the noise at the bridge, it is probable they would all have fallen into the hands of the Americans. It is said that after this conflict Marion never crossed a bridge at night without spreading blankets upon it to deaden the sound. He generally preferred to cross at a ford, where there would be no risk of giving a premature alarm.

After giving his men a season of rest and recreation, among the people of the State who were friendly to their cause, he called them again to his side and prepared for active proceedings. His vigilant scouts informed him that Colonel Tynes was raising a body of Tories at Tarcote, in the forks of Black River, and that he had brought from Charleston a full supply of saddles and bridles, blankets, pistols and broadswords, powder and ball for his new levies. These articles were precisely what Marion's men wanted, and they were stimulated to unwonted energy by the hope of accomplishing two objects—the defeat of the Tories and the seizure of their munitions. Tynes suspected no danger and used but little precaution. At midnight Marion and his troops approached and found their enemy. Some were asleep, some lying on the ground in careless conversation, many were at cards, and the very words they uttered were heard by the Americans as they advanced. Instantly the attack was made and the Tories took to flight, and all who escaped concealed themselves in the swamps bordering on the Black River. Few were killed; but Colonel Tynes and many of his men, together with all the military wealth he had brought out of Charleston, fell into the hands of the victors. Marion did not lose a single man.

In this succession of gallant deeds the American proved his ability and thoroughly established his reputation. The British generals had hoped that the country might be considered as conquered; but while such a foe was among them they felt that they had little cause for triumph. We have a letter from Cornwallis himself, in which he says, "Colonel Marion had so wrought on the minds of the people, partly by the terror of his threats and cruelty of his punishments, and partly by the promise of plunder, that there was scarcely an inhabitant between the Santee and Pedee that was not in arms against us. Some parties had even crossed the Santee, and carried terror to the gates of Charleston." Those who knew Marion personally, and who have given sketches of his life, have refuted the charge of cruelty here brought against him. He was proverbially mild and humane in his disposition; he often saved the lives of Tories whom his men would

have hanged in retaliation for similar outrages inflicted upon the patriots ; even though his own nephew, Gabriel Marion, was murdered while asking for quarter, when afterwards the supposed murderer was shot by one of his troopers, he sternly censured the deed, and would have punished the perpetrator could he have been detected.

Renewed efforts were made to crush this dangerous foe. Colonel Tarleton left the room to which he had been confined by sickness in Charleston, and placed himself at the head of his dragoons with the firm resolve not to yield the pursuit until he had secured the enemy. Marion watched his course, and adopted his own with ceaseless caution. At the plantation of General Richardson, the English partisan believed his triumph complete. Marion was at a wood-yard within a mile of him ; but warned by the flames of the general's house that his pursuer was near, he took to flight, and when Tarleton arrived he was filled with rage on finding that the prize was gone. Through forests and swamps, thorny hedges and tangled undergrowth, he followed the retreating troops, but never came near enough to strike a blow. At length, on arriving at Benbow's Ferry on Black River, Marion determined to make a stand. The ferry was rapid and dangerous, and behind him was Ox Swamp, through which only three passes were practicable. His men were perfectly familiar with the localities, and having thrown up a breastwork of logs, and made other defences, they prepared their rifles for the English dragoons. Had Tarleton attempted to carry their position, he would, in the language of Judge James, "have exposed his force to such sharp-shooting as he had not yet experienced, and that in a place where he could not have acted with either his artillery or cavalry." But he prudently turned back. "Come, boys," he said, "let us go back. We will soon find the *game cock* (General Sumter) ; but as for this *swamp fox*, the devil himself could not catch him." The devil would certainly have been a very appropriate comrade for Colonel Tarleton in his partisan excursions through the Carolinas.

Marion planned an attack upon Georgetown, which had long been held by a British garrison ; but in consequence of

mismanagement on the part of his subordinates, the attempt failed entirely. He now retired to his favorite retreat on Snow's Island, which lay at the point where Lynch's Creek and the Pedee River unite. Here the camp of the partisan was regularly established in a spot admirably suited to his purposes. Running water enclosed it on all sides, and the current of Lynch's Creek was almost always encumbered by drifting logs and timber. Deep swamps formed the borders of the island, and in the cane-brakes great quantities of game and live-stock might generally be found. The middle part was more elevated, and covered with tall forest trees; here Marion established his stronghold, and increased the natural defences of the island by diligent labor. From this retreat he could sally out in any direction, and by sudden strokes astonish the Tories who were gathering in aid of British power.

An incident occurred which has been regarded as worthy to furnish the subject of a historical painting. An exchange of prisoners having been agreed upon, a young English officer was sent from Georgetown to complete the arrangement with Marion. On arriving near the camp, he was carefully blindfolded, and was thus conducted into the presence of the American General. When the bandage was removed, he saw before him a scene for which he was not prepared. Lofty trees surrounded him, casting a sombre shade over all objects beneath them: under these were lying in listless groups the men belonging to the renowned partisan brigade. Active forms and limbs, giving promise of great muscular power, were clad in rude costumes which had already seen much service. Rifles and sabres were seen among the trees, and horses were around for instantaneous motion. Before him stood Marion himself, small in stature, slight in person, dark and swarthy in complexion, with a quiet aspect, but a brilliant and searching eye. Scarcely could the officer believe that this was indeed the man whose name had spread terror among all the enemies of liberty in southern America. After the business before them had been properly arranged, the Englishman was about to retire; but Marion pressed him to stay to dinner. The bewildered officer looked round him in vain for

tables or plates, knives or forks, roast-meats or savory vegetables; but his suspense was soon to terminate. Sweet potatoes yet smoking from the ashes were placed upon a piece of bark and set before the American General and his guest. This was the dinner, and while the officer pretended to eat, he asked many questions. "Doubtless this is an accidental meal; you live better in general." "No," was the reply, "we often fare much worse." "Then I hope at least you draw noble pay to compensate?" "Not a cent, sir," replied Marion, "not a cent!" Lost in amazement, the messenger returned to Georgetown, and when questioned as to his seriousness, he declared that he had much cause to be serious, "he had seen an American general and his officers without pay, and almost without clothes, living on roots and drinking water, all for liberty! What chance have we against such men?" In this rude scene might be found one of the most glorious triumphs of the American Revolution.

—J. T. Headley.

RAMSES II.

THOSE who are familiar with the common limits of history may be surprised at the assertion that no nation has occupied so long the stage of the world, or performed a grander part thereon than ancient Egypt. With the dawn of the Nineteenth Century came the decipherment of the hieroglyphics, furnishing a clear revelation of the true history of that country, its civilization, arts, sciences, literature, government and military conquests. She presents to the admiration of the modern world her long series of works of architecture, sculpture and even painting. Her kings and warriors, engineers and artists are in no wise inferior to the Greek or Roman in the excellence of their works or in the magnitude of their enterprises.

The exploits, fabulous and otherwise, of numerous Egyptian kings were assigned by the classical narrators to the sole credit of one hero, whom they called "Sesostris." We know now what the Greeks did not, that his right name and title is Ramses II. There are echoes from the remote antiquity of Egypt itself, telling of other hero kings who were called, more deservedly than Ramses II., the "Great," for instance, Antef the Great, Thothmes III. the Great, of the XI. and XVIII. dynasties respectively. But still Ramses II. was eminent enough to be entitled to the epithet. The information as to the works he accomplished and the conquests he made has come down to us with very full details. For Ramses

himself caused Pentaur's great panegyric on the King's valor at Kadesh, to be engraved on the walls of the temples everywhere throughout Egypt.

One of the most recent wonderful discoveries made in Egypt was that of the mummies of a number of the Kings, Queens and members of the royal families of the Thothmes' and Ramses' dynasties (the XVIII. and XIX.), in the hiding-place of Deir-el-Bahari. They all now lie in state at the great Egyptian museum at Gizeh. There the tourist can look upon the great warrior Kings, Thothmes III., Seti I., Ramses II., who helped to make ancient Egypt powerful and illustrious.

Ramses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, was the grandson of Ramses I., the founder of the XIX. Egyptian dynasty, and succeeded his father, Seti I. about 1490 B.C. He was the "Grand Monarch" of Egypt. His long reign of sixty-seven years, his colossal buildings, his numerous wars, and the victories he claimed, all make him the prototype of Louis XIV., of France. For a time, even from boyhood, he had been associated in the government with his father. The death of Seti was a signal for a renewal of the war between Egypt and the Khiti or Hittites. Kadesh on the Orontes, near the northeast corner of the Mediterranean Sea, became the centre of the war.

Our description of the Syrian campaign is taken from M. Maspero, the highest authority upon the affairs of ancient Egypt. The king of the Khiti or Hittites, Khitasar, convoked his vassals and his allies and broke with Egypt. The hope of the pillage decided Ilion, Pedasos, Gerges, the Mysians, and the Dardanians to join with the Khiti against Sesostris. The Trojan bands crossed the peninsula of Asia Minor and encamped in the valley of the Orontes, three hundred leagues from their own country. Notwithstanding our exaggerated ideas of the immobility of the people of the Orient, the composition of the Egyptian army that Ramses opposed to the confederates would alone suffice to show with what facility those nations moved to vast distances. It contained, by the side of the pure Egyptians, the Libyans, the Mazion, and the Sardinians. Ramses established his base

of operations on the Arabian frontier of Egypt in the city of Raamses. He crossed Canaan and the northern countries rapidly, and halted to the southwest of the city of Kadesh for the purpose of reconnoitering the position of the enemy. On the other hand, the Prince of the Khiti being well informed of his movements, conceived and executed an able manœuvre which put the Egyptian army within a hair's breath of destruction.

One day two Arabs sought an interview with Ramses and said: "Our brethren, chiefs of the tribes united with the vile chief of the Khiti, sent us to speak to his Majesty. We wish to serve the Pharaoh with whom be life, health and strength. We renounce the vile chief of the Khiti, who is in the country of Khalupu where, through fear of the Pharaoh, he has retreated rapidly." The King, deceived by this plausible speech, felt assured against surprise by the presumed distance of the enemy, Khalupu (Aleppo) being forty leagues north of Kadesh. He, therefore, advanced confidently, escorted only by his military staff, while the bulk of his army followed at some distance. The Khiti, however, had formed an ambuscade to the northeast of Kadesh. Their number was very great, for one of them, the Prince of Khalupu, had set in array 18,000 select soldiers, besides a well-drilled infantry, 2,500 chariots each carrying three men.

But suddenly Ramses conceived some suspicion, and ordered the spies to be severely beaten till they confessed that the forces of the allies were concentrated behind Kadesh, and only awaited a favorable occasion to show themselves. Ramses sent an express to hasten the main body of his army. His council of war was still in consultation when he received word that the enemy was in movement. The Prince of the Khiti quickly threw his forces to the south of Kadesh while Ramses was to the north of it, and attacking the centre, separated in two the Egyptian army. Ramses himself led at the head of his division. Eight times in succession he threw himself on the foe, broke through their ranks, rallied his dispersed troops, and sustained the shock for the rest of the day. About dusk the Khiti retreated before the main body of the Egyptian army which had now formed into line.

The decisive blow was struck the next day; the confederates, driven back at many points, sought safety by flight. Some corps of the Syrian army fled to Orontes, threw themselves into it, and many were drowned in the attempt to cross by swimming. The vanquished probably would all have perished, had not a sortie of the garrison of Kadesh checked the progress of the Egyptians, and afforded an opportunity for the wounded and the fugitives to enter the city.

Against all expectation, the country of Canaan and the neighboring provinces arose in the rear of the victorious army. The King of the Khiti regained his courage, repaired his losses and broke the truce; all Syria was on fire from the banks of the Euphrates to the shores of the Nile. But there were no more great battles; petty actions, skirmishes and sieges occupied the space of fifteen years, during which Ascalon was taken despite the heroic defence of its inhabitants, and two cities of the Khiti were captured. The war, thus protracted from year to year, was ended at last by a treaty of peace, offensive and defensive. It stipulated that the peace should be eternal between the two peoples; that they would assist each other against the enemies of either. It contained clauses for the protection of their commerce and industries, and for the extradition of fugitive criminals. "Equality and reciprocity—such were the principal conditions of this treaty that may be considered the most ancient monument of the science of diplomacy."

The peace was made permanent by the marriage of Ramses with Ur-mas-nefru-ra, the daughter of the King of Khiti. Thus terminated the wars of Ramses II. in the thirty-fourth year of his reign. Tradition, inspired doubtless by the splendor of his monuments, made its triumphs still more splendid and extensive than they were in reality. According to the Greek historians, Sesostris penetrated to the heart of Asia, subjected Media, Persia, Bactria, India; then returned through the deserts of Scythia.

During forty-six years preceding the King's death, by favor of the profound peace that existed, he indulged his taste for monumental constructions. Truly, Ramses II. was the royal builder *par excellence.* Throughout the sixty-seven

years of his sole reign, he had leisure to complete those which his predecessor had begun. The grand cave temple at Ipsamboul (or Abu-Simbel) was designed to commemorate his early campaigns against Ethiopia and Syria. He improved the temples at Luxor and at Tanis, the Ramesseum, Abydos, Memphis, and Bubastis. For these constructions he worked the quarries of Silsilis and the mines of Sinai. Upon these great buildings labored the thousands of captives, Asiatic and African, acquired by his military operations. It is even charged that after the Asiatic wars were terminated, man-hunts were organized on a monstrous scale throughout the whole country of the Soudan in order to supply the needed laborers, and the principal episodes of these negro-hunts were sculptured on the walls of temples as glorious exploits. This fact is in one way a proof of the growth of civilization. Native subjects were no longer employed as by the predecessors of Ramses in these mighty works intended to immortalize their names.

Ramses II. appears from his statues to have been the handsomest of all the Egyptian kings and to have had a Semitic face. He also introduced the Semitic practice of polygamy, but showed special affection for two of his wives. He died in the eightieth year of his age, about 1410 B.C., and was succeeded by Menephthah, his fourteenth and eldest surviving son.

Pentaur's Egyptian Epic.

(Pentaur, the royal scribe of Ramses II. composed a remarkable poem on "The Campaign of Kadesh," a panegyric of the exploits of his sovereign, which was engraved on the walls of many temples. We give considerable extracts from the translation by Prof. Lushington.)

The vile chief of Cheta [the Khiti or Hittites], with many allies accompanying him, lay ambushed to the northwest of Kadesh. Now King Ramses was all alone, no other with him, the brigade of Ammon marching after him, the brigade of Ptah in the centre, the brigade of Set on the border. Then the vile Cheta chief made an advance with men and horses numerous as sand; then they charged the brigade of Ra Harmachis in the centre, as they were marching on unpre-

pared to fight. Foot and horse of King Ramses gave way before them. This news was told the king; then he rose as Mentu, he seized his arms for battle; the great horse that bore him—'Victory in Thebes' his name. The King drew himself up, he pierced the line of the foe, the vile Cheta; he was all alone, no other with him. When he turned to survey behind him, he found there encircled him 2,500 chariots, three men to a car.

Then said King Ramses, "Where art thou, my father Ammon? What father denies his son? For have I done aught without thee? Have I not stepped, looking to thee, not transgressing the decisions of thy mouth? Sovran Lord of Egypt, who makest to bow down the peoples that withstand thee; what are these, Amu, to thy heart? Ammon brings them low who know not God. Have I not made thee many monuments? Filled thy temple with my spoils? Built thee a house for millions of years? Given treasures to thy shrine? Completed the building of thy court? [This probably refers to the addition of the vast hypostyle hall of one hundred and forty columns before the Temple of Ammon, at Karnak.] I call on thee, my father Ammon. I am amid multitudes unknown, nations gathered against me; I am alone, no other with me; my foot and horse have left me. I called aloud to them, none of them heard; I cried to them. I find Ammon worth more than millions of soldiers. No works of many men avail, Ammon, against thee." My cry rang unto Hermonthis; Ra heard when I called; he put his hand to me, "Ramses Miamon, I am with thee, I thy father Ra; my hand is with thee. I am Sovran Lord of Victory, loving valor."

I became as Mentu; I shoot to the right; I seize on my left; I find twenty-five hundred chariots; I am amidst them. Then were they overthrown before my steeds; their hearts shrank within them; their hands all dropped; they knew not how to shoot; they found no heart to grasp the spear; I made them fall into the water as fall crocodiles; they tumbled headlong one over another; I slew them. Then the vile chief of Cheta stood amid his army to see the prowess of King Ramses. Charging the midst of them fiercer than flame, I

rushed upon them ; I was as Mentu. I hew at them to slay them. I kept slaying them ; none escaped me ; I gave a call to my foot and horse, saying, "Be firm, be firm, behold my victory."

Now when Menna, my charioteer, saw me thus encircled by many chariots, he cowered, his heart quailed, great terror entered his limbs ; he said to the King, "My gracious Lord, Prince revered, valiant exceedingly, protector of Egypt in day of battle, verily we stand alone amidst the foe ; how can we save ourselves, King Ramses, my gracious Lord?" The King said to his charioteer, "Courage, courage, my driver, I will pierce them as a hawk ; I will slay and hew them, cast them to the dust. Ammon brings very low them that know not God, who brightens not his face on millions of them."

King Ramses dashed into the van, then he pierced the foe, the caitiff Cheta six times, one and all he pierced them. Then the king called to his archers and cavalry, likewise to his chiefs who failed to fight: "Had I not stood as Royal Master, ye were down-stricken. Never did any Royal Master for his soldiers what King Ramses did for you ; ye have not performed my behests, my archers and cavalry. Lo ! ye have played cowards all together, not one of you stood to aid me while I had to fight. Blessed be Ammon. Lo ! I am over Egypt, as my father Ra ; great shame on that act of my foot and horse, greater than to tell, for lo ! I achieve my victories. I was all alone, no other with me, no chiefs behind, no marshals, no captains, no officers. All peoples saw, and will tell my name to limits of lands unknown."

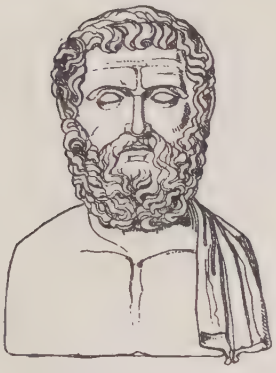
Morning lighted the field of Katesh. Then my soldiers came glorifying, extolling my prowess: "What a goodly deed of valor ! Firm in heart, thou hast saved thine army, thy cavalry, son of Tum : spoiling Cheta-land by thy victorious sword, Royal Conqueror, none is like thee ! O King, thou great of heart, first in the fray, thou reckest not for all peoples banded together. Without gainsaying, thou guardest Egypt, chastisest lands of thy foes, thou bruisest the back of Cheta for ever." Then the king addressed his foot and horse, likewise his chiefs who failed to fight: "Not well done of one of you, your leaving me alone amid the foe; there came no

chiefs, officer or captain of host to aid me. I fought, repelling millions of tribes, all alone. 'Victory in Thebes' and 'Nehrahuta' (my horses), they are all I found to succor me. I will let them eat corn before Ra daily when I am in my royal palace; these are they found in the midst of the foe, and my Marshal, Menna my Squire, with the officers of my staff who were near me, the witnesses of my conflict. King Ramses prevailed over them, he slew them, they escaped not, they were overthrown under his steeds.

"Dread of his might is in every heart, he protects his army, all nations come to the great name, falling down and adoring his noble countenance. Ammon hailed his form, saying: 'Glory to thee, son loved of us, Ramses Miamon, to whom we grant festivities for ever on the throne of thy father Tum. All lands are overthrown under his feet; he has quelled all enemies.'"—*Translated by* PROF. LUSHINGTON.

SOLON,

THE ATHENIAN LAWGIVER.



THE name of Solon has become proverbial as that of a wise lawgiver, who gave to his State a Constitution which established internal harmony and promoted its proper development. He was one of the Seven Sages of Greece, and a descendant of Codrus, the last King of Athens. He was born in the Island of Salamis about 638 B.C. In his youth he was a merchant and visited foreign countries, partly to improve his fortune, and partly to gratify his curiosity and to gain experience of men, manners and institutions. In his boyhood the Megarians had seized and occupied Salamis, and the Athenians were so imbecile and demoralized by discord and faction, that they failed to recover it until Solon, now a man, wrote a poem on the loss of his native Salamis. Having thus excited the martial spirit of the people, he was given command of an expedition and led a force which gained a decisive victory over the Megarians. This military achievement led to his political career. The Athenian State was torn by violent dissensions of parties, and under the old oppressive laws of Draco, many of the people had become slaves or insolvent debtors liable to be reduced to slavery. There were three parties thus described by Plutarch: "The inhabitants of the mountains were for a democracy; those of the plains for an oligarchy, and those of the sea-coast contended for a mixed kind of government."

Solon, having been elected archon in 594 B.C., began to lay the stable foundations of the liberty and prosperity of

Athens. His reputation for justice caused him to be accepted as a mediator between the opposing parties of rich and poor. In his efforts to ameliorate the political and moral condition of the people, he invoked the power of religion, and invited to Athens Epimenides, who was reputed an inspired prophet. His visit is said to have had a salutary effect in abating superstitions, malignant passions and imaginary evils. As archon, Solon had full authority to reorganize the State and give it a new code of laws. The nobles, who were the ruling class, had reduced the smaller proprietors to dependence and poverty by usury and oppressive laws. Solon reformed the Constitution, abolished slavery and relieved debtors by a reduction of the rate of interest. He is said to have annulled all mortgages. "This was the first of his public acts," says Plutarch, "that debts should be forgiven, and that no man should take the body of a debtor for security." Though many citizens urged him to follow the example of successful leaders in other Greek cities, and make himself tyrant or King of Athens, he refused. The bloody laws of Draco, except those for the punishment of murder, were annulled, citizens who had been exiled were recalled, and an amnesty restored those who had been deprived of the franchise for lighter offenses. An important feature of his new Constitution was the substitution of property for pedigree as a qualification for honors and offices. He retained (some say, created) the Senate or Council of the Areopagus, an aristocratic body, consisting of men who had been good archons. The citizens were divided into four classes according to a graduated scale of income or estate. The first class consisted of the richest men, and they only were eligible to the archonship and other high offices. The fourth class, who were the poorest, could not hold any office; but they could vote and they were exempt from direct taxes, and could take part in the popular assembly.

A body of six thousand citizens was annually elected to act as jurors in trials for political offenses,—by which the people acquired complete control over public affairs. The laws of Solon fostered commerce and manufactures. Having been asked whether he had given the Athenians the best of

all laws, he answered, "The best they are capable of receiving." "The most peculiar and surprising of his laws," says Plutarch, "is that which declares a man infamous who stands neutral in time of sedition." After the completion of his legislative work, he found himself subjected to much importunity and vexation from the questions of the curious and the cavils and censures of the discontented. "Under pretence of traffic he set sail for another country, having obtained leave for ten years' absence" (Plutarch). He visited Asia Minor, Cyprus and Egypt, collecting and diffusing knowledge. Having returned to Athens in old age, he did not recover power; but he endeavored to appease and reconcile the factions by which the State was still somewhat disturbed. He opposed the ambition and usurpation of Pisistratus without success, and devoted his remaining years to poetry and culture. One of his verses says, "I grow in learning as I grow in years." He began to compose a poem on the fabulous Island of Atlantis, but did not live to finish it. He died about 558 B.C.

Solon and Crœsus.

Solon, after having established new laws at Athens, thought he might absent himself for some years and improve that time by traveling. He went to Sardis, where he was received in a manner suitable to the reputation of so great a man. Crœsus, the King, attended with a numerous court, appeared in all his regal pomp and splendor, dressed in the most magnificent apparel, enriched with gold and glittering with diamonds. Notwithstanding the novelty of this spectacle to Solon, it did not appear that he was the least moved at it, or that he uttered a word which betrayed the least surprise or admiration. On the contrary, people of sense might sufficiently discern, from his behavior, that he looked upon all this outward pomp as an indication of a little mind, which knows not in what true greatness and dignity consist. This coldness and indifference on Solon's first approach gave the King no favorable opinion of his new guest. He afterwards ordered that all his treasures, his magnificent apartments and costly furniture, should be exhibited to him; as if he expected, by the multitude of his fine vessels, diamonds,

statues and paintings, to conquer the philosopher's indifference. But these things were not the King; and it was the King that Solon had come to visit, and not the walls or chambers of his palace. He had no notion of making a judgment of the King, or an estimate of his worth, by these outward appendages, but by himself and his own personal qualities.

When Solon had seen all, he was brought back to the King. Crœsus then asked him, which of mankind, in all his travels, he had found the most truly happy? "One Tellus," replied Solon, "a citizen of Athens, a very honest and good man, who lived all his days without indigence, had always seen his country in a flourishing condition, had children that were universally esteemed, with the satisfaction of seeing those children's children, and at last died gloriously in fighting for his country."

Such an answer as this, in which gold and silver were accounted as nothing, seemed to Crœsus to argue a strange ignorance and stupidity. However, as he flattered himself on being ranked in the second degree of happiness, he asked him, "who, of all those he had seen, was the next in felicity to Tellus?" Solon answered, "Cleobis and Biton, of Argos, two brothers, who had left behind them a perfect pattern of fraternal affection, and of the respect due from children to their parents. Upon a solemn festival, when their mother, a priestess of Juno, was to go to the temple, the oxen that were to draw her not being ready, the two sons put themselves to the yoke and drew their mother's chariot thither, which was above five miles distant. All the mothers of the place, filled with admiration, congratulated the priestess on the piety of her sons. She, in the transports of her joy and thankfulness, earnestly entreated the goddess to reward her children with the best thing that heaven can give to man. Her prayers were heard. When the sacrifice was over, her two sons fell asleep in the very temple, and there died in a soft and peaceful slumber. In honor of their piety, the people of Argos consecrated statues to them in the Temple of Delphi."

"What then," says Crœsus, in a tone that showed his discontent, "do you not reckon me in the number of the happy?" Solon, who was not willing either to flatter or

exasperate him any farther, replied calmly : "King of Lydia, besides many other advantages, the gods have given us Grecians a spirit of moderation and reserve, which has produced among us a plain, popular kind of philosophy, accompanied with a certain generous freedom, void of pride or ostentation, and therefore not well suited to the courts of kings ; this philosophy, considering what an infinite number of vicissitudes and accidents the life of man is liable to, does not allow us either to glory in any prosperity we ourselves enjoy, or to admire happiness in others, which perhaps may prove only transient or superficial." From hence he took occasion to represent to him farther, "that the life of man seldom exceeds seventy years, which make up in all six thousand two hundred and fifty days, of which no two are exactly alike ; so that the time to come is nothing but a series of various accidents which cannot be foreseen. Therefore, in our opinion," continued he, "no man can be esteemed happy but one whose happiness God continues to the end of his life ; as for others, who are perpetually exposed to a thousand dangers, we account their happiness as uncertain as the crown is to a person that is still engaged in battle, and has not yet obtained the victory." Solon retired when he had spoken these words, which served only to mortify Crœsus, but not to reform him.

In Plutarch's time some of the learned were of opinion that this interview between Solon and Crœsus did not agree with the dates of chronology. But as those dates are very uncertain, that judicious author did not think this objection ought to prevail against the authority of several creditable writers, by whom this story is attested.

* * * * * * * * * *

When Cyrus, King of Persia, had captured Sardis, Crœsus being a prisoner, was condemned by the conqueror to be burnt alive. Accordingly, the funeral-pile was prepared, and that unhappy prince being laid thereon, and just upon the point of execution, recollecting the conversation he had formerly had with Solon, was wofully convinced of the truth of that philosopher's admonition, and in remembrance thereof, cried out

aloud three times, "Solon, Solon, Solon!" Cyrus, who with the chief officers of his court, was present at this spectacle, was curious to know why Crœsus pronounced that celebrated philosopher's name with so much vehemence in this extremity. Being told the reason and reflecting upon the uncertain state of all sublunary things, he was touched with commiseration at the prince's misfortune, caused him to be taken from the pile, and treated him afterwards, as long as he lived, with honor and respect. Thus had Solon the glory, with a single word, to save the life of one king, and give a wholesome lesson of instruction to another.—C. ROLLIN.

THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS.

(From the Poems of Solon we take this brief statement of his own work)

The force of snow and furious hail is sent
From swelling clouds that load the firmament.
Thence the loud thunders roar, and lightnings glare
Along the darkness of the troubled air.
Unmoved by storms, old ocean peaceful sleeps
Till the loud tempest swells the angry deeps;
And thus the State, in fell distraction tossed,
Oft by its noblest citizens is lost;
And oft a people, once secure and free,
Their own imprudence dooms to tyranny.
My laws have arm'd the crowd with useful might,
Have banish'd honors and unequal right,
Have taught the proud in wealth, and high in place,
To reverence justice, and abhor disgrace;
And given to both a shield, their guardian tower
Against ambitious aims and lawless power.

—*Translated by* J. H. MERIVALE.

LEONIDAS AT THERMOPYLÆ.

LEONIDAS, whose name has been immortalized by his glorious death in defence of Grecian liberty, was the King of Sparta, and ascended the throne about 488 B.C. In the year 480 B. C., Xerxes, the Persian King, invaded Greece with a force of over two million soldiers, exclusive of camp-followers. Having crossed the Hellespont, Xerxes entered Greece on the northeast, and traversed Thrace and Thessaly until he found his further march obstructed by an insurmountable range of mountains. The only crossing was at the narrow pass of Thermopylæ, a defile having a length of five miles. Here the Greek States had posted an army for the common defence. But the minor States, with the exception of Thespiæ and Platæa, became so terrified by the reports of the vastness of the Persian host, that they withdrew their troops. Sparta and Athens were now deserted by their allies and their total force was consequently reduced to 12,000 men. One-third of these were sent under Leonidas to the mountain pass, while the rest sailed in a fleet to the coast near Thermopylæ, and the northern point of Eubœa.

Xerxes, recognizing the difficulty of conducting his immense army through the narrow pass, employed every means to shake the purpose of Leonidas to hold it. He offered him the sovereignty of all Greece, if he would forego the defense of the defile; but Leonidas was immovable. Xerxes then wrote to him commanding him to deliver up his arms, and received the laconic reply, "Come and take them."

After a delay of twenty days the Persian advanced to the attack. He sent his Median forces first, with orders to take their antagonists alive and bring them to him. But the Medes were not able to stand the charge of the Grecians, and were soon compelled to fly. Next Xerxes sent his band of "Immortals," consisting of 10,000 Persians; but they were likewise repulsed. Two days had thus elapsed without any perceptible weakening of the Greeks, while 20,000 of his bravest troops had been slain. The great King was perplexed; he began to despair of forcing the defile. At this crisis a traitorous native informed the King of a secret path which led to an eminence that overlooked and commanded the Spartan army. Thither Xerxes promptly sent troops in the night-time. The next morning the Greeks were soon aware of their proximity, and Leonidas seeing that it was now impossible to withstand the Persians, obliged the allies to retire, while he himself remained with his three hundred Spartans, who were forbidden by their country's laws ever to flee from an enemy. They had no hopes either to escape or conquer, but, loyal to their Spartan training, accepted Thermopylæ, the gate of Greece, as their burial place. They arrayed themselves as if for a feast, and while they were eating their last meal, Leonidas announced that they would all sup with Pluto. The devoted band set up a shout of joy, and in the darkness of the night assaulted the Persian outposts and for a while slew many enemies. With the daylight they were overcome by ever-increasing numbers, but not until they had performed prodigies of valor. Leonidas was struck down under the cloud of arrows which harassed his men, who still endeavored to defend his body. At length, completely exhausted and overwhelmed, all fell but one man, who escaped to Sparta.

To his eternal disgrace the exasperated victor caused the body of Leonidas to be hanged upon a cross. King Pausanias, after the Persians had been driven from Greece, took his remains to Sparta, where his grateful people, though they refused to mourn, erected for Leonidas a magnificent tomb, and for the Three Hundred a grand temple. The government also instituted an annual festival entitled Leonidas, in which

only Spartans had the right to participate. The Council of the Amphictyons, the representative body of all Greece, erected a noble monument at Thermopylæ with two inscriptions in honor of their glorious defence of their country. One of these was "Go, traveler, tell at Sparta that we died here in obedience to her sacred laws."

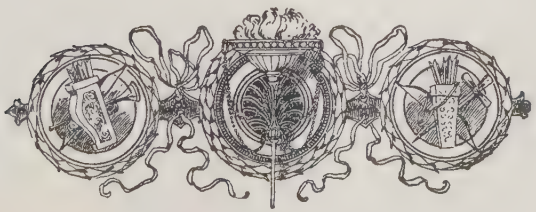
THE SPARTANS' OATH.

'Twas an hour of fearful issues,
When the bold Three Hundred stood,
For their love of holy freedom,
By that old Thessalian flood—
When, lifting high each sword of flame,
They called on every sacred name,
And swore, beside those dashing waves,
They never, never would be slaves!

And oh! that oath was nobly kept.
From morn to setting sun
Did desperation urge the fight
Which valor had begun;
Till, torrent-like, the stream of blood
Ran down and mingled with the flood,
And all, from mountain cliff to wave,
Was Freedom's, Valor's, Glory's—grave.

Oh yes! that oath was nobly kept,
Which nobly had been sworn,
And proudly did each gallant heart
The foeman's fetters spurn;
And firmly was the fight maintained,
And amply was the triumph gained;
They fought, fair Liberty, for thee;
They fell—TO DIE IS TO BE FREE!

—GEO. W. DOANE.



XERXES.

XERXES, the originator and leader of what might be properly called the "Persian Armada," succeeded to the throne of his father, Darius, in the year 485 B.C. The great event of his reign was the invasion of Greece, with an immense armament of ships and the largest army that probably the world has ever seen. His inglorious defeat by the Grecian States is his only and invidious title to be enrolled in the annals of fame. For four full years he was making preparations for this expedition. The fleet, and the vast army of men, were collected from every province under the government of Persia.

In the autumn of 481 B.C. his forces wintered at Sardis, in Asia Minor. In the spring of 480 they advanced to the Hellespont, and crossed at Abydos by a bridge of boats. The first bridge constructed was destroyed by a storm, on which the king ordered the rebellious Hellespont to be whipped, which was done with three hundred lashes. His barbaric cruelty was further seen in his ordering the engineers to be beheaded. The army was seven days and nights in crossing, on the new bridge of boats, from Asia to Europe. While the land forces marched through Thrace, Xerxes had numbered his forces at a station near the river Hebrus, the ships taking position close by. The various classical authorities differ in their statements; but it is generally accepted that his land and sea forces amounted to two millions, exclusive of a still

greater number of the usual attendants, sutlers, women, slaves and camp-followers.

The statement that he caused a canal to be cut across the neck of the peninsula at Mount Athos is asserted by the Roman satirist, Juvenal, to be a Grecian fiction, yet it is not improbable. It is said that his ships sailed two abreast through it, and thereby avoided the dangerous coasting around the promontory.

Xerxes met no obstruction in his march through Macedonia and Thessaly; but at Thermopylæ, the noted pass, a chosen band of Greeks kept guard. A traitor revealed a side-path, which enabled the Persians to destroy Leonidas and his devoted three hundred Spartans. Xerxes thus gained an entrance into Greece proper; but he had not yet subdued its patriotic people. Eagerly pressing forward, he destroyed the hated city of Athens, which its inhabitants had wisely deserted, taking refuge in their "wooden walls."

In the three days' sea-fight at Artemisium, off the northern promontory of the Island of Eubœa and opposite to the mountain pass of Thermopylæ, the Persian fleet suffered severely, as the narrowness of the strait prevented the action of the whole armament at once. Two hundred galleys were lost in a storm off the coast of Eubœa. But in spite of these disasters, when his fleet arrived in the Bay of Salamis, whither it had promptly followed the retreat of the Grecian ships, the Persian armada had regained its full number of vessels. The new recruitment of ships was made by Thracian and Thessalian contingents.

In the great naval engagement at Salamis, this fleet, numbering over one thousand ships, was defeated with a loss of two hundred vessels. The Grecian ships amounted to nearly three hundred, of which the number lost was about forty. Xerxes, who had witnessed the combat safely from a promontory, relinquished the desperate task of subduing the stubborn Greeks, and hastened back to the Hellespont with part of his land forces. His flatterers easily persuaded him that he had accomplished the main object of his expedition by the destruction of Athens. But three hundred thousand of his choicest troops remained with his general, Mardonius, to effect the

conquest of Greece if possible. After a weary retreat of forty-five days Xerxes reached the Hellespont with a comparatively small army, reduced as it had been, on the way, by drought and lack of provisions. The Persian fleet with its auxiliaries, the next morning after the battle of Salamis, had completely disappeared when the Greeks hurried out to chase them.

In the next year Mardonius, who had been one of the chief advisers and promoters of the great expedition, was defeated and slain in the battle of Platæa, which forever established the military superiority of the Greeks to the Persians. The Greek fleet also sailed across the Ægæan Sea, redeemed the islands which had been brought under the Persian yoke, and in a double fight at Mount Mycale, in Asia Minor, defeated a Persian army of 60,000 men, and destroyed the remnant of the ships that had escaped from Salamis. With these great successes the Greeks remained content for twelve years. Then the Athenians again sent forth a fleet under Cimon, which swept the Phœnician and Persian vessels from the eastern Mediterranean, and returned loaded with spoils and captives.

After reaching his capital Xerxes abandoned himself to a life of debauchery, and became the object of general odium and contempt. He was assassinated in his sleep, in the twenty-first year of his reign, 465 B.C.

THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

I saw him on the battle-eve,
When, like a king, he bore him—
Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs before him:
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds—
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds—
No daunting thoughts come o'er him;
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky.

He looked on ocean—its broad breast
Was covered with his fleet;
On earth—and saw from east to west,
His bannered millions meet;

While rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
The thunder of their feet!
He heard the imperial echoes ring—
He heard, and felt himself a king.

I saw him next alone: nor camp
Nor chief his steps attended;
Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood alone, whom fortune high
So lately seemed to deify;
He, who with heaven contended,
Fled like a fugitive and slave!
Behind—the foe; before—the wave.

He stood—fleet, army, treasure, gone—
Alone, and in despair!
But wave and wind swept ruthless on,
For they were monarchs there;
And Xerxes, in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
Must all their fury dare.
What a revenge—a trophy, this—
For thee, immortal Salamis!

—M. J. Fletcher.

THEMISTOCLES.

THE determined effort of the Persian Empire to crush the rising power of Greece was the means of calling forth men of heroic character, whose exertions gave to their country a foremost position in the history of civilization. At the most critical moment, when Greece was invaded by the vast army of Xerxes, who came to avenge the dishonor done at Marathon to the Persian name, there arose in Athens the most inspiring leader of the great struggle.

Themistocles was born at Athens in the year 514 B.C. His father was Neocles, a man of middle class and of moderate means. As his mother was a foreign woman of Thrace, the law of Athens pronounced Themistocles illegitimate. In his boyhood he exhibited a wayward and wilful disposition, yet he spent his time, as Plutarch writes, in inventing and composing declamations for either the impeachment or defence of some of his youthful companions. His master would often say, "Boy, you will be nothing common or indifferent; you will either be a blessing or a curse to the community."

Athens had become the scene of a fierce political rivalry, and Themistocles, as the leader of the popular party, was using all the arts and tricks of the demagogue. His rival, Aristides, had all the virtues which belonged to his position as leader of the aristocratic party. He was especially noted for his strict justice, and refused to favor his partisans at its expense. Themistocles was able, therefore, to put in exercise against him that remarkable provision of Athenian law by

which a leader who should be voted by his fellow-citizens to be dangerous could be banished for ten years.

The battle of Marathon, 490 B.C., in which Miltiades, the Grecian leader, humbled the Persian army of ten times his own numbers, stirred the soul of this young man. Themistocles took part in the action, and with his famous rival held a post of great danger. Some time after the battle of Marathon, Themistocles became depressed and denied himself all enjoyment. When asked the reason of his conduct by his friends, he replied, "The trophies of Miltiades will not suffer me to sleep."

Whilst the Athenian people fondly imagined that Marathon had put an end to danger from the Persians, Themistocles thought otherwise, and sought to strengthen the city's naval power as its proper defence. He prevailed on the assembly to reject a proposition that to every citizen of Athens should be distributed ten drachmæ (about $2), from the product of the silver mines at Laurium, and to appropriate the gross amount to building ships for the war with Ægina, a neighboring island.

Before this war was ended, accounts were brought to Athens of the formidable preparations of Xerxes, who appeared to inherit all his father's rancor against the Greeks. What Themistocles had foreseen now took place. In 480 B.C. Xerxes moved his forces on land and sea to the attack. Themistocles now urged his countrymen to build more ships, and to rely for safety on their naval power. The adoption of this counsel saved Greece, for subsequently Xerxes, when defeated at sea, could make no headway against the Athenians, though his land forces remained entire. When Xerxes was approaching through Northern Greece, burning and destroying the Phocian cities, the Greeks sent no succor to Athens. Its brave inhabitants could not think of giving battle alone to such a vast army; yet they were unwilling to leave Athens and trust themselves to their ships. Themistocles, after using all his eloquence and address to work upon their passions, had recourse to the oracle. From Delphi came the words, "The wooden wall shall alone remain unconquered to defend you and your children." Themistocles explained

that by "wooden walls" ships were meant. At last his arguments prevailed, and the young and adventurous embarked for Salamis; the old, the women and children took shelter in the city of Trœzene. Themistocles, acknowledging the patriotism of his rival Aristides, caused a decree to be made that all who had been banished only for a time, should have leave to return.

After suffering loss in the naval engagements off Eubœa, it was learned that the large Persian fleet was approaching the doomed city. Eurybiades, the Spartan, who had been given the command of the allied fleet, was for sailing to the Gulf of Corinth, that he might be near the land army. But Themistocles clearly saw that in the Straits of Salamis they could fight the Persian fleet with much greater advantage than in the Gulf of Corinth, where there was an open sea. Eurybiades lost his temper during the dispute, and was about to strike Themistocles. "Strike if you will, but hear me," exclaimed the great Athenian. The reason and moderation of Themistocles prevailed, and the generals decided to receive the Persians at Salamis. Xerxes gave command to his fleet to surround the straits by night in order to prevent the escape of the enemy. Aristides, who was then at Ægina, ventured in a small boat through the Persian fleet. Upon landing he went to the tent of Themistocles, and thus addressed him, "Let us still be rivals; but let our strife be which can best save our country." Themistocles replied, "I could have wished, Aristides, that you had not been beforehand with me in this noble emulation; but I will endeavor to outdo this happy beginning of yours by my future actions."

Aristides, informing Themistocles of the Persian fleet's real situation, exhorted him to give battle without delay. Themistocles had introduced into his fleet a new and improved system of attack, which proved highly effective. Every trireme was armed with a strong iron beak, and with this they would bear down on the vessels of the enemy, striking them broadside; the next tactic was to render the hostile ships unmanageable by dashing among the oars and breaking them. The most glorious event of the life of Themistocles was undoubtedly this great victory of Salamis. The fleet of

Xerxes comprised more than a thousand triremes, and although Themistocles had but 378 vessels, he utterly routed the Persian fleet. The joy of the Greeks upon this victory was enthusiastic: every commander had his share of honor; but the glory of Themistocles eclipsed that of all the rest. The Lacedæmonians carried him in triumph to Sparta. They adjudged the reward of valor to their own countryman Eurybiades, but that of wisdom to Themistocles. They crowned him with olive, presented him with a rich chariot, and conducted him with three hundred horse to the confines of their State. At the Olympic games the spectators received him with uncommon acclamations, the whole assembly rising to do him honor.

Themistocles now induced the Athenians, as the guardians of Grecian liberty, to levy contributions from all the islands that had espoused the Persian cause. These contributions he was charged with converting to his private advantage; but they were chiefly used for the maintenance and increase of the Athenian fleet. Themistocles, in thus reaching after imperial power, lost his influence at home, and was finally accused of treason in conjunction with Pausanias, King of Sparta. To him in turn came the dreaded ostracism. Banished from his native land, he threw himself on the mercy of Artaxerxes, a son of the man whose fleet he had destroyed at Salamis. In return for protection, Themistocles even promised to unfold a plan whereby that monarch might crush the power of Athens, but desired that one year should be given him to think over and mature this scheme. Artaxerxes made him ruler over four cities, from which he received all taxes. Plutarch relates that Themistocles, amid the splendor of his luxurious table, one day exclaimed, "How much we should have lost, my children, if we had not been ruined!" He died at the age of sixty-five, about the year 449 B.C. Thucydides says that the bones of Themistocles, by his own command, were privately carried back into Attica and buried there.

Themistocles left a reputation for decision, promptness of action and rectitude of judgment, fertility of resource and acuteness in conjecture, for foresight of the good and evil results of every measure, and for eloquence in enforcing his

conclusions. Nor was he less distinguished for daring in action. He, however, was fond of show and power, and of associating with men of wealth, and did not hesitate to use corrupt means for accomplishing his object, whether for the public weal or for self-enrichment. Themistocles was always chosen as leader in an emergency. He combined the arts of the successful politician of a democracy with the foresight and sagacity of an imperial statesman.

The Sea-Fight of Salamis.

All the Athenians capable of bearing arms or of handling an oar, embarked on board the fleet stationed at Salamis. The ships equipped and manned by them alone exceeded in number those of all their allies together, although the combined force was considerably augmented by the naval strength of Epirus and Acarnania. The whole Grecian armament, thus increased, amounted to three hundred and eighty vessels. That of the Persians, which now took possession of the Athenian harbors, lying to the south of the strait occupied by the Greeks, had also received a powerful reinforcement. The Locrians, Bœotians, and in general every people who had submitted to their arms, readily supplied them with ships; and several of the Ægæan Islands having at length prepared the quota which they had formerly been commanded to furnish, the Persian fleet was thus restored to its original complement of twelve hundred sail.

Trusting to the immense superiority of his armament, Xerxes was still desirous to make trial of his fortune at sea, notwithstanding his former disasters on that element. But before he came to a final resolution he summoned a council of war, in order to hear the opinion of his maritime subjects or allies. The tributary Kings of Tyre and Sidon, the leaders of the Egyptians, Cyprians and Cilicians, ever ready to flatter the passions of their sovereign, offered many frivolous reasons in favor of the alternative to which they perceived him inclined. But in the fleet of Xerxes there was a Grecian queen named Artemisia, widow of the Prince of Halicarnassus, and who had assumed the government of that city and territory for the benefit of her infant son. She not only fitted out five

ships to attend the Persian expedition, but took upon herself the command of her little squadron, and on every occasion conducted it with equal skill and bravery. Such vigor of mind, united with so delicate a form, deserved to excite admiration in every part of the world; but the manly spirit of Artemisia becomes still more admirable, when we consider the severe restraints which have been in all ages imposed on the female sex, by the manners and climate of Asia. Her superior genius recommended her to the peculiar favor of Xerxes, who was obliged to esteem in a woman the virtues which he himself wanted spirit to practice. Artemisia dissented from the general voice of the allies, and even opposed the inclination of the prince. But her judicious observations were heard without approbation; the worst opinion prevailed, being the best adapted to flatter the vanity of Xerxes.

When the Grecian commanders observed that the enemy prepared to venture another engagement at sea, they likewise assembled to deliberate whether they should continue in the strait between Salamis and Attica, or proceed further up the gulf, towards the Corinthian Isthmus. The latter proposal was generally approved by the confederates of Peloponnesus, who anxiously desired, in the present emergency, to approach as near as possible to their respective cities. Some hastened to their ships and hoisted sail, in order to depart; and it seemed likely that their example would be soon followed by the whole fleet. On board the ship of Themistocles was Mnesiphilus, formerly the instructor of his youth, and who now accompanied him as his counselor and friend. Mnesiphilus readily discerned that should the Greeks sail from Salamis, it would be impossible to prevent the general dispersion of their armament. He therefore exhorted Themistocles to endeavor, by all means possible, to prevent this fatal measure, and particularly to persuade the Spartan admiral, Eurybiades, to alter his present intention.

Themistocles readily embraced the opinion of his friend. Having waited on Eurybiades, he obtained his consent to summon a second assembly of the confederates. After they were fully convened, the Athenian began to call their attention to the state of their affairs; but his discourse was

insolently interrupted by Adimantus, the commander of the Corinthians, who had constantly discovered a particular solicitude for returning to the isthmus. Themistocles, no less prudent than brave, answered his reproaches with calmness, and then addressing himself to Eurybiades, "The fate of Greece," said he, "depends on the decision of the present moment, and that decision on you; if you resolve to sail to the isthmus, we must abandon Salamis, Megara and Ægina; we shall be compelled to fight in an open sea, where the enemy may fully avail themselves of their superior numbers; and as the Persian army will certainly attend the movements of their fleet, we shall draw their combined strength towards the Grecian Peninsula, our last and only retreat. But if you determine to retain the ships in their present station, the Persians will find it impossible, in a narrow channel, to attack us at once with their whole force: we shall preserve Megara and Salamis, and we shall effectually defend Peloponnesus; for the Barbarians being, as I firmly trust, defeated in a naval engagement, will not penetrate further than Attica, but return home with disgrace."

The firmness of this discourse shook the resolution of the confederates; and it was determined by the majority to continue at Salamis. Notwithstanding the wisdom and eloquence of Themistocles, the Peloponnesians were ready to return to their first determination. A vessel arriving from the isthmus, brought advice that the fortifications there were almost completed; if the fleet retired to the neighboring shore, the sailors might, even after a defeat at sea, take refuge behind their walls; but if conquered near the coast of Salamis, they would be forever separated from their families and friends and confined, without hope or resource, within the narrow limits of a barren island. Themistocles determined to prevent the Greeks from the possibility of leaving by employing stratagem, and sent a freedman, named Sicinus, to inform Xerxes that the Greeks had determined to make their escape under cover of the night. The deceit was believed; the whole day and the greater part of the succeeding night, the Persians employed in securing the several passages between the islands and the adjacent coast. They

also filled the little isle, or rather rock, of Psyttalea with the flower of the Persian infantry, in order to intercept the miserable remnant of the Greeks, who, after the expected defeat, would fly thither for refuge.

The first intelligence of these operations was brought to the Grecian fleet by Aristides, the Athenian, who readily embraced every opportunity to serve his country. Having with difficulty escaped in a small vessel from the Isle of Ægina, the generous patriot immediately communicated an account of what he had seen there to his rival, Themistocles, who, meeting his generosity with equal frankness, made him the confidant of his secret. Their interview was as memorable as the occasion; and, after a continued life of opposition and hatred, they now first agreed to suspend their private animosities in order to promote the common interest of their country. As the Peloponnesian commanders were either wavering and irresolute, or had determined to set sail, Aristides was desired to inform them of the arrangement which he had seen. The arrival of a vessel belonging to the Isle of Tenos confirmed the veracity of his report, and the Peloponnesians resolved to fight, because it was impossible to fly.

Before the dawn of the day the Grecian ships were drawn up in order of battle; and the Persians, who had been surprised at not finding them attempt to escape during the night, were still more surprised when morning discovered their close and regular arrangement. The Greeks began with the light their sacred hymns and pæans, which preceded their triumphant songs of war, accompanied by the animating sound of the trumpet. The shores of Attica re-echoed to the rocks of Salamis and Psyttalea. The Grecian acclamations filled the sky. Neither their appearance nor their words betokened flight or fear, but rather determined intrepidity and invincible courage. Yet was their valor tempered with wisdom. Themistocles delayed the attack until the ordinary breeze should spring up, which was no less favorable to the experience of the Grecian mariners, than dangerous to the lofty unwieldiness of the Persian ships. The signal was then given for the Athenian line to bear down against that of the Phœnicians, which rode on the west, off the coast of Eleusis; while the

Peloponnesians advanced against the enemy's left wing, stationed on the east, near the harbor of the Piræus. The Persians, confiding in their number, and secure of victory, did not decline the fight. A Phœnician galley, of uncommon size and strength, was distinguished in the front of their line by every circumstance of naval pomp. In the eagerness to engage, she far outstripped her companions; but her career was checked midway between the two fleets by an Athenian galley which had sailed forth to meet her. The first shock shattered her sculptured prow; the second buried her in the waves. The Athenians, encouraged by this auspicious prelude, proceeded with their whole force, animating each other to the combat by a martial song: "Advance, ye sons of Athens, save your country, defend your wives and children, deliver the temples of your gods, regain the sacred tombs of your renowned forefathers; *this day*, the common cause of Greece demands your valor."

The battle was bloody and destructive, and disputed on the side of the Persians with more obstinate resistance than on any former occasion; for, from the Attic coast, seated on a lofty throne, on the top of Mount Ægalios, Xerxes observed the scene of action, and attentively remarked, with a view to reward and punish, the various behavior of his subjects. The presence of their prince operated on their hopes, and still more powerfully on their fears. But neither the hope of acquiring the favor, nor the fear of incurring the displeasure of a despot, could furnish principles of action worthy of being compared with the patriotism and love of liberty which actuated the Greeks. To the dignity of their motives, as much as to the superiority of their skill, the latter owed their unexampled success in this memorable engagement. The foremost ships of the Phœnicians were dispersed or sunk. Amidst the terror and confusion occasioned by their repulse, they ran foul of those which had been drawn up in two lines behind them. The Athenians skillfully encircled them around, compressed them into a narrow space, and increased their disorder; they were at length entangled in each other, deprived of all power of action, and, to use the expressive figure of an eye-witness, "caught and destroyed like fish in a net."

Such was the fate of the right wing; while the Ionians, who, on the left, opposed the fleets of Peloponnesus and Ægina, furnished them with an opportunity to complete the victory. Many of the Asiatic Greeks, mindful of the advice given by Themistocles, abandoned the interest of the great king, and openly declared for their countrymen; others declined the engagement; the remainder were sunk and put to flight. Among those which escaped was the ship of Queen Artemisia, who in the battle of Salamis displayed superior courage and conduct; she was closely pursued by an Athenian galley, commanded by Amenias, brother of the poet Æschylus. In this extremity she employed a successful, but very unwarrantable stratagem. The nearest Persian vessel was commanded by Damasithymus, a tributary prince of Calynda in Lycia, a man with whom Artemisia was at variance. With great dexterity she darted the beak of her galley against the Lycian vessel. Damasithymus was buried in the waves; and Amenias, deceived by this measure—equally artful and audacious—believed the vessel of Artemisia one of those which had deserted the Persian interest. The Phœnician and Ionian squadrons (for that of the Egyptians had been exceedingly weakened by the action on the coast of Eubœa) formed the main strength of the Persian armament; after these were defeated, the ships at a distance ventured not to advance; but, hastily changing sail, measured back their course to the Athenian and other neighboring harbors. The victors, disdaining to pursue them, dragged the most valuable part of the wreck to the coasts of Psyttalea and Salamis. The narrow seas were covered with floating carcasses of the dead, among whom were few Greeks, as even those who lost their ships in the engagement saved their lives by swimming.

Xerxes had scarcely time to consider and deplore the destruction and disgrace of his fleet, when a new spectacle, not less mournful, offered itself to his sight. The flower of the Persian infantry had taken post on the rocky isle of Psyttalea, in order to receive the shattered remains of the Grecian armament, which, after its expected defeat, would naturally take refuge on that barren coast. But equally fallacious and fatal was their conjecture concerning the event of the battle. The

Greeks, disembarking from their ships, attacked, in the enthusiasm of victory, those astonished troops, who, unable to resist, and finding it impossible to fly, were cut down to a man. As Xerxes beheld this dreadful havoc, he started in wild agitation from his silver throne, rent his royal robes, and in the first moment of his returning tranquillity commanded the main body of his forces, posted along the Athenian coast, to return to their respective camps. From that moment he resolved to retreat with all possible expedition into Asia.

When the Greeks had leisure to examine the extent and completeness of their success, they determined, in the first emotions of triumph and resentment, to pursue the shattered remains of the enemy. That no Barbarian might escape, they purposed immediately to sail northward, to destroy the Persian bridge over the Hellespont, and thus to intercept their return. This design was recommended and chiefly supported by the Athenians, who, having experienced the greatest share of the danger, felt more sensibly the joys of deliverance. But, upon more mature deliberation, it occurred that the Persians were still sufficiently numerous to afford just grounds of terror. To their cowardice and inexperience, not to their want of strength, the Greeks owed all their advantages over them; but should the impossibility of retreat be added to their other calamities, they might derive courage from despair, and, by efforts hitherto unexerted, repair the consequences of their past errors and misfortunes. These considerations, first suggested, it is said, by Eurybiades the Spartan, were adopted by Themistocles, who convinced his countrymen that the jealousy of the Grecian gods, unwilling that one man should be lord of Europe and Asia, rather than their own prowess, had given them the victory over Xerxes, a prince of such folly and madness that he had treated with equal irreverence things human and divine, destroyed the sacred temples, overthrown the venerable altars and images, and impiously insulted the gods of the Hellespont with stripes and fetters. That it was the duty of the Athenians, after having gloriously repelled the common enemy, to provide for the subsistence of their wives and families, to sow their lands, rebuild their houses, and thus

to repair, by the most industrious activity, the dreadful ravages committed in their territories.

Themistocles had no sooner persuaded the Athenians to embrace his opinion than he secretly dispatched his confidant, Sicinus, to acquaint the great king with the danger which he had so nearly escaped, and to advise him to pursue his journey with all possible expedition. Xerxes readily believed a piece of information which agreed with the suggestions of his own timidity. The rapidity of his march conspired with famine and other circumstances in proving fatal to the lives of most of his followers; and the crafty Athenian, who, knowing the unstable affections of the multitude, wished to deserve the gratitude of a king, gained the double advantage of dispelling, sooner than could otherwise have happened, that destructive cloud of Barbarians which hovered over his country, and of convincing their leader that he was in part indebted for his safety to that very man whose counsels, rather than the arms of Greece, had occasioned his affliction and disgrace.—J. GILLIES.

DEMOSTHENES.

DEMOSTHENES, the celebrated Athenian orator and statesman, perhaps the greatest orator that ever lived, was a son of Demosthenes, a cutler and opulent citizen of Athens, and was born about 384 B.C. When he was but seven years old his father died, and his guardians converted to their own use a large part of his patrimony. Though his constitution was delicate and his voice feeble, he cherished, at an early age, an ambition to be an orator. He studied rhetoric with Isæus, and from Plato he imbibed much of the richness and grandeur which characterized the writings of that mighty master. But his rascally guardians defrauded his tutors of their salaries. On attaining his freedom, about the age of eighteen, he prosecuted his guardians, denouncing them in five orations, and gained his cause, but did not recover all his patrimony.

His attempts at public political speeches were less successful, bringing on him ridicule for his stammering voice and ungraceful gestures. To remedy his defects he adopted heroic remedies ; to cure his stammering he spoke with pebbles in his mouth; to become long-winded, he practiced running up hill; and to accustom himself to the turbulence of the noisy assembly of the people, he declaimed on the seashore. Nor was this all his peculiar regimen. He built a subterranean

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study, in which he made strenuous and persistent efforts to improve his oratorical action and acquire a distinct and orotund utterance. To perfect his style he copied many times the History of Thucydides, which abounds in terse orations. The great statesman, Pericles, was his model in action and delivery.

When Demosthenes emerged from the obscurity of his cell and his genius began to attract public attention, one of his rivals uttered the taunt that all his arguments smelled of the lamp. Demosthenes retorted, "Yes, indeed; but your lamp and mine are not conscious of the same labors." He practiced in the courts as an advocate, and in 350 B.C. he achieved a decided success by an oration against Leptines. His principal fame was derived from his political orations, which form a glorious protest against the moral decadence and pervading corruption of the times.

The chief aim of his public career was to resist and defeat the ambitious schemes and aggressive operations of Philip of Macedon. Against that crafty and resolute king Demosthenes, almost single-handed, undertook to defend the cause of Grecian democracy. He proved himself a champion worthy of the momentous charge, and won the respect of the opponents of the bold truths which he uttered. But he never obtained any eminent position; nor did he lead against Philip those armies which his eloquence had raised. Between 352 and 340 B.C. he delivered eleven orations against Philip, and four of these have acquired special fame as Philippics. Having persuaded the Athenians of their duty to resist the schemes of the Macedonian king, he next went as an ambassador to other Hellenic States, and persuaded nearly all to join in a league against the common enemy. But Philip, with his well-drilled Macedonian phalanx, gained at Chæronea in 338 B.C. the decisive victory which was fatal to the liberty and independence of Athens. Demosthenes was there, but if we are to believe Plutarch, "he performed nothing worthy of the glorious things he had spoken. He quitted his post; he threw away his arms."

Yet after this crushing defeat the orator, whose true vocation was to arouse and stimulate patriotism, continued to be

the foremost man in the State. In 336 B.C. Ctesiphon proposed that Demosthenes should receive a golden crown from the city as a reward for his public services, as had been done to other benefactors. His rival, Æschines, opposed this measure as unconstitutional, and the trial of this celebrated cause before the assembly of the people was postponed until 330. The oration of Demosthenes, "On the Crown," which was really a defence of his entire public career, is undoubtedly his masterpiece, and the most perfect specimen of eloquence that was ever produced. Demosthenes triumphed, and Æschines was banished. More than four-fifths of the numerous judges in this trial voted against Æschines.

In the year 324 the incorruptible patriot was accused of receiving a bribe from Harpalus, a defaulting steward of Alexander the Great, with whom he had had some dealings. Strange to say, he was convicted and fined fifty talents; but he avoided the payment of the fine by going into exile. Modern historical critics doubt the truth of this charge and the justice of the penalty, and attribute the conviction to political rancor. When Demosthenes quitted his native city in disgrace and bitterness of soul, he lifted up his hands toward the Acropolis and said, "O Athene, goddess of those towers, why dost thou delight in three such monsters as an owl, a dragon, and the people?" Soon after the death of Alexander, in 323 B.C., Demosthenes was recalled and returned in triumph. But his exultation was of short duration, and his death having been decreed by Antipater, now King of Macedon, he ended his life by poison in 322 B.C.

About sixty of his orations are extant. "His style," says Hume, "is rapid harmony exactly adjusted to the sense; it is vehement reasoning without any appearance of art; it is disdain, anger, boldness, freedom, involved in a continued stream of argument." He affects no learning, exhibits no ostentatious declamation, seeks no glaring ornaments. Yet by the power of his unadorned eloquence, he wielded against the most powerful king of the time the fierce and turbulent democracy. In his person were united the ardent patriot, the far-seeing statesman, with the consummate and unapproachable artist.

Demosthenes Against Philip.

When you hear described, men of Athens! the continual hostilities by which Philip violates the peace, I observe that you approve the equity and patriotism of those who support the rights of the Republic; but while nothing is done, on account of which it is worth while to listen to such speeches, our affairs are brought to such a pass that the more clearly we convict Philip of perfidy towards you, and of hostile designs against Greece, the more difficult it is to propose any seasonable advice. The cause of this difficulty is, that the encroachments of ambition must be repelled, not by words, but by deeds. If speeches and reasonings sufficed, we should long ere now have prevailed over our adversary. But Philip excels in actions as much as we do in arguments; and both of us obtain the superiority in what forms respectively the chief object of our study and concern; we in our assemblies, Philip in the field.

Immediately after the peace, the King of Macedon became master of Phocis and Thermopylæ, and made such use of these acquisitions as suited the interest of Thebes, not of Athens. Upon what principle did he act thus? Because, governed in all his proceedings, not by the love of peace and justice, but by an insatiable lust of power, he saw the impossibility of bending the Athenians to his selfish and tyrannical purposes. He knew that the loftiness of their character would never stoop to private considerations, but prefer to any advantage that he might offer them, the dictates of justice and of honor; and that neither their penetration, nor their dignity, could ever be prevailed on to sacrifice to a partial and temporary interest, the general safety of Greece; but that they would fight for each member of the Confederacy with the same ardor as for their own walls. The Thebans he judged (and he judged aright) to be more assailable; he knew their folly and their meanness to be such, that provided he heaped benefits on themselves, they would assist him to enslave their neighbors. Upon the same principle he now cultivates, in preference to yours, the friendship of the Messenians and Argives; a circumstance, Athenians! which highly redounds

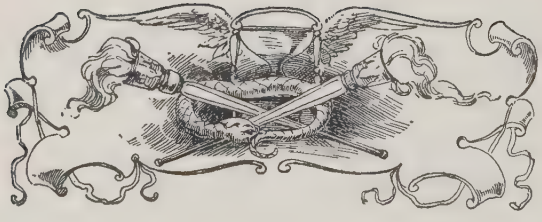
to your honor, since Philip thus declares his persuasion that you alone have wisdom to understand, and virtue to oppose his designs; that you foresee the drift of all his negotiations and wars, and are determined to be the incorruptible defenders of the common cause. Nor is it without good grounds that he entertains such an honorable opinion of you, and the contrary of the Thebans and Argives. When the liberties of Greece were threatened by Persia, as they now are by Macedon, the Thebans basely followed the standard of the invaders; the Argives did not oppose their arms; while the magnanimous patriots, from whom you are descended, spurned offers, highly advantageous, made them by Alexander of Macedon, the ancestor of Philip, who acted as the ambassador of Persia. Your fathers, preferring the public interest to their own, provoked the devastation of their land and the destruction of their capital, and performed, in defence of Greece, those unrivalled exploits of heroism which can never be celebrated with due praise. For such reasons, Philip chooses for his allies Thebes, Argos, and Messene, rather than Athens and Sparta. The former States possess not greater strength, wealth, fleets, harbors, and armies; they have not more *power*, but less *virtue*. Nor can Philip plead the merits of their cause; since, if Chæronea and Orchomenus are justly subject to Thebes, Argos and Messene are justly subject to Lacedæmon; nor could it be equitable to enslave the inferior cities of Bœotia, and at the same time to teach those of Peloponnesus to rebel.

But Philip was compelled to this conduct (for this is the only remaining argument that can be alleged in his defence). "Surrounded by the Thessalian cavalry and Theban infantry, he was obliged to assist allies whom he distrusted, and to concur with measures which he disapproved. Hence the severe treatment of Phocis, hence the cruel servitude of Orchomenus and Chæronea. The King of Macedon, being now at liberty to consult the dictates of his own humanity and justice, is desirous to re-establish the Republic of Phocis; and, in order to bridle the insolence of Thebes, actually meditates the fortifying of Elatea." This, indeed, he meditates, and will meditate long. But he does not *meditate* the destruction of Lacedæmon. For this purpose he has remitted money, he

has sent his mercenaries, he is prepared, himself, to march at the head of a powerful army. His present transactions sufficiently explain the motives of his conduct. It is evident that he acts from system, and that his principal batteries are erected against Athens itself. How can it be otherwise? He is ambitious to rule Greece; you alone are capable to thwart his measures. He has long treated you unworthily; and he is conscious of his injustice. He is actually contriving your destruction, and he is sensible that you see through his designs. For all these reasons he knows that you detest him, and that should he not anticipate your hostility, he must fall a victim to your just vengeance. Hence he is ever active and alert, watching a favorable moment of assault, and practicing on the stupidity and selfishness of the Thebans and Peloponnesians; for if they were not stupid and blind, they might perceive the fatal aim of the Macedonian policy. I once spoke on this subject before the Messenians and Argives; my discourse, which was useless to them, may, perhaps not unseasonably, be repeated to you.

"Men of Argos and Messene! you remember the time when Philip caressed the Olynthians, as he now does you; how highly, do you think, that infatuated people would have been offended, had any man talked against the benefactor who had generously bestowed on them Anthemus and Potidæa? Had any man warned them against the dangerous artifices of Philip, would they have listened to his advice? Yet, after enjoying for a moment the territories of their neighbors, they were forever despoiled of their own. Inglorious was their fall; not conquered only, but betrayed and sold by one another. Turn your eyes to the Thessalians. When Philip expelled their tyrants, could the Thessalians ever conjecture that the same prince would subject them to the creatures of Macedon, still more tyrannical and oppressive? When he restored them to their seat and suffrage in the Amphictyonic Council, could they have been persuaded that he would one day deprive them of the management of their own revenues? As to you, Messenians and Argives! you have beheld Philip smiling and deceiving; but beware! pray to heaven, that you may never behold him insulting, threatening and destroying.

Various are the contrivances which communities have discovered for their defence; walls, ramparts, battlements, all of which are raised by the labor of man, and supported by continual expense and toil. But there is one common bulwark, which only the prudent employ, though alike useful to all, especially to free cities against tyrants. What is that? Distrust. Of this be mindful; to this adhere; preserve this carefully, and no calamity can befall you."—From the SECOND PHILIPPIC.



PHOCION.

ATHENS, during all the period of its democratic government, had an aristocratic party, and a succession of aristocratic leaders. These were usually men of ancient and wealthy families, who took an active part in public affairs, were personally respected for their probity, and often manifested a philosophic contempt for luxury. These estimable aristocrats were at times entrusted by the despised people with the highest offices and commands; yet their efforts were mainly directed towards repressing the natural movement of the people and their chosen system of government. No better type of this class can be found than Phocion, the strenuous opponent of Demosthenes. This sternly upright statesman, whose private virtues, in a time of general corruption, won for him the surname of "The Good," was yet the ready instrument in subjecting his native city to the power of Philip of Macedon.

Phocion was born at Athens about the year 402 B.C. He received an excellent education and attended the lectures of Plato. His military training was commenced under Chabrias, an experienced commander. By him Phocion, while yet a young man, was commissioned with twenty galleys to collect tribute from the allies of Athens. But he sagely objected to the size of the fleet, saying, "To meet enemies the force was insufficient; to visit friends it was needlessly great." Chabrias then allowed him to go with a single galley, which he provided at his own expense. He made this mission unusually accept-

able, and numerous vessels of the allies voluntarily attended him home, bearing the full amount of tribute. This was the first time within memory that the expense of equipping an expedition had been undertaken by individuals.

In the naval battle of Naxos, in September, 376, Phocion commanded the left wing of the fleet, and contributed largely by his skillful tactics to obtain a signal victory over the Spartans. Athens then gave Phocion the command of the forces sent to the aid of Plutarch against Philip of Macedon, expecting that the Eubœans would immediately rise and join him. But Phocion found them corrupted by Philip's money and disaffected to their own country. Plutarch himself repaid his benefactors with ingratitude, and endeavored openly to repulse the army he had requested. However, Phocion on the plains of Tamynæ won a decided victory, and expelled Plutarch from Eretria. He then took the Fort of Zaretra, advantageously situated on a point at the end of the island. After this success he sailed back to Athens.

Philip now determined, if possible, to gain possession of the Chersonesus, Perinthus and Byzantium, but was still very cautious of displeasing the Athenians. At least whilst besieging Byzantium, he wrote to them a letter upbraiding them in the strongest terms for their infraction of treaties. Demosthenes told the Athenians that this letter was a plain declaration of war, and Phocion being general, led his troops to the succor of the Byzantines. His prudence and the bravery of his army forced Philip to abandon his design. Phocion captured some of his ships, recovered many fortresses, and drove him from the Hellespont. The King of Macedon now made overtures of peace. Phocion, apprehensive of the uncertainty of supplies, urged the Athenians to accept his offers; but Demosthenes, believing that Philip's only view was to gain time, prevented them from listening to pacific proposals. Demosthenes advised that the war should be carried on as far as possible from Attica. This drew from Phocion, the experienced general, the remark: "My good friend, consider not so much where we shall fight, as how we shall conquer ; for victory is the only thing that can keep war at a distance : if we are beaten, every danger will soon be at our gates." The

Athenians did lose the day at Chæronæa (338 B.C.), and then decided, against the advice of Phocion, that Athens should be comprehended in the general peace, made at Corinth, and as one of the States of Greece, should have the same terms with the other cities. When, afterwards, the Athenians repented, because they were obliged to furnish Philip with vessels and cavalry, Phocion observed, "This was the thing I feared; and on it my opposition was founded. But since you have signed the treaty, you must bear its inconveniences without murmuring or despondence; remembering that your ancestors sometimes gave law to their neighbors, and sometimes were forced to submit, but did both with honor; and by that means saved themselves and all Greece."

When the news of Philip's death was brought to Athens, Phocion would not permit any public rejoicing. "Nothing," said he, "could show greater meanness of spirit than expressions of joy on the death of an enemy." Demosthenes, with all the power of his oratory, now urged the Athenians against submitting to Alexander, whose military abilities were soon shown in his capture of Thebes. Phocion directly opposed Demosthenes. "When you see," he remarked, "such a dreadful fire near you, could you plunge Athens into it? For my part, I will not suffer you to ruin yourselves, though your inclinations lie that way; and to prevent every step of that kind is the end I proposed in taking the command." Phocion, in an embassy to Alexander, advised him, "If tranquillity be your object, put an end to your wars; if glory, leave the Greeks in quiet, and turn your arms against the barbarians." Alexander followed his suggestion, and was pleased to say, "The people of Athens must be very attentive to the affairs of Greece: for if anything happens to me, the supreme direction will devolve upon them." He afterwards sent to Phocion a present of a hundred talents, which the incorruptible patriot unhesitatingly refused. Again was he offered by the same monarch the choice of one of four Asiatic cities; but this gift the Athenian likewise declined.

After the death of Alexander in 323 B.C., Phocion pursued his usual line of policy in the Lamian war, by which Athens sought to regain independence. When that conflict had

eventuated unfavorably for Athens, he was sent to treat with Antipater, King of Macedon, for peace. In this he succeeded, and Antipater, recognizing his high personal character, vested in him the chief authority of Athens. But 12,000 citizens were disfranchised, and the anti-Macedonian leaders put to death. Thus was the voice of the democracy silenced.

But the death of Antipater, in 318, renewed the troubles. The Athenians returning held an assembly, and voted the complete re-establishment of democracy, and the death or banishment of all who had held office in the oligarchy, of whom the most conspicuous was Phocion. The exiles fled to the camp of Alexander, son of Polysperchon, and were sent by him to his father's court. They were followed thither by an Athenian embassy, which demanded their surrender. Polysperchon gave up the fugitives. When Phocion and the others were brought before the assembly, their voices were drowned by the clamor of their judges. Every one who attempted to speak in favor of the accused was hooted down as a traitor to democracy. They were all condemned to die. One wretch is said to have spat on Phocion, as he and the others were led back to prison. With unruffled composure he only looked towards the magistrates and asked, "Will no one stop this man's indecency?" Phocion was the last of the prisoners to die (317 B.C.). Before he drank the hemlock, he was asked if he had any message for his son; he replied, "I bid him cherish no resentment against the Athenians." The people soon repented of their hasty act; they erected to Phocion a statue of brass, and honored his remains with a public funeral. His principal accuser was put to death, and the others driven into exile.

Phocion, though not eloquent, was a singularly ready and acute debater, and his opinion carried weight from his well established character for uprightness. In politics his distrust of the people led him to counsel peace, and to side with the Macedonian party. His motives were pure and unselfish, and his desire for peace sincere. Yet as a warrior he possessed eminent ability, and was elected annually to the office of general no less than forty-five times. He lived in unostentatious frugality. He is most conspicuous as the unrelenting

adversary of Demosthenes. The great orator recognized his opponent's influence, and when Phocion rose to speak, whispered to his friends, "Here comes the chopper of my speeches." Phocion was the last of the Athenian statesmen who combined the characters of legislator and general.

Phocion's Sayings.

Phocion was one of the most humane and best-tempered men in the world, and yet he had so ill-natured and forbidding a look that strangers were afraid to address him without company. Therefore, when Chares, the orator, observed to the Athenians what terrible brows Phocion had, and they could not help enjoying the remark, he calmly said, "This brow of mine never gave one of you an hour of sorrow; but the laughter of these sneerers has cost their country many a tear." In like manner, though the measures he proposed were happy ones, and his counsels of the most salutary kind, yet he used no flowers of rhetoric; his speeches were concise, commanding, and severe. For, as Zeno says, that a philosopher should never let a word come out of his mouth that is not strongly tinctured with sense, so Phocion's oratory contained the most sense in the fewest words. And it seems that Polyeuctus, the Sphettian, had this view when he said, "Demosthenes was the better orator, and Phocion the more persuasive speaker." His speeches were to be estimated like coins, not for the size, but for the intrinsic value. Agreeably to which we are told that one day, when the theatre was full of people, Phocion was observed behind the scenes wrapt up in thought, when one of his friends took occasion to say, "What! at your meditations, Phocion?" "Yes," said he, "I am considering whether I cannot shorten what I have to say to the Athenians." His influence with the people is chiefly to be ascribed to the excellence of his character, since a word or a nod from a person revered for his virtue is of more weight than the most elaborate speeches of other men.

Phocion not only honored and paid his court to Chabrias as long as he lived, but, after his death, continued his attentions to all that belonged to him. With his son, Ctesippus, he took peculiar care to form him to virtue; and though he

found him very stupid and untractable, yet he still labored to correct his errors, as well as to conceal them. Once, indeed, his patience failed him. In one of his expeditions the young man was so troublesome with unseasonable questions and attempts to give advice, as if he knew how to direct the operations better than the general, that at last he cried out, "O Chabrias, Chabrias! what a return do I make thee for thy favors, in bearing with the impertinencies of thy son!"

He observed that those who took upon them the management of public affairs made two departments of them—the civil and the military, which they shared as it were by lot. Pursuant to this division, Demosthenes, Lycurgus and Hyperides addressed the people from the rostrum, and proposed new edicts; while Leosthenes and Chares raised themselves by the honors and employments of the camp. But Phocion chose rather to move in the line of Pericles, Aristides and Solon, who excelled not only as orators, but as generals, for he thought their fame more complete; and he knew that the tutelar goddess of Athens was equally the patroness of arts and arms.

When an oracle from Delphi was read in the assembly, importing, "That the rest of the Athenians were unanimous in their opinions, and there was only one man who dissented from them," Phocion forthwith arose and said, "They need not give themselves any trouble in inquiring for this refractory citizen, for he was the man who liked not anything they did." And another time in a public debate, when his opinion happened to be received with universal applause, he turned to his friends and said, "Have I inadvertently let some bad thing slip from me?"

The Athenians were one day making a collection to defray the expense of a public sacrifice, and numbers gave liberally. Phocion was importuned to contribute among the rest, but he bade them apply to the rich. "I should be ashamed," said he, "to give you anything, and not to pay this man what I owe him;" pointing to the usurer Callicles. And as they continued very clamorous and teasing, he told them this tale: "A cowardly fellow once resolved to make a campaign; but when he was set out the ravens began to croak,

and he laid down his arms and stopped. When the first alarm was a little over, he marched again. The ravens renewed their croaking, and then he made a full stop, and said, 'You may croak your hearts out if you choose, but you shall not taste my carcass.'"

The Athenians once insisted on his leading them against the enemy, and when he refused, they told him nothing could be more dastardly and spiritless than his behavior. He answered, "You can neither make me valiant, nor can I make you cowards; however, we know one another very well."

Public affairs happening to be in a dangerous situation, the people were greatly exasperated against him, and demanded an immediate account of his conduct. Upon which he only said, "My good friends, first get out of your difficulties."

During a war, however, they were generally humble and submissive, and it was not till after peace was made that they began to talk in a vaunting manner, and to find fault with their general. As they were one time telling Phocion he had robbed them of the victory which was in their hands, he said, "It is happy for you that you have a general who knows you; otherwise you would have been ruined long ago."

Having a difference with the Bœotians, which they refused to settle by treaty, and proposed to decide by the sword, Phocion said, "Good people, keep to the method in which you have the advantage; and that is talking, not fighting."

One day, determined not to follow his advice, they refused to give him a hearing. But he said, "Though you can make me act against my judgment, you shall never make me speak so."

Demosthenes, the greatest orator of the adverse party, happening to say, "The Athenians will certainly kill thee, Phocion, if they get mad," he answered, "They may kill me, if they get mad; but it will be you, if they are in their senses."

When Polyeuctus, the Sphettian, advised the Athenians to make war upon Philip, the weather being hot, and the orator a corpulent man, he ran himself out of breath, and perspired

so violently that he was forced to take several draughts of cold water before he could finish his speech. Phocion, seeing him in such a condition, thus addressed the assembly—"You have great reason to pass an edict for the war upon this man's recommendation. For what are you not to expect from him when, loaded with a suit of armor, he marches against the enemy, if in delivering to you peaceable folks a speech he had composed at his leisure, he is ready to be suffocated?"

Lycurgus, the orator, one day said many disparaging things of him in the general assembly, and, among the rest, observed that when Alexander demanded ten of their orators, Phocion gave it as his opinion that they should be delivered to him. "It is true," said Phocion, "I have given the people of Athens much good counsel; but they do not follow it."

All these sayings have something so severe in them that it seems strange that a man of such austere and unpopular manners should ever get the surname of "The Good." It is indeed difficult, but I believe not impossible, for the same man to be both rough and gentle, as some wines are both sweet and sour; and, on the other hand, some men who have a great appearance of gentleness in their temper are very harsh and vexatious to those who have to do with them. In this case, the saying of Hyperides to the people of Athens deserves notice: "Examine not whether I am severe upon you, but whether I am so for my own sake." As if it were avarice only that makes a minister odious to the people, and the abuse of power to the purposes of pride, envy, anger or revenge, did not make a man equally obnoxious.—PLUTARCH.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

ALFRED THE GREAT has always been regarded by the English people as their ideal king, and is pronounced by the eminent historian, Edward A. Freeman, "the most perfect character in history." Yet he lived in a rude and barbarous age when might made right, when the violence of savage enemies compelled every man constantly to resort to arms to protect his person and possessions, and allowed little opportunity to cultivate the arts of peace. When war was necessary to defend his country, Alfred proved himself a valiant soldier and skillful military leader. When peace was established he devoted himself to the promotion of justice and the welfare of his people. In the midst of the turmoil of war and battle he retained the love of learning which his pious mother had inculcated, and when happier times came at last, he endeavored, by writing books and founding institutions of learning, to transmit to posterity the means of enlightenment.

Alfred was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, 850 A.D. His father, Ethelwulf, before coming to the throne, had been a monk. Ethelwulf married Osberga, the daughter of his cupbearer, and by her he had four sons, of whom Alfred was the youngest. When he was twelve years old, his mother offered a handsomely illuminated book of Saxon poems to the son who first should be able to read them. Alfred obtained the prize, and henceforth he showed a studious disposition and great love for literature. While still a boy he was taken by his father on a pilgrimage to Rome, and undoubtedly

received deep impressions from the splendid monuments of the Eternal City.

At his accession to the throne of Wessex, the country of the West Saxons, in 871 A.D., Alfred was twenty-one years of age. The infant son of his elder brother, Ethelwald, being alive, Alfred was not the rightful heir; but owing to the troublous state of the country at that period, the nobles requested him to take the crown, as being more capable of guarding its rights. He had already been married to Alswitha, the daughter of a Mercian nobleman. The Danes, who from the time of Egbert, had been constantly making depredations in England, now invaded Wessex, and defeated Alfred in battle at Wilton, in Wiltshire. The Danes, on receiving a large sum of money, withdrew from Wessex. They, however, continued their ravages in the North of England, slaughtering the people without mercy, and laying waste the country. Alfred retired south of the Thames and equipped a fleet, which, in some measure, checked the attacks of the Danes. While Alfred was residing at Chippenham, on the river Avon, Guthrum, a Danish leader, attacked this town at night, in the middle of winter, and the King had to flee for his life. He wandered through the country for some time in disguise. It is related by the chroniclers of that day, that the King sought shelter in the house of a swineherd. The wife of his humble host, being engaged in her homely duties, requested the stranger to turn some cakes, which she was baking, to prevent them burning. The thoughts of Alfred were far away, considering the best means of defeating his enemies. The cakes were burned, and the woman, on discovering his neglect, soundly berated her guest, saying that he would be glad enough to eat the cakes, but was too lazy to turn them.

In the county of Somerset, at the junction of the rivers Parret and Tone, was a marshy island, now called Athelney. This, for many months, was Alfred's hiding place; and here he was frequently visited by his nobles, who were secretly preparing to make one great and final struggle to overthrow the Danes. Alfred, in the disguise of a harper, now left his hiding place, and boldly visited the camp of Guthrum. His enemies were captivated with his music, and kept him there

for several days, during which he overheard them discussing their plans of further attack on the Saxons. Quietly leaving their camp, he joined his nobles, who were assembled in Selwood Forest. An army was quickly gotten together and marched against the Danes, meeting them at Ethandune, in Wiltshire; a battle ensued, 878 A.D., in which the Saxons were completely victorious. Alfred at once attacked the camp of Guthrum, and in fourteen days the Danish leader was forced to capitulate. Guthrum himself, and many of his chiefs, embraced the Christian faith. They were given a narrow tract of land lying between the rivers Thames and Tweed, which received the name of Danelagh. The settlement of the Danes in England is shown at the present day by many geographical names, such as those ending in 'by,' the Danish for 'town.'

For a time England had rest from foreign invaders, and her people were able to turn without distraction to their domestic affairs. Alfred summoned the Witenagemot, or "assembly of the wise men," to assist him in providing for the welfare of the kingdom. This great national council or parliament was composed of the higher clergy and the nobles. The Commons, who now hold the reins of power, had not then attained sufficient importance or prominence in the State to be asked for advice. The Anglo-Saxon Parliament not only assisted in making those laws which are consecrated with the name of Alfred, but were the judges of all State criminals and had the general superintendence of the courts of justice throughout the land.

But the peace was of short duration. Once more, in 890 A.D., the irrepressible Danes, with a fleet of 330 ships, crossed the German Ocean, and landed on the Kentish shore. Their leader was Hastings, a man of such vigor and skill, that, but for the precautions taken by King Alfred, and the generalship he now displayed, all England must speedily have become Danish. The Danes ravaged the south of the island for three years; Hastings even established a camp within twenty miles of London. The Saxon king went to reconnoitre the Danish camp, and saw the river covered with the ships of the enemy. Summoning his men, he ordered them to dig three

deep channels from the Lea to the Thames, thus diverting the course of the former river. Very soon the Danish ships were all aground. Hastings and his army fled.

The rest of Alfred's reign was peace. He spent his latter years in carrying out plans for the welfare of his people. Though the victim of an internal disease which left him few painless hours during twenty-four years, his energies never drooped through all the changes of a toilsome life. For the safety of the country, he built strong castles in advantageous positions, where the attack of an enemy could most easily be withstood. He was the organizer of the militia system, and divided all men capable of bearing arms into three divisions; one body garrisoned the towns, while the other two acted as a sort of reserve, being engaged in military duty and agricultural pursuits by turns.

This great king was untiring in his efforts to acquire knowledge and convey it to his people. He sent intelligent men to Russia, Jerusalem, and even, it is said, to India, to obtain geographical and other learning. His court was the home of many distinguished scholars. He is honored as the founder of Oxford University, which dates from 886 A.D. He promulgated a law compelling the nobles to have their children educated, and he himself provided books for their instruction. "Æsop's Fables," Bede's "Latin History of the Anglo-Saxon Church" and the Psalms were translated into Saxon by this book-loving king.

Bishop Asser relates that Alfred measured the time by candles, so as not to neglect any of his duties. These candles were made all of one length, burning one inch in twenty minutes. He divided his day into three parts,—one he devoted to business of state; a second, to religious exercises and the pursuit of knowledge; and a third, to sleep, meals and recreation.

Alfred framed a code of laws, in which the chief enactments of Ethelbert and Offa had place; and by the execution of these with stern impartiality, crime became rare. Trial by jury is traced to this code, though its original form had little resemblance to the institution as now known. The execution of the laws was vested in officers called Reeves, of

whom the chief in each county was called Shire-reeve, and was the original of our Sheriff. The land was divided into counties, hundreds, and tithings or tenths, making the administration of justice the easier.

Alfred died at Farringdon, in Berkshire, 901 A.D., being fifty-one years of age. He was buried in the new Minster, which he himself had founded in Winchester, the capital of his kingdom.

Alfred the Great was the best of English kings. The pages of history can nowhere produce a purer portion than those which record his life. His remark, "It is just that the English should forever remain as free as their own thoughts," showed his patriotism and noble nature. He devoted his life to the good of his subjects, and "we can justly bestow on him the triple crown of Virtue, Heroism, and Culture."

Alfred the Great, says Freeman, "is a singular instance of a prince who has become a hero of romance, who, as such, has had countless imaginary exploits attributed to him, but to whose character romance has done no more than justice, and who appears in exactly the same light in history and in fable. No other man on record has ever so thoroughly united all the virtues both of the ruler and of the private man. In no other man on record were so many virtues disfigured by so little alloy. A saint without superstition, a scholar without ostentation, a warrior whose wars were all fought in the defence of his country, a conqueror whose laurels were never stained by cruelty, a prince never cast down by adversity, never lifted up to insolence in the day of triumph, there is no other name in history to compare with his."

Alfred's Triumph over Guthrum.

Guthrum, the leader of the Danes, had fixed his residence at Gloucester, and rewarded the services of his veterans by dividing among them the lands in the neighborhood. But while this peaceful occupation seemed to absorb his attention, his mind was actively employed in arranging a plan of warfare which threatened to extinguish the last of the Saxon governments in Britain. A winter campaign had hitherto been unknown in the annals of Danish devastation; after

their summer expeditions the invaders had always devoted the succeeding months to festivity and repose, and it is probable that the followers of Guthrum were as ignorant as the Saxons of the real design of their leader. On the first day of the year 878 they received an unexpected summons to meet him on horseback at an appointed place; on the night of the 6th of January they were in possession of Chippenham, a royal villa on the left bank of the Avon. There is reason to believe that Alfred was in the place when the alarm was given; it is certain that he could not be at any great distance. From Chippenham, Guthrum dispersed his cavalry in different directions over the neighboring counties; the Saxons were surprised by the enemy before they had heard of the war; and the king saw himself surrounded by the barbarians, without horses, and almost without attendants. At first he conceived the rash design of rushing on the multitude of his enemies; but his temerity was restrained by the more considerate suggestions of his friends; and he consented to reserve himself for a less dangerous and more hopeful experiment. To elude suspicion he dismissed the few thanes who were still near his person, and endeavored alone and on foot to gain the centre of Somersetshire. There he found a secure retreat in a small island situated in a morass formed by the conflux of the Tone and the Parret, which was afterwards distinguished by the name of Ethelingey, or Prince's Island.

Though the escape of Alfred had disappointed the hopes of the Danes, they followed up their success with indefatigable activity. The men of Hampshire, Dorset, Wilts, and Berkshire, separated from each other, ignorant of the fate of their prince, and unprepared for any rational system of defence, saw themselves compelled to crouch beneath the storm. Those who dwelt near the coast crossed with their families and treasure to the opposite shores of Gaul; the others sought to mitigate by submission the ferocity of the invaders, and by the surrender of a part to preserve the remainder of their property. One county alone, that of Somerset, is said to have continued faithful to the fortunes of Alfred; and yet in the county of Somerset he was compelled to conceal himself at Ethelingey, while the ealderman Æthelnoth, with

a few adherents, wandered in the woods. By degrees the secret of the royal retreat was revealed; Alfred was joined by the more trusty of his subjects; and in their company he occasionally issued from his concealment, intercepted the straggling parties of the Danes, and returned, loaded with the spoils, often of the enemy, sometimes (such was his hard necessity) of his own people. As his associates multiplied, these excursions were more frequent and successful; and at Easter, to facilitate the access to the island, he ordered a communication to be made with the land by a wooden bridge, of which he secured the entrance by the erection of a fort.

While the attention of Alfred was thus fixed on the enemy who had seized the eastern provinces of his kingdom, he was unconscious of the storm which threatened to burst on him from the West. A brother of Guthrum, probably the sanguinary Ubbo, with three-and-twenty sail, had lately ravaged the shores of South Wales; and, crossing to the northern coast of Devonshire, had landed his troops in the vicinity of Apledore. It appears as if the two brothers had previously agreed to crush the king between the pressure of their respective armies. Alarmed at this new debarkation, Odun, the ealderman, with several thanes, fled for security to the castle of Kynwith. It had no other fortification than a loose wall erected after the manner of the Britons; but its position on the summit of the lofty rock rendered it impregnable. The Danish leader was too wary to hazard an assault; and calmly pitched his tent at the foot of the mountain, in the confident expectation that the want of water would force the garrison to surrender. But Odun, gathering courage from despair, silently left his entrenchments at the dawn of morning, burst into the enemy's camp, slew the Danish chief with twelve hundred of his followers, and drove the remainder to their fleet. The bravery of the Saxons was rewarded with the plunder of Wales; and among the trophies of their victory was the Reafan, the mysterious Standard of the Raven, woven in one noon-tide by the hands of the three daughters of Ragnar. The superstition of the Danes was accustomed to observe the bird as they marched to battle. If it appeared to flap its wings, it was a sure omen of victory;

if it hung motionless in the air, they anticipated nothing but defeat.

The news of this success infused courage into the hearts of the most pusillanimous. Alfred watched the reviving spirit of his people, and by trusty messengers invited them to meet him in the seventh week after Easter at the stone of Egbert, in the eastern extremity of Selwood forest. On the appointed day the men of Hampshire, Wiltshire, and Somerset cheerfully obeyed the summons. At the appearance of Alfred they hailed the avenger of their country; the wood echoed their acclamations; and every heart beat with the confidence of victory. But the place was too confined to receive the multitudes that hastened to the royal standard; and the next morning the camp was removed to Iglea, a spacious plain lying on the skirts of the wood, and covered by marshes in its front. The day was spent in making preparations for the conflict, and in assigning their places to the volunteers that hourly arrived; at the dawn of the next morning Alfred marshaled his forces, and occupied the summit of Ethandune, a neighboring and lofty eminence.

In the meanwhile Guthrum had not been an idle spectator of the motions of his adversary. He had recalled his scattered detachments, and was advancing with hasty steps to chastise the insolence of the insurgents. As the armies met, they vociferated shouts of mutual defiance; and after the discharge of their missive weapons, rushed to a closer and more sanguinary combat. The shock of the two nations, the efforts of their leaders, the fluctuations of victory, and the alternate hopes and fears of the contending armies, must be left to the imagination of the reader. The Danes displayed a courage worthy of their former renown and their repeated conquests. The Saxons were stimulated by every motive that could influence the heart of man. Shame, revenge, the dread of subjugation, and the hope of independence, impelled them forward; their perseverance bore down all opposition; and the Northmen, after a most obstinate but unavailing resistance, fled in crowds to their camp. The pursuit was not less murderous than the engagement; the Saxons immolated to their resentment every fugitive who fell into their hands. Immediately,

by the king's orders, lines were drawn round the encampment; and the escape of the survivors was rendered impracticable by the vigilance and the multitude of their enemies. Famine and despair subdued the obstinacy of Guthrum, who on the fourteenth day offered to capitulate. The terms imposed by the conqueror were: that the King and principal chieftains should embrace Christianity; that they should entirely evacuate his dominions; and that they should bind themselves to the fulfilment of the treaty by the surrender of hostages, and by their oaths. After a few weeks Guthrum, with thirty of his officers, was baptized at Aulre, near Athelney. He took the surname of Athelstan, and Alfred was his sponsor. After the ceremony both princes removed to Wedmore, where on the eighth day Guthrum put off the white robe and chrismal fillet, and on the twelfth bade adieu to his adopted father, whose generosity he had now learned to admire as much as he had before respected his valor.—J. LINGARD.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, the first English circumnavigator of the globe, was born in 1545, at Crowndale, near Tavistock, Devonshire, England. His parentage is obscure, yet we are told that, by just descent and prerogative of birth, he had the right to bear the arms of his name and family. His father, Robert, was probably the third son of John Drake, of Otterton, and of his wife, Agnes Kelloway. Drake's inclinations were for a sailor's life, and in 1565–6 he was engaged in one or two voyages to Guinea and the Spanish Main, under Captain John Lovell.

In 1567, in a squadron fitted out by Captain Hawkins, a near relation, Drake commanded the "Judith." She was destroyed by the Spaniards. On his return to England, he was sent up to London to lay before Sir William Cecil all the particulars. Thus Drake was for the first time brought to the notice of this great minister. In the years 1570–71 he made two voyages to the West Indies. In the second trip he sailed with two ships; the largest of which was the "Pascha," of seventy tons burthen, with a crew of forty-seven men; the smaller, the "Swanne," was of twenty-five tons burthen, with twenty-six men. One-third of these died on the voyage. He attacked Nombre de Dios, and several other towns on the Isthmus of Darien; captured or destroyed several Spanish vessels which he found on the coast; penetrated inland, and plundered more than one train of mules, bringing the treasures of the Mexican mines to the coast for shipment to the mother country.

Drake returned to England determined to organize a fresh expedition with more ambitious designs. From a high tree, which he had climbed on the Isthmus of Panama, he had seen the Pacific, and had made a vow to sail upon its waters. In 1577 he again left Plymouth with five ships, the largest of which, the "Pelican," was under his own command. The united crews numbered but 164 men. They arrived on the coast of Patagonia June 20th, 1578. Here Thomas Doughty, second in command, was accused of plotting against Drake, tried, and beheaded. Drake now coasted down to the Straits of Magelhaen; but, a storm arising, his squadron was shattered, and he was left to prosecute his enterprise with the "Pelican" alone. He changed his vessel's name to that of the "Golden Hind," as an omen of what she was to prove to him. He threaded his way through the Straits of Magelhaen, and reached the Pacific. Drake now proceeded to attack the most tempting Spanish towns on the Peruvian coast. He reaped a golden harvest, even entering the port of Callao, and plundering no less than seventeen galleons. He landed in California, taking possession of it in the name of Queen Elizabeth. He now quitted the American coast, and in two months reached the Philippine Islands. After being nearly wrecked on the coast of Celebes, he passed around the Cape of Good Hope on his homeward voyage. He reached Plymouth in Sept., 1580, after a voyage of nearly three years' duration.

Drake sailed around to the Thames, where Queen Elizabeth did him the honor of dining on board his ship. She also conferred on him the honor of knighthood, Drake being the first Englishman who had sailed round the world. A chair was made out of the "Golden Hind," which still may be seen in the Bodleian Library at the University of Oxford.

Nearly five years elapsed before the great captain again put to sea. In 1585 he once more crossed the Atlantic, to renew his attacks on the Spaniards. His flag-ship was the "Elizabeth," a vessel of 900 tons' burthen. He overran St. Domingo, stormed and sacked Carthagena and St. Jago, near Cape Verd. Drake, on his return to England, expressed himself as "eager to singe the King of Spain's beard." He set sail for Cadiz in 1587 with thirty sail. Entering Cadiz, he destroyed 10,000

tons of shipping, transferring their valuable cargoes to his own ships. At Lisbon he burnt 100 vessels more; but later, in 1589, Sir Francis and Sir John Norris failed in an expedition, the object of which was to deliver Portugal from the dominion of Spain.

On the 12th of July, 1588, the great Spanish Armada was sighted off the Lizard Point. At the time that word of their arrival was brought, the Lord High Admiral and the other admirals and captains were playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe. Lord Howard was for at once putting to sea and meeting the enemy. "There's plenty of time to win this game and thrash the Spaniards too," said Drake. The English soon put to sea to meet the Armada. Drake was second in command of the "Revenge," a vessel of 500 tons and carrying 240 guns. On the 21st of July the fleets sighted each other west of Plymouth. The Armada consisted of a hundred and thirty-six ships, thus doubling in number the English fleet. After a week's fighting the Spanish fleet was scattered and destroyed by means of fire-ships sent among them by the English.

Elizabeth now determined once more to invade the territory of the King of Spain ; fitting out 30 vessels, with 2,500 men aboard, Hawkins and Drake led the expedition. It failed entirely. Hawkins died of fever off Porto Rico, while Drake passed on to the Isthmus to attack Panama. He was compelled to retreat, and on January 28, 1596, died of fever on board his flagship. A few days later his body, enclosed in a lead coffin, was committed to the deep.

Sir Francis Drake, though twice married, left no children. In stature he was low; but he was broad-chested and possessed wonderfully strong limbs. Had Drake been living at this time, he, with many of his friends, would have been deemed pirates; but things were different then, and the Spaniards themselves were worse than Sir Francis. He was a thorough sailor, a skillful commander, kind and considerate to his sailors and careful of their lives and interests. Eloquent by nature, restless and full of energy, a man to be feared by an enemy, Drake carried the flag of England across seas where it never had before waved.

Drake at San Francisco.

Sir Francis Drake, having set sail from England, for the purpose of examining the west coast of America and circumnavigating the globe, reached Aguapulco, or Acapulco, on the southwestern coast of Mexico, on April 15th, 1577. He had coasted down the eastern side of South America; sailed through the Straits of Magellan; been driven, by unfavorable winds, south of Cape Horn, the extreme point of South America, and had coursed his way up the western coast as far as Acapulco.

Leaving this port, Drake penetrated farther north until the cold became so severe, and gave the men so much annoyance, especially in freezing the ropes and hindering the management of the vessel, as to occasion great complaints. He sailed as far as the 48th degree of latitude, near Vancouver's Island, where he found a harbor. But dense fogs, sudden flaws and violent tempests, prevented him from tarrying there very long. His men being strongly opposed to proceeding farther north, and the wind being against him, he concluded to run down the coast to the neighborhood of the 38th degree of north latitude, where he found another harbor, which, there can be but little doubt, was San Francisco. The country was inhabited, and many of the natives had erected their huts close by the water.

Approaching this harbor, they saw a single native coming off in a canoe, who, when he came within speaking distance, made a long address to them, and then, with marks of great reverence, returned to the shore. What the address was, whether it was made up of threats, information, or offers of submission, they knew not, as they were unacquainted with the language. The vessel having sprung aleak, it was necessary to lighten her, in order to repair her. Tents were raised on the shore for the men, and a rude fort constructed for the protection of the stores and cargo. The natives looked on from a distance, not knowing what these things meant. By and by they came down armed, in great numbers, but gave no evidence of hostile design. They were ordered, by signs, to lay down their bows and arrows, and at once com-

plied. The admiral, in order to secure their good will, gave them a number of presents of European manufacture. In return, they presented him with articles of their own handiwork, and also some feathers and skins. At night they withdrew to their own village, about a mile distant. They there made demonstrations of a most noisy character; the women, especially, shrieked in a terrific manner, as if they expected to be led to captivity or death. For two days after this none of them came near the English; but on the third day a company presented themselves, much more numerous than those who first appeared. One of them, who was probably a chief speaker among them, delivered a long address. When he had finished, the whole company laid down their weapons, and came to the English camp. Judging from their conduct, it would seem that the women had no sympathy with the proceedings of the men. They made doleful lamentations, tore the flesh from their cheeks, and appeared to be overwhelmed with sorrow. Perhaps, however, this was their method of giving more intense expression to the same feelings as those of the men.

The English suspected that they were about to offer a sacrifice. Whereupon the admiral, with his company, engaged in prayer and in the reading of the Bible to them, to which the natives gave good attention, and seemed much impressed by it; but when they came to the English they restored the gifts which they had previously received from them. Presently the King himself made his appearance, accompanied by many of his followers, of stately and warlike appearance, and painted in various colors. His Indian majesty was preceded by two ambassadors, who came to announce his approach. Their address continued about an hour, at the end of which the King advanced, surrounded with all the trappings of royalty at his command. During his stately march to the English camp, the followers who composed his train "cried continually, after a singing manner, with a lusty courage. As they drew nearer and nearer, so did they more and more strive to behave themselves with a certain comeliness and gravity in all their actions."

So friendly was the manner of their approach that Drake,

being disarmed of all suspicions, gave orders for their admission within the enclosure of the camp without interruption. They entered the fort with songs and dances. During the continuance of the festivity, the King approached the admiral with singing, and, with the consent of all the rest, placed upon his head, with great reverence, an ornamented feather cap, as if it were an act of coronation, threw over his neck many chains belonging to his followers, presented many other things as gifts, and then greeted him with the salutation, *Hioh*, which the English supposed was either his own name or else the Indian title for King. They then added what was supposed to be a song and dance of triumph. The women, not satisfied with songs and dances, tore their faces and breasts until they were horribly disfigured with wounds and blood.

The ceremony of coronation which we have described was interpreted by Drake as a formal and official acknowledgment of allegiance to him, by which the King resigned himself, his people, and all their lands, into his hands, and bound themselves and all their posterity to become his subjects. In reply, Drake gave them to understand, as well as he was able, that he accepted them and their lands in the name and for the use of her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth of England. It is very uncertain whether the interpretation of the admiral was correct. The ceremony of the Indians was undoubtedly an expression of great respect and reverence for the English; but it seems quite improbable that they should voluntarily have offered themselves, their lands, and their posterity to these strangers, without receiving, or even asking, any equivalent. Such an act is not in harmony with Indian character.

These people are described as teachable, confiding, and amiable, destitute of duplicity, treachery, and revenge. Their bows and arrows were comparatively harmless, being weak, and more appropriate for children than adults. Yet the men were unusually strong. A burden, which two or three of the English found it difficult to lift, one of them would carry over a rough road, up hill and down, a long distance. It was observed also that the women were very obedient and serviceable to those whom they had married.

Before the admiral left this place he erected a post, or

column, on which he fastened a brass plate, containing the date of his arrival, the voluntary proffer of the country by the King and people to him, with his own name underneath. He also had skillfully set in the plate a current English sixpence, on which were impressed the picture and coat-of-arms of her majesty. In this manner he left evidence of having taken formal possession of the place in the name of Queen Elizabeth of England.

As a token of respect to his own country, and also because he had observed on different parts of this coast white cliffs similar to those on the coast of England, he called all the land he had here seen New Albion.

After remaining in this port thirty-six days, repairing his ships and cultivating friendly relations with the natives, Drake again put to sea. The Indians appear to have parted with him with regret, and to have wished for his speedy return. They ran upon the hills, kindled fires and kept them burning all the time that he was in sight.—J. BANVARD.

DRAKE AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

At a subsequent period, Drake again visited this country, approaching it from the West Indies on the eastern side. On the 28th of May, 1586, he discovered on the coast of Florida a rude scaffold, supported on four poles, having the appearance of an observatory. As no one on board could give any account of its history, he manned his pinnaces and went on shore to discover who held it. Passing up the River St. Augustine, he came to a fort newly erected by the Spaniards, but not quite finished, called the Fort of St. Juan de Pinos. When the Spaniards saw the English approaching, they abandoned the work and fled as rapidly as possible to the town of St. Augustine, which contained a garrison of one hundred and fifty men. The next day the English landed, and marched to the fort which protected the town, for the purpose of storming it. As they approached, they could discover no one there to defend it. Perhaps the garrison are concealed, in order to throw the English off their guard. Perhaps they are in ambush, and will suddenly fire upon their flank or rear. The storming party advance very cautiously. Not a sword,

musket, nor feather can they see. They enter the fort ; but no one is there. They have all fled. On a platform, constructed of large pine trees, were fourteen pieces of large brass ordnance. But the Spaniards tested the calibre of none of them. They fled without firing a single ball. Upon examining the place, the attacking party discovered a Frenchman, a fifer, who had been held by the Spaniards a prisoner. He informed the English that the Spaniards fled in such haste as to leave behind them a chest containing two thousand pounds in money.

The English soldiers now pressed on to the town. The Spaniards mustered sufficient courage to fire a few shots at them, and then, having no blood to spare, they ran away. Anthony Powell, a sergeant-major, leaping upon one of the horses they had left behind, pursued them over ground which was covered with long grass. His rashness led him too far in advance of his company. A Spaniard who had concealed himself in the grass fired at him, and shot him through the head, and then pierced his body with many wounds. The Governor of the place had retired to St. Matheo, leaving not a single inhabitant in the town. Drake noticed that St. Augustine appeared to be in a prosperous condition. Among other edifices it contained a town-house and church, and was ornamented with a number of gardens ; but all these pleasant things were burnt and laid waste by the English, in revenge for the death of Major Powell.

It was Drake's intention to have visited another Spanish settlement, about thirty miles farther on, called St. Helena, and to have destroyed that also ; but the weather being unfavorable, and the shoals dangerous, it was considered advisable to relinquish the attempt, especially as he had no pilot who was acquainted with the channel.

Abandoning this design, Sir Francis Drake proceeded farther north, in search of Sir Walter Raleigh's colony, which had recently been planted in Virginia. He had received orders from her Majesty, the Queen, before his departure from England, to extend to this infant settlement every encouragement and assistance in his power. He found the shore inaccessible on account of shoals, and was therefore obliged

to anchor in an open, exposed situation, two miles from land. To Mr. Ralph Lane, Governor of the colony, who was then at his fort in Roanoke, he sent an offer of assistance and supplies. The Governor, with some of his men, visited the admiral, and requested him to furnish the colony with more men and provisions, and also a small vessel and boats, so that, if an extremity should occur, they might be able to return to England. In compliance with their request, the admiral immediately fitted up one of his ships and bountifully supplied it with all manner of stores for their use. A storm now arose, which drove that ship and some others out to sea, and Drake did not see them again till his return home. He now proposed to furnish another of his ships for their use. But the Governor and his colonists, having passed through many hardships, had become quite disheartened. And now that this recent calamity had been visited upon them, and the promised stores from England had failed, they construed it into an expression of the disapprobation of Providence of their design to establish a colony. After mutual consultation among themselves, they requested Sir Francis Drake to remove them from the coast and take them home. When they landed in Virginia, their number was one hundred and eight; it was reduced to one hundred and three, all of whom now embarked in the fleet of the admiral for England.—J. BANVARD.

FATHER MARQUETTE.

FOR FATHER MARQUETTE, the Jesuit missionary, is claimed the honor of the rediscovery of the Mississippi River, more than a century after its original discovery by the Spanish adventurer, Ferdinand De Soto, in 1541. Marquette was one of that self-sacrificing band who devoted their lives and energies to bringing within the pale of Christian civilization the hordes of barbarians who occupied the wildernesses of America.

James Marquette was descended from an ancient French family, and was born at Laon, France, in 1637. In his seventeenth year he entered the Society of Jesus, and after completing his studies he proceeded of his own choice to Canada. Landing at Quebec in September, 1666, he spent eighteen months at Three Rivers in acquiring the Indian languages. In April, 1668, he was placed at the Ottawa Mission, which extended west from the Ottawa River to Lake Huron. Journeying through that splendid scenery, he pushed on to Sault Sainte Marie, where he soon built a rude church.

In 1669 he was appointed to a more remote mission; but, on account of the outbreak of hostilities among the tribes, removed to Mackinaw, near Lake Huron, where he founded the Mission of St. Ignatius. He desired, however, a wider field; and his associate, Father Alloüez, during his visits to some tribes, had heard of the great river, whose Indian name he reported to be "Messippi." Marquette was chosen to accompany Louis Joliet, who had been commissioned by the Governor-General of Canada to search for this great river.

From the Illinois Indians Marquette received much information, and drew up a rude map of the river.

On the 17th of May, 1673, the expedition of discovery embarked in two canoes at Mackinaw and proceeded to Green Bay, through the Fox River to the Wisconsin, and thence by portage to the Mississippi. The story of this voyage, narrated by Marquette himself, entitled "Voyage et découverte de quelques pays et nations de l'Amérique Septentrionale," is remarkable "for charm of style as well as close observation and fine descriptive ability." He had also the scientific capacity to note all the natural features of the river, and he was the first to give the true theory of the lake tides.

They descended the river to the mouth of the Arkansas, and proved by experience the navigability of the Mississippi. In returning they ascended the Illinois River, proceeded thence across to Green Bay, where they arrived in September, 1674. The hardships that Marquette endured broke his constitution; but he sent to his superior, early in 1675, the journal of his voyage. At the same time Father Dablon, one of the missionaries, sent a proposal to connect Lake Michigan with the Illinois River. Being commanded to establish a mission on the upper waters of the Illinois River at the settlement of Kaskaskia, Marquette, though just arising from his bed of long sickness at Green Bay, started on the 23d of October, 1674, and, overtaking a party of Illinois Indians, he journeyed with them until reaching the Chicago River. Here he was too exhausted to proceed farther. The Indians continued on to their village; "but two Frenchmen remained with him and built a log hut, the first human dwelling on the site of what is now the city of Chicago." After remaining here perforce of his feebleness for three months, he set out for Kaskaskia, where he arrived on the 8th of April, 1675.

Here he proceeded "from cabin to cabin, explaining the principles of his religion, and then convened the whole people," and "preached to more than 2000 men and a still larger number of women." He told the Indians that he was obliged to leave them on account of his ailment, and then he set out for Mackinaw, escorted by them for the distance of thirty leagues. He had hoped to reach Mackinaw, there to lay his

wearied head among his proselytes and to die at the mission he had founded; but fate ordained otherwise, for on the way his disease increased with great virulence, and feeling his hour had come, he hailed death with ecstasy. He had become so weak that he had to be lifted in and out of his canoe. On the eve (May 17, 1675) of his death he told his companions he would die the next day. He was carried ashore, and a poor bark cabin raised to shelter him for his few remaining hours.

The river on whose banks Father Marquette died is in the west of Michigan. It long bore his name, which has now been given to a large neighboring stream. His remains were transferred to Point Saint Ignatius, Michigan, and their resting place was afterwards forgotten, but was discovered in 1877.

Marquette's Voyage Down the Mississippi.

Father Marquette and Francis Joliet were appointed by Governor Frontenac to have charge of the perilous expedition. Marquette was especially adapted to this service on account of his bravery, discretion, religious zeal for the conversion of the natives, and his acquaintance with several Indian dialects which were widely spoken by the natives. Five others were associated with them. From Father Marquette's account of the expedition we have full knowledge of their adventures.

On the 13th of May, 1673, these seven individuals embarked in two canoes on their dangerous expedition. The first tribe of Indians which they reached were called Wild Rice, because their country produced this grain in great abundance. Father Marquette informed them of his design to visit the tribes of the remote west and south, and make known to them the knowledge of the true God. These sons of the forest, being favorably impressed with the good father's appearance and doctrines, were unwilling that he should expose himself to the perils of so hazardous an enterprise. They earnestly entreated him to abandon it. They pictured it as full of terrors. They represented the navigation of the river as extremely dangerous, the Indians as cruel, and the climate as insufferably hot. They, moreover, said that the water of the river teemed with gigantic monsters, with which it would be useless to contend. Their tales of terror were sufficient to

have chilled the ardor of any other than the bravest hearts. But they produced no effect upon Marquette. Although he expressed his gratitude for the affectionate interest which they manifested in his welfare, he informed them he had no fear of the aquatic monsters of the river, and that he should use extra vigilance to guard against surprise from the Indians. True to his design, Marquette gave these Wild Rice Indians religious instruction and offered for them his prayers. We next find him at the Bay of Puans, on the northwestern side of Lake Michigan. Its present name is Green Bay. As in the Indian language its name signified Salt Bay, our adventurers were induced to make some examination of the place, to ascertain if any salt springs existed in the neighborhood; but none were found.

Ascending a river which emptied into the bay, and which is now known as Fox River, they approached a village, beautifully situated on a hill, from which an extensive view was had of a landscape which, as it stretched away in every direction, presented to the beholder, in picturesque combination, the gorgeousness of the many-flowered prairie, with groves of trees scattered over it, like islands in a lake, and a dense forest skirting the horizon, as if it were the green bank by which the waters of this golden lake were kept within their limits. Here Marquette was delighted to see a large cross—the symbol of his religion—erected in a conspicuous place in the centre of the town. He was even more gratified to perceive that it was covered with offerings which the natives had presented to the Great Spirit. The year before this, Father Allouez, a Catholic missionary, had labored among this people; and so deeply were they interested in his communications, that they scarcely allowed him time for necessary repose. They required him to teach at night as well as through the day. The cross, decorated with their thank-offerings, was probably the result of his influence among them.

From these Indians Marquette obtained two guides, and, in return for some presents, they gave him a mat, which was used for a bed during the whole voyage. Like the Wild Rice Indians, they endeavored to dissuade the pioneers from their hazardous expedition, but in vain. The 10th of June was a day

of unusual excitement in the village. All the inhabitants understood the object of their visitors. And as they were well acquainted with the fierce, warlike disposition of the powerful tribes to the south and west, whom this small company intended to reach, they regarded the attempt as extremely hazardous, and one which would most probably result in martyrdom. When, therefore, the hour arrived for their friendly visitors to embark, the whole village—chiefs, braves, squaws, and naked children—assembled together and gazed with astonishment upon the temerity of this small handful of men, in exposing themselves to the power of the distant barbarous tribes, and to the perils of navigation which they knew would inevitably beset them.

The voyagers entered a river which emptied into Green Bay, and followed it to a place known as the Portage. Here they were obliged to carry their two canoes across land to another river which ran west, called the Mescousin, but now known as the Wisconsin. Here their guides left them, to return. Until now, the natural current of all the water which they had traversed was toward Quebec. From this point the water flowed in an opposite direction—to the west and south. As they passed slowly on through the broad, but shallow Wisconsin, they found the river checkered with numerous islands of various shapes and sizes, covered with stately trees, and ornamented with brilliant flowers and the graceful drapery of innumerable vines. As they swept along close by the shore, various kinds of wild fowl were started, some of which, as they left their nests or feeding-places, would fly away with a shrill, shrieking cry, and some with a whirring sound, whilst others darted off noiselessly, as if fearful of betraying the direction of their flight. Occasionally the timid deer and uncouth buffalo were seen, but no Indians. After sailing about thirty leagues, they discovered extensive iron mines, the ore of which appeared to be of good quality. They continued their course for forty leagues more, and on the 17th of June they entered, with emotions of gratitude and joy, the far-famed river of which they were in search. The friendly Wisconsin had introduced them to the magnificent Mississippi! This far everything had been favorable, and they commenced

their exploration of the Rio Grande, as the unknown river was sometimes called, under encouraging auspices and with high hopes.

Although they had seen no natives since they left Green Bay, they were well aware that they were passing through Indian territory, and were liable at any moment to an attack. They therefore proceeded with great caution. Some of the party were always on guard whilst the others took their rest. As they could not conveniently cook their food in their small canoes whilst floating down the stream, their method was to approach the shore in the latter part of the afternoon, kindle a fire, cook their game, then push out into the middle of the river and anchor for the night. They proceeded in this manner until the 25th of June, when, at a point some sixty leagues below the mouth of the Wisconsin, they discovered the foot-prints of men. They now knew that they were in the vicinity of Indian settlements. Looking around, they perceived a well-trodden path, which led into a prairie. This was no unwelcome sight. Although they were no war party, stealthily seeking their unsuspecting enemy, yet they were as highly pleased to find themselves in the neighborhood of Indians as were the blood-thirsty warriors of the forest when they discovered the hiding-places of those whom they were pursuing for purposes of revenge.

After committing the canoes to the care of the boatmen, and giving them all necessary instructions, Marquette and Joliet set out in pursuit of natives. After following the beaten track about six miles, they came to a cluster of villages quite romantically situated, two of them being perched upon a hill top, as if for purposes of observation, and the other nestling by the margin of a graceful stream, as if it were an outpost guarding the hill from the approach of danger.

When they arrived within hailing distance, in order to avoid exciting suspicion by any appearance of concealment, they paused, and signified their presence by a loud call. In an instant the Indians presented themselves at the doors of their cabins. After gazing at their unexpected visitors a few moments, they deputed four old men of their tribe to advance and hold a parley with them. As these four messengers

approached with slow and dignified step, two of them performed the interesting service of elevating ornamented pipes toward the sun, as a sign of friendship. Encouraged by this proffer of peace, Father Marquette broke silence and inquired the name of their nation. "We are Illinois," was their reply. They then offered pipes to the strangers, and invited them to their homes. As they entered the village they were received with every demonstration of respect. After they were seated in the wigwam of the chief, the calumet, or pipe of peace, was presented to them.

The Illinois Indians were divided into separate tribes, having, however, one general chief, who ruled over all. As there was to be a council of all these tribes, the chief invited Marquette and Joliet to attend it, which they accepted. They were there treated with every mark of friendship. Marquette explained fully the objects of their voyage. The chief approved the objects, but at the same time earnestly endeavored to dissuade them from attempting its accomplishment, in consequence of the perils which would necessarily be incurred. In return for presents received from Marquette, the chief gave him a calumet or ornamented pipe.

After the council, a feast of four courses was served up in Indian style, after which the two visitors were publicly conducted, with great ceremony, through the village, and received from the hands of individuals small presents of ornamented girdles and garters. When they returned to their canoes, they were escorted by nearly a thousand natives, who seemed to take pleasure in bestowing upon them all the tokens of respect in their power.

Bidding farewell to these friendly Indians, with the promise of returning after four moons (or months), our voyagers pursued their course down the Mississippi. As they were floating quietly upon the surface of the water, their eyes were arrested by two huge monsters, which were portrayed in green, red, and blue upon the perpendicular, rocky cliffs, on one side of the stream, as if they were Gorgons, placed there to defend the passage of the river. So bright were their colors, so well defined their outline, and so artistic their execution, as to suggest the belief that they were the work of

savages ; and yet this solution seemed to be disproved by the height and inaccessibleness of their position. Their terrific appearance was well fitted to excite the fears of the superstitious.

Without stopping to settle the question whether those uncouth figures on the rocks were natural or artificial, Marquette, after examining them as long as he desired, paddled off down the stream. It was not long before a rushing sound was heard ; then rapids were discovered. Floating timber and dead trees, in great quantities, were seen coming into the Mississippi from its western side. They had reached the mouth of the Pekitanoni (Missouri River). Until now the water of the Mississippi had been clean ; below this it was very turbid. The sediment brought into it by the Pekitanoni colored and rendered muddy the whole river.

As one object of this expedition was to discover the course and outlet of the Mississippi, this was made a subject of special attention and inquiry. After they reached the mouth of the Pekitanoni, Father Marquette formed the opinion that, if the Mississippi continued in general the same course it had thus far, it must empty itself into the Gulf of Mexico. He also expressed the belief that, by following the Pekitanoni, another river might be reached, which discharged its waters into the Gulf of California. Marquette was right in both his opinions.

Another river which they came to, that discharged its waters into the Mississippi, was called Ouabouskigou. This came in from the east, and is now called the Ohio. Near its mouth is a place which was regarded by the Indians as the residence of some evil spirit, and against which Marquette had been seriously cautioned. An island in the river divided the waters, and sent a portion with great force against a ledge of rocks, from which they recoiled with a loud noise, and then stole rapidly away through a narrow and dangerous channel.

They also discovered in this vicinity iron ore, earths or ochres, of purple, red and violet colors, some of which, coming in contact with the oar, produced a stain which remained for more than two weeks. Tall reeds now began to

grow along the shores, and mosquitoes became numerous and troublesome.

Some Indians presented themselves upon the bank of the river, and appeared to be waiting for the approach of the voyagers. Not knowing what their character might be, the boatmen prepared for battle; but the missionary, Marquette, raised his calumet and spoke to them in Huron. They made no reply, but invited them, by signs, to land and take some food. Their invitation was accepted. Marquette noticed that this tribe were better provided with weapons and tools than the Illinois were. They had iron hoes, hatchets, knives and guns. They carried their powder in glass bottles. As they could not have manufactured these, it was evident that they had had intercourse with Europeans. Upon inquiry, Marquette ascertained that these articles were purchased of men who came from the East and dressed as he did, who had images and beads, and performed on different instruments. They were probably Europeans, who had formed settlements in Carolina and Virginia. After instructing them in the elements of the Christian religion and giving them some medals, Marquette continued his journey.

The next village he came to was called Metchigamea, the inhabitants of which, at first, made some warlike demonstrations. They came out armed with bows, arrows, tomahawks and clubs, and threatened to attack them. Marquette raised his calumet. The young warriors, pretending not to see it, were about to open the battle, when some old men made their appearance, who, as soon as they saw the pipe of peace in Marquette's hand, constrained the young savages to desist, and, casting their own weapons at the feet of the visitors, they entered the canoes and invited them to land. Their invitation was accepted, though with some apprehension. Marquette addressed them in six different languages, but was unsuccessful in making them understand, until an old man was found who had some acquaintance with the language of the Illinois. Through him, as an interpreter, Marquette informed them of his intention to proceed to the sea, and asked of them information as to the distance. He also gave them, as usual, religious instruction. They referred him to a

town some thirty miles farther down the river, called Akamsca (or Arkansas) for the information he desired. He spent the night, though with some degree of uneasiness, on shore among this people. The next day he took the newly-found interpreter, and hastened to Akamsca. When he had arrived within about two miles of it, he met canoes filled with savages. As they approached, the chief presented the calumet, and invited them to go ashore. They were received with kindness, and supplied with stores. They were accompanied from Metchigamea by ten canoes of Indians, who preceded them on the water, as if to show them the way. At Akamsca they very fortunately found a young man who was well acquainted with the Illinois language, and through whom communications could be made to these Indians with some degree of ease and correctness.

After making these Indians presents, as was his usual custom, he learned from them that the sea was only five days distance; but they could give him no additional information, as between them and it the river was infested by tribes with whom they were at war, and who prevented them from holding intercourse with the inhabitants who dwelt lower down.

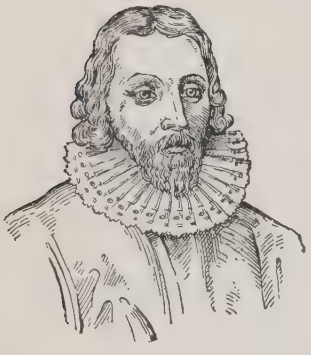
While at Akamsca, our company of trustful voyagers were exposed to some peril. The elders of the Indians, who embraced the wise men and counsellors of the tribe, held a secret meeting, at which they seriously deliberated upon the measures to be adopted in their treatment of these novel, pale-faced visitors. Some were in favor of murdering them, and then taking possession of their property. This they could easily have done. The chief, however, would not consent. He favored a more peaceful course. A kind Providence caused his counsels to prevail. The result was that Marquette and Joliet were invited to attend the interesting ceremony of the dance of the calumet, at the conclusion of which the chief gave them a calumet, as an expression of his friendly feelings towards them.

The question was now considered whether it was expedient to proceed farther south. Being persuaded, from the general southerly direction of this crooked river, that it could neither

empty into the Atlantic at the east, nor into the Gulf of California at the west, but that its outlet must be into the Gulf of Mexico, they had accomplished one prominent object of their expedition. As it was possible that by penetrating farther south they might be attacked by the more warlike tribes and taken prisoners, and thus the results of their discoveries be lost to the civilized world, they decided that the wisest policy was to return. They had now been a month upon the river, during which time they had traced its serpentine windings from the forty-second to the thirty-fourth degree of latitude; had examined the nature of the country, the character of the inhabitants, and had been privileged to preach the gospel to those who had never before heard the name of Christ.

On their return, instead of ascending the Mississippi to the Wisconsin, by which they had entered it, they turned into the Illinois, which conducted them by a much shorter route to Lake Michigan. On the banks of the Illinois they visited a village, where they gave religious instruction to an attentive, inquiring people. The chief was so much pleased that he entreated Marquette to return and teach them more fully. Some of the young men of this tribe, with a chief, accompanied our party as far as Lake Michigan, near, probably, the place where Chicago now stands. From thence it was easy for them, by following the shore, to find their way to Green Bay. They reached here in September, after an absence of four months, during which time they had traveled over two thousand five hundred miles.—J. BANVARD.

JOHN WINTHROP.



JOHN WINTHROP, first Governor of Massachusetts, was born at Groton, Suffolk, England, on January 12, 1588. Although in the possession of an annual income of $3000 from an hereditary estate, he devoted himself to the study of law. When in March, 1629, Charles I. granted a charter to a corporation entitled "The Company of Massachusetts Bay in New England," Winthrop converted his estate into cash, and sailed as Governor, April 7, 1630, from England with a company of nine hundred persons. During the passage across the Atlantic Ocean, he wrote a tract on "A Model of Christian Charity." On June 12th, the emigrants arrived at Salem. The three hundred people already settled there under Endicott came under the rule of Winthrop.

John Winthrop and his wealthy colleagues, some time before sailing from England, had decided upon a "peculiar government," that is, in modern phrase, "home rule." To carry out their views fully, it was necessary to obtain a transfer of the charter to the freemen now emigrating. The patent and the government were legally transferred. The same year seventeen vessels brought over the Atlantic 1500 persons. The Massachusetts Bay Company's immigrants settled in Boston and other towns on the Bay.

Regarding the transfer of the charter, Bancroft says, "The history of Massachusetts is the counterpart to that of Virginia; the latter obtained its greatest liberty by the abrogation of the charter of its company; the former by a transfer of its charter

and a daring construction of its powers by the successors of the original patentees." The terms of the patent presuppose that the incorporators would reside in England. A stipulation was that the company was empowered to elect forever, out of the freemen of said company, a Governor, a Deputy-Governor, etc., to be chosen annually by the greater part of the company, and to make laws not repugnant to the laws of England.

The transfer of the patent was brought about because of the unwillingness of some of the rich and intending emigrants to embark, foreseeing the certainty of trouble if they were governed by a foreign board. In fact it would have been a government analogous to that long possessed by the corporation known as the East India Company.

There has been put on record a specious plea that they had "no special warrant of toleration; they had not even the promise of connivance, which the 'Pilgrim Fathers' ten years before had obtained from James I. The charter does not once mention *liberty of conscience*." Before leaving England, an address was signed by Winthrop and others. They said, "We are not of those that dream of perfection in this world; yet we desire you to take notice of the principals and body of our company, as those who esteem it an honor to call the *Church of England*, whence we rise, our dear Mother. As members of the same body, we shall always rejoice in her good, and unfeignedly grieve for any sorrow that shall ever betide her." On the 30th of June, 1630, the first Church of Boston was established.

During the nineteen years of Winthrop's life in the colony, he kept a journal of all transactions. He was out of all executive functions during four years of that time. He held the office of Governor twelve terms, and Deputy-Governor three terms. Complaints of the too lenient spirit of Governor Winthrop were made at a meeting of the leading men of the colony in January, 1636, whereupon Winthrop submitted to their judgment, strictly adhering thereafter to all measures tending to support the dignity of the government, by an appearance of union and a concealment of dissensions among public officers.

In the year 1634, when he was left out of the magistracy, some persons having incited suspicions of his integrity as a public officer, his accounts were audited. One of the cries against his re-election was that "by too frequent choice of one man, the office should cease to be elective, and seem to be his by prescription." It is said of Winthrop that though amiable of disposition, yet where the interest of the colony was concerned, he could be both firm and foremost in opposition to the public enemies. Anne Hutchinson, a woman of intellectual ability, having held lectures at her house in which she advanced theological opinions deemed by the authorities incompatible with the religious welfare of the people, the colony began to split into two sects. This was during the year 1636, Sir Henry Vane being Governor, and Winthrop, Deputy-Governor.

At the election in 1637 Winthrop was elected Governor in place of Vane. The Council, in order to prevent the latter from acquiring new adherents from the great influx of immigrants, passed restrictive enactments regarding the elective franchise. A synod cited the Hutchinsonians before them, and eighty-two of their opinions were condemned as erroneous. The holders of these opinions were themselves banished the colony. Toleration had not then been introduced in any of the Protestant countries except Holland, and the best men were afraid of it. During Winthrop's career in the colony, the Brownists, the Hutchinsonians, and Roger Williams were expelled; and Sir Henry Vane returned in disgust to England. The religious liberty established by Roger Williams in Rhode Island, by the Dutch in New York, by William Penn in Pennsylvania, and by Lord Baltimore in Maryland, exhibits a spirit more in accordance with true enlightenment than the stern intolerance of the first rulers of Massachusetts Bay. Professor John Fiske declares: "Neither Winthrop nor Cotton approved of toleration upon principle. Cotton asserted that persecution is not wrong in itself; it is wicked for falsehood to persecute truth, but it is the sacred duty of truth to persecute falsehood. Winthrop was a man of affairs. They had come to New England, he said, to make a society after their own model; all who agreed with them might join that society;

those who disagreed with them might go elsewhere; there was room enough on the American continent." Unfortunately for John Winthrop's fame, the Genius of History gives us no isolated picture of him, but presents him to us in marked contrast with Sir Henry Vane and Roger Williams.

John Winthrop lived to his sixty-first year, dying March 26, 1649. He was married four times, and of his thirteen children, seven survived him. He was one of the original founders of Harvard College.

The Colony of Massachusetts Bay.

When contemplating emigration Winthrop naturally turned his thoughts toward America. Many colonies had been founded there, and the suitability of the land for colonization had been demonstrated. In 1628 a Puritan colony had been established at Salem, in Massachusetts, with Endicott as the governor. The company which sent forth this colony did so under the security of a patent obtained from the Council for New England. Desiring to enlarge the scope of the enterprise, the company applied for a royal charter and obtained one empowering "The Governor and Company of the Massachusetts Bay in New England," to make laws and govern the territory on certain conditions, and to resist by force of arms all attacks made upon themselves and their property, whether on land or water. Charles I. signed this document on the 21st of March, 1629; a few days afterwards he intimated his intention of governing the country without a parliament. It may be surmised that the king looked upon a Puritan emigration as most desirable, insomuch as it lessened the number of his adversaries. The writings of Laud supply evidence in support of such a conclusion. In a report made to the king in 1636, Laud remarked that a lecturer at Yarmouth having gone to New England, there was peace in the town, and that Mr. Bridge, a Puritan clergyman, had departed from Norwich to Holland. After reading this, Charles wrote on the margin, "Let him go; we are well rid of him." Indeed, so far from showing any desire to detain the Puritan leaders in England, the king was resigned to

their departure, and was prepared to exclaim out of the fulness of a thankful heart, "We are well rid of them."

Twelve gentlemen met at Cambridge in August, 1629, and resolved that, if the charter could be legally transferred to America, they would embark for the plantation of Massachusetts Bay by the first day of the following March, with the view "to inhabit and continue in New England," and that they would take their wives and families, if the latter would consent to accompany them. They likewise agreed that any one who failed through his own default in keeping this agreement, should forfeit £3 for every day that he was unprepared to start. Winthrop was present at the meeting and assented to the resolutions. Two days later, a general court of the company was held in London, when it was resolved that the government should be transferred to the plantation itself. At the same meeting John Winthrop was elected governor of the company. In April, 1630, he set sail in the "Arbella" for the Western continent. Sir Simonds D'Ewes, writing four years later, thus describes how this expedition was viewed by contemporaries. Previous emigrants to New England had "chiefly aimed at trade and gain, till about the year 1630, in the spring, when John Winthrop, Esq., a Suffolk man, and many other godly and well-disposed Christians, with the main of their estates, and many of them with their entire families, to avoid the burdens and snares which were here laid upon their consciences, departed thither."

Winthrop had taken a personal farewell of his friends and associates at a dinner before embarking. When about to drink their healths his feelings overpowered him, and the company wept in concert at the thought of never seeing each other's faces any more. The sacrifice which Winthrop made in leaving his native land has seldom been equalled by any self-exiled Englishman. He left a fine estate, where he lived as a county gentleman in the receipt of an ample income and enjoying the esteem of his neighbors. The best society of the age was open to him. He had everything, in short, which constitutes human happiness, and it proves the strength of his religious sentiments that he parted with his property, withdrew from all the attractions of society, and

separated himself from a dearly beloved wife, in order that he might help to establish what he considered to be a pure Church and commonwealth on the North American Continent.

He arrived at Salem on the 12th of June, 1631, after a voyage of two months' duration. The sea was often very rough, but, as Winthrop records, however the tempest might blow and the waves rage, it was the exception for Sunday not to be duly kept, and two sermons be preached. Every Tuesday and Wednesday the passengers were catechized. On board ship Winthrop composed and probably delivered a discourse entitled "Christian Charity." In the course of it he set forth the objects of their society, which was composed of persons professing to be fellow members of Christ, who were "seeking out a place of cohabitation and consortship under a due form of government, both civil and ecclesiastical," whose end was the improvement of their lives, and who hoped to attain it by bringing "into familiar and constant practice" what most of the churches in England "maintained as truth in profession only."

On the sixtieth day after sailing, land was seen. "There came a smell off the shore, like the smell of a garden." Four days later, Winthrop was able to record that he and others went on shore, where they supped on "a good venison pasty and good beer," and that some of the passengers "gathered store of fine strawberries at Cape Ann."

The settlers at Salem numbered 300 when Winthrop arrived. About 1000 persons were transported in the ships which sailed with him or followed after. The cost of the enterprise was reckoned at £192,000. The vessels were laden with provisions to feed the settlers, wood and iron wherewith to build houses, and sheep, pigs, cattle and horses wherewith to stock the land. Most of the goats and horses died at sea, and only half of the cows survived. This was not the worst. The settlers were in great straits for food, and stood in need of the assistance which the newcomers expected from them. Fever broke out, and carried off 200 before Winthrop had been six months in the country. At least 100 returned to England, both because they were in dread of famine, and also because they objected to the strictness of the discipline which prevailed.

Deputy-Governor Dudley, when informing the Countess of Lincoln, by letter, what had occurred, states that those persons who thought of joining them for worldly ends had better stay at home; but that, if influenced by spiritual motives, they would find in New England what would satisfy them; that is, "materials to build, fuel to burn, ground to plant, seas and rivers to fish in, a pure air to breathe in, good water to drink till wine and beer can be made, which, together with the cows, hogs and goats brought hither already, may suffice for food. As for fowl and venison, they are dainties here as well as in England. For clothes and bedding, they must bring them with them till time and industry produce them here. In a word, we yet enjoy little to be envied, but endure much to be pitied in the sickness and mortality of our people."

The story of Winthrop's life during the nineteen years passed in New England is virtually the history of the rise and progress of the Company of Massachusetts Bay. It was owing to him that the peninsula then called Shawmut, upon which Boston now stands, was selected as suitable for settlement, an excellent spring of water being the chief attraction. The Rev. William Blackstone, who claimed the right of ownership, was paid a small sum for permitting houses to be erected on Shawmut, and he left the spot when he found that he was to be under subjection to stricter Puritans than himself.—W. Fraser Rae.

GEN. ANTHONY WAYNE.

ANTHONY WAYNE was the Ney of the War of American Independence. His name has passed into a synonym for all that is unsurpassed in courage. Men of Wayne's class have been, in all ages, the favorites of the masses. He stood alone among the American generals in the terrible power which he infused into a column of attack. Had he been one of Napoleon's Marshals, he would have rivaled Macdonald at Wagram, or Ney at Waterloo.

Anthony Wayne, whose ancestors were of English descent, was born at Easttown, Chester County, Pennsylvania, on January 1, 1745. He received a fair education, and, at the age of eighteen, became a land-surveyor. At the age of twenty-one he was sent to Nova Scotia as a surveyor in the service of a wealthy association, on the recommendation of Benjamin Franklin. In 1767 he married and settled permanently in his native county. As early as 1764 he had applied himself to the study of military science. In 1774 he was chosen one of the provincial deputies to consider the relations between the Colonies and Great Britain, and also a member of the Pennsylvania Convention, held at Philadelphia, to discuss similar questions. At the same time he represented his county in the Pennsylvania Colonial Legislature. In 1775 he became a member of the Committee of Public Safety.

On the breaking out of hostilities he raised the Fourth Pennsylvania Regiment, and was commissioned Colonel on January

3, 1776, and shortly afterwards went with the expedition to Canada, where, in the battle of Three Rivers, he was wounded and defeated. He retreated and concentrated his forces at Ticonderoga.

In February, 1777, Wayne was commissioned Brigadier-General, and in the following May he rendered Washington important aid in driving the enemy from New Jersey.

In the action at Brandywine, September 6, 1777, Wayne, who commanded at Chadd's Ford, particularly distinguished himself. A few days later Wayne led the attack at Warren Tavern, on Howe's rear; but he himself was attacked at Paoli by superior numbers on the 20th of the same month. Wayne, who had an intimation of the intended attack, had ordered Colonel Hampton to retreat; but through some misapprehension, Hampton did not put his men in motion until three distinct orders had been sent to him. The consequence was the loss of one hundred and fifty of his troop, who were bayoneted. Colonel Hampton charged the misfortune to the negligence of Wayne. A court-martial declared that the General had done everything that could be expected of a brave and vigilant officer.

In the battle at Germantown, Wayne, who commanded a division of the right wing, carried the position that was assigned to him to take, but the Americans having failed in their purpose, retreated. During the winter of 1777–8, he foraged New Jersey for supplies to the army at Valley Forge. In the battle at Monmouth he signalized himself by the utmost daring, and was one of the few who sided with Washington in recommending an engagement.

The most brilliant affair of the War of Independence and of General Wayne's career was the capture of Stony Point, on the 15th of July, 1779. Stony Point is a precipitous hill, on the western shore of the Hudson River, completely commanding King's Ferry, the then ordinary communication between the Middle and Eastern States. This strong position, in the possession of six hundred British troops, was washed on two sides by the river, and covered on the third side by a marsh. The enemy encircled this hill with a double row of abattis, and erected on its summit a breastwork brist-

ling with artillery. On a starry but moonless night, Wayne made the assault. It was arranged to be in two columns, which, entering the fort at opposite corners, were to meet in the centre, at midnight. Wayne placed himself at the head of the right column. "The first man that fires his piece shall be cut down," was his short address; "trust to the bayonet. March!" Though the British had been foiled at Bunker Hill, under nearly similar circumstances, yet Stony Point was taken. The American loss was about one hundred. For this splendid attack Wayne was voted a gold medal by Congress, together with its thanks. His fiery daring won for him the popular sobriquet, "Mad Anthony."

The great popularity of Wayne with the masses of the people was shown by the success of his efforts to quell the mutiny of the Pennsylvania Line. On January 1, 1781, the prolonged distress of these troops, caused by want of pay and provisions, culminated in their throwing down their arms. Wayne's appeal to their patriotism and pledge of relief restored order. Sir Henry Clinton made offers to the mutineers, but received the memorable answer that "their patience, but not their patriotism, was exhausted." In the latter part of this year Wayne was very active in the various skirmishes connected with the siege of Yorktown. After the surrender of Cornwallis, Wayne joined General Greene in the South, and on the 23d of June, 1782, defeated the Creek Indians with great slaughter.

General Wayne, having settled in Georgia, served in Congress a few months. He was nominated by Washington as General-in-Chief of the United States Army, with the rank of Major-General, and was confirmed April 3, 1792. The turbulent state of the Indians in the Northwest, instigated as they were by the British, caused Wayne to place himself in charge of the American troops at Fort Miami, Ohio; and on the 20th of August, 1793, he completely defeated the tribes. Nearly all of the dead warriors were found to have British arms in their possession. A treaty of peace was signed by twelve tribes of Indians, August 3, 1795, and long remained respected.

Wayne died in Presque Isle (now Erie), Pennsylvania, from an attack of the gout, on the 15th of December, 1796.

He was on his return from the Northwest, whither he had gone to take possession of all the forts that had been held by the British in that territory. In 1809 his body was removed to Radnor Churchyard, in Chester County. A monument, erected by the Pennsylvania State Society of the Cincinnati, marks the place of interment.

The Capture of Stony Point.

Among the many exploits of gallantry and prowess which shed a lustre on the fame of the Revolutionary Army, the storming of the fort at Stony Point has always been considered one of the most brilliant. To General Wayne, who commanded the light infantry of the army, the execution of the plan was entrusted. Secrecy was deemed so much more essential to success than numbers, that it was thought unadvisable to add to the force already on the lines. One brigade was ordered to commence its march so as to reach the scene of action in time to cover the troops engaged in the attack, in case of any unlooked-for disaster; and Major Henry Lee, of the Light Dragoons, who had been eminently useful in obtaining the intelligence which led to the enterprise, was associated with General Wayne, as far as cavalry could be employed.

The night of the 15th of July, 1779, was fixed on for the assault; and it being suspected that the garrison would probably be more on their guard towards day, twelve was chosen for the hour.

Stony Point is a commanding hill, projecting far into the Hudson, which washes three-fourths of its base. The remaining fourth is, in a great measure, covered by a deep marsh, commencing near the river on the upper side, and continuing into it below. Over this marsh there is only one crossing-place. But at its junction with the river it is a sandy beach, passable at low tide. On the summit of this hill was erected the fort, which was furnished with a sufficient number of heavy pieces of ordnance. Several breastworks and strong batteries were advanced in front of the principal work, and about half way down the hill were two rows of abattis. The batteries were calculated to command the beach and the crossing-place of the marsh, and to rake and enfilade any

column which might be advancing from either of those points towards the fort. In addition to these defenses, several vessels of war were stationed in the river, so as, in a considerable degree, to command the ground at the foot of the hill.

The fort was garrisoned by about six hundred men, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson.

At noon of the day preceding the night of the attack, the light infantry commenced their march from Sandy Beach, distant fourteen miles from Stony Point, and passing through an excessively rugged and mountainous country, arrived about 8 P. M. at Spring Steel's, one and a half miles from the fort, where the dispositions for the assault were made.

It was intended to attack the works on the right and left flanks at the same instant. The regiments of Febiger, and of Meiggs, with Major Hull's detachment, formed the right column, and Butler's Regiment, with two companies under Major Murfree, formed the left. One hundred and fifty volunteers, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury and Major Posey, constituted the van of the right; and one hundred volunteers under Major Stewart, composed the van of the left. At half-past eleven the two columns moved on to the charge, the van of each with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets. They were each preceded by a forlorn hope of twenty men, the one commanded by Lieutenant Gibbon, and the other by Lieutenant Knox, whose duty it was to remove the abattis and other obstructions, in order to open a passage for the columns which followed close in the rear.

Proper measures having been taken to secure every individual on the route who could give intelligence of their approach, the Americans reached the marsh undiscovered. But unexpected difficulties having been experienced in surmounting this and other obstructions in the way, the assault did not commence until twenty minutes after twelve. Both columns then rushed forward, under a tremendous fire of musketry and grape-shot. Surmounting every obstacle, they entered the works at the point of the bayonet, and without having discharged a single piece, obtained complete possession of the post.

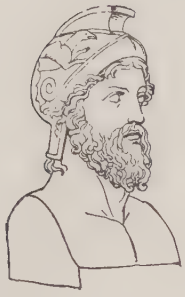
All the troops engaged in this perilous service manifested

a degree of ardor and impetuosity which proved them to be capable of the most difficult enterprises; and all distinguished themselves whose situation enabled them to do so. Colonel Fleury was the first to enter the fort and strike the British standard. Major Posey mounted the works almost at the same instant, and was the first to give the watchword—"The fort's our own." Lieutenants Gibbon and Knox performed the service allotted to them with a degree of intrepidity which could not be surpassed. Out of twenty men who constituted the party of the former, seventeen were killed or wounded.

The loss sustained by the garrison was not considerable. The return made by Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson represented their dead at only twenty, including one captain, and their wounded at six officers and sixty-eight privates. The return made by General Wayne states their dead at sixty-three, including two officers. This difference may be accounted for by supposing that among those Colonel Johnson supposed to be missing, there were many killed. The prisoners amounted to five hundred and forty-three, among whom were one lieutenant-colonel, four captains, and twenty subaltern officers. The military stores taken in the fort were also considerable.

The loss sustained by the assailants was by no means proportioned to the apparent danger of the enterprise. The killed and wounded did not exceed one hundred men. General Wayne himself, who marched at the head of Febiger's regiment in the right column, received a slight wound in the head, which stunned him for a time, but did not compel him to leave the column. Being supported by his aids, he entered the fort with the regiment.—E. FERRETT.

MILTIADES.



TO oppose the formidable invasion of Darius, King of Persia, in 490 B.C., the Athenians had only their courage, their dread of slavery, their discipline, and about ten thousand men. Their civil commotions with the other Grecian States had given them a spirit of war and stratagem. Every citizen was a statesman and a general, so to speak, and every soldier considered himself as one of the bulwarks of his country.

Miltiades was the son of Cimon and nephew of Miltiades, an illustrious Athenian, who, having been invited by the natives of the Thracian Chersonesus to found in it an Athenian colony, which might assist in their defence, had agreed to the proposal, and had been made a so-called tyrant or ruler of the Chersonesus. On his death, as he left no children, his authority passed to his nephew, Stesagoras. He also died, and in the hope of succeeding him, Miltiades, his younger brother, went from Athens to the Chersonesus. By a mixture of fraud and force, Miltiades secured the position of "tyrant," and strengthened himself in it by keeping five hundred guards, and by marrying the daughter of Olorus, a Thracian prince. He was appointed to this government the same year that Darius undertook his unsuccessful Thracian expedition; was obliged to attend that prince as far as the Ister or Danube, with what shipping he was able to supply; but, ever eager to throw off the Persian yoke, it was he who advised the Ionians to destroy the bridge over the Ister and leave the army of Darius to its fate in the wilderness beyond. The Ionians, however, insisted on its preservation, and Darius owed to them his safety. When the affairs of the

Greeks began to decline in Asia, Miltiades, rather than live in dependence, resolved to return once more to Athens; and thither he returned with five ships, which were all that remained of his shattered fortunes.

Darius now turned his arms against the petty States of Greece which had audaciously refused to acknowledge his supremacy. He carried the town of Eretria by storm, and, flushed with victory, led his army to the plain of Marathon, a fertile valley but ten miles distant from Athens. The Athenians placed their army under the leadership of ten generals, of whom Miltiades was chief. These generals disputed whether they should hazard a battle or, staying within the walls, await the approach of the enemy. Opinions were equal on either side of the argument when the suffrages came to be taken. It now, therefore, remained for Callimachus, the Polemarch, who had a right of voting as well as the ten commanders, to give his opinion, and decide this important question. Miltiades was for risking an advance; and he explained that the only means to exalt the courage of their own troops and to strike terror into the enemy, was to advance boldly towards them. "If," said he, "we decline a battle, I foresee some great dissension will shake the fidelity of the army, and induce them to a compliance with the Medes; but if we fight before corruption insinuates itself into the hearts of the Athenians, we may hope, from the equity of the gods, to obtain a victory." Callimachus gave his voice in favor of an open engagement.

The Athenians had been joined by the whole strength of Platæa, which little commonwealth had thrown itself on their protection against Thebes, and had ever since been their most faithful ally. Miltiades, now vested with the supreme command, drew up his combined forces of 10,000 men at the foot of a mountain, so that the enemy—an army of 120,000 strong—should not surround him or attack him in the rear. He had large trees cut down and placed on the flanks on either side. These trees served to guard him against the dreaded Persian cavalry. The engagement now pending was to decide the liberty of Greece, and even the future progress of civilization among mankind. The Athenians, without

waiting the Persian onset, rushed in upon their ranks. The battle was long, fierce and obstinate. At last the scale of victory began to turn in favor of the Greeks. The Persians gave way and fled to their ships in great confusion. The Athenians followed them to the beach and set many of their ships on fire. Seven of the enemy's ships were taken; six thousand of their men were slain, and many more drowned in endeavoring to reach the vessels. The Greeks lost 200 men only. Thus ended the ever-memorable battle of Marathon, 490 B.C.

The Persian army, on its embarkation, sailed immediately towards Athens, hoping to surprise it in the absence of its defenders; but Miltiades, guessing their design, made a hasty march, and arrived in the city before the enemy was in sight. The baffled invaders returned to Asia. The Greeks, in acknowledgment of the inestimable merits of Miltiades, had a picture painted, in which he was represented at the head of the ten commanders exhorting the army. There were also erected three sorts of monuments to all that had fallen; one for the Athenians, one for the Platæans, and a third for the slaves.

But though the gratitude of the Athenians to Miltiades was very sincere, yet it was of no long continuance. The Parians had assisted the Persians with ships in the expedition to Marathon. Miltiades made this an excuse, in order to take a revenge on one Lysagoras, a Parian, who had done him injury with Hydarnes, the Persian. Taking a fleet of seventy ships, he arrived at Paros and demanded from the Parians a fine of one hundred talents, threatening in case of refusal to besiege the city. The Parians refused. Miltiades at once invested the place. A Parian priestess came to him and pretended to inform him how he might take the city. In consequence of what she told him he repaired to the temple of Ceres, the lawgiver, and, being unable to open the gate, climbed to the top of the wall and leaped down. Being, however, seized with a sudden tremor, he endeavored again to scale the wall, and in so doing fell and broke his thighbone. Raising the siege, he returned to Athens, in which city an unfortunate man was never welcome.

Accused by Xanthippus of having taken a bribe from Persia, Miltiades was at once brought to trial. His wound disabled him from defending himself; but he was carried into the assembly on a bed, while his friends defended him, principally by recalling his former services. The memory of these, with pity for his present condition, prevailed on the people to absolve him from the capital charge; but they fined him fifty talents (about $53,000), this being the cost of the late unsuccessful expedition. This money he was unable to pay, and he was thrown into prison, where he shortly died of gangrene of his wound. The dates of his birth and death are obscure. His son Cimon afterwards paid the fine, and a monument was raised in honor of Miltiades, on the plain of Marathon.

Miltiades, with brilliant generalship, showed great power as a statesman, and was also an able speaker, an essential qualification for success in Athenian public life. Whether his attack on Paros was an abuse of public authority to the gratification of private revenge, or the first act in a scheme for the establishment of naval empire, is disputed by historians. Though called a tyrant, Miltiades has very justly been lauded for his condescension and moderation. To him Athens was indebted for its preservation and even for all its glory; since he was the man who first taught her to despise the empty menaces of the boastful Persian King.

The Battle of Marathon.

When Miltiades arrayed his men for action, he staked on the arbitrament of one battle not only the fate of Athens, but that of all Greece; for if Athens had fallen, no other Greek State, except Lacedæmon, would have had the courage to resist; and the Lacedæmonians, though they would probably have died in their ranks to the last man, never could have successfully resisted the victorious Persians and the numerous Greek troops which would have soon marched under the Persian satraps, had they prevailed over Athens.

Great as the preponderance of the Persian over the Athenian power at the crisis seems to have been, it would be unjust to impute wild rashness to the policy of Miltiades and those who voted with him in the Athenian council of

war, or to look on the after-current of events as the mere fortunate result of successful folly. As before has been remarked, Miltiades, while Prince of the Chersonese, had seen service in the Persian armies; and he knew by personal observation how many elements of weakness lurked beneath their imposing aspect of strength. He knew that the bulk of their troops no longer consisted of the hardy shepherds and mountaineers from Persia proper and Kurdistan, who won Cyrus' battles; but that unwilling contingents from conquered nations now filled up the Persian muster-rolls, fighting more from compulsion than from any zeal in the cause of their masters. He had also the sagacity and the spirit to appreciate the superiority of the Greek armor and organization over the Asiatic, notwithstanding former reverses. Above all, he felt and worthily trusted the enthusiasm of those whom he led.

The Athenians whom he led had proved by their newborn valor in recent wars against the neighboring States that "liberty and equality of civic rights are brave spirit-stirring things, and they who, while under the yoke of a despot, had been no better men of war than any of their neighbors, as soon as they were free, became the foremost men of all; for each felt that in fighting for a free commonwealth he fought for himself, and whatever he took in hand, he was zealous to do the work thoroughly." So the nearly contemporaneous historian describes the change of spirit that was seen in the Athenians after their tyrants were expelled; and Miltiades knew that in leading them against the invading army, where they had Hippias, the foe they most hated, before them, he was bringing into battle no ordinary men, and could calculate on no ordinary heroism.

With these hopes and risks, Miltiades, on the afternoon of a September day, 490 B.C., gave the word for the Athenian army to prepare for battle. There were many local associations connected with those mountain heights which were calculated powerfully to excite the spirits of the men, and of which the commanders well knew how to avail themselves in their exhortations to their troops before the encounter. Marathon itself was a region sacred to Hercules. Close to

them was the Fountain of Macaria, who had in days of yore devoted herself to death for the liberty of her people. The very plain on which they were to fight was the scene of the exploits of their national hero, Theseus; and there, too, as old legends told, the Athenians and the Heraclidæ had routed the invader, Eurystheus. These traditions were not mere cloudy myths or idle fictions, but matters of implicit, earnest faith to the men of that day, and many a fervent prayer arose from the Athenians' ranks to the heroic spirits who, while on earth, had striven and suffered on that very spot, and who were believed to be now heavenly powers, looking down with interest on their still-beloved country, and capable of interposing with superhuman aid in its behalf.

According to old national custom, the warriors of each tribe were arrayed together; neighbor thus fighting by the side of neighbor, friend by friend, and the spirit of emulation and the consciousness of responsibility excited to the very utmost. The War-ruler, Callimachus, had the leading of the right wing; the Platæans formed the extreme left; and Themistocles and Aristides commanded the centre. The line consisted of the heavy armed spearmen only; for the Greeks (until the time of Iphicrates) took little or no account of light-armed soldiers in a pitched battle, using them only in skirmishes, or for the pursuit of a defeated enemy. The panoply of the regular infantry consisted of a long spear, a shield, helmet, breast-plate, greaves and short sword. Thus equipped, they usually advanced slowly and steadily into action in a uniform phalanx of about eight spears deep. But the military genius of Miltiades led him to deviate on this occasion from the commonplace tactics of his countrymen. It was essential for him to extend his line so as to cover all the practicable ground, and to secure himself from being outflanked and charged in the rear by the Persian horse. This extension involved the weakening of his line. Instead of a uniform reduction of its strength, he determined on detaching principally from his centre, which, from the nature of the ground, would have the best opportunities for rallying, if broken; and on strengthening his wings so as to insure advantage at those points; and he trusted to his own

skill and to his soldiers' discipline for the improvement of that advantage into decisive victory.

In this order, and availing himself probably of the inequalities of the ground, so as to conceal his preparations from the enemy till the last possible moment, Miltiades drew up the eleven thousand infantry whose spears were to decide this crisis in the struggle between the European and the Asiatic worlds. The sacrifices by which the favor of heaven was sought, and its will consulted, were announced to show propitious omens. The trumpet sounded for action, and chanting the hymn of battle, the little army bore down upon the host of the foe.

Instead of advancing at the usual slow pace of the phalanx, Miltiades brought his men on at a run. They were all trained in the exercise of the palæstra, so that there was no fear of their ending the charge in breathless exhaustion; and it was of the deepest importance for him to traverse as rapidly as possible the mile or so of level ground that lay between the mountain foot and the Persian outposts, and so to get his troops into close action before the Asiatic cavalry could mount, form and manœuvre against him, or their archers keep him long under fire, and before the enemy's generals could fairly deploy their masses.

"When the Persians," says Herodotus, "saw the Athenians running down on them, without horse or bowmen, and scanty in numbers, they thought them a set of madmen rushing upon certain destruction." They began, however, to prepare to receive them, and the Eastern chiefs arrayed, as quickly as time and place allowed, the varied races who served in their motley ranks. Mountaineers from Hyrcania and Afghanistan, wild horsemen from the steppes of Khorassan, the black archers of Ethiopia, swordsmen from the banks of the Indus, the Oxus, the Euphrates and the Nile, made ready against the enemies of the Great King. But no national cause inspired them except the division of native Persians; and in the large host there was no uniformity of language, creed, race or military system. Still, among them there were many gallant men, under a veteran general; they were familiarized with victory, and in contemptuous confi-

dence, their infantry, which alone had time to form, awaited the Athenian charge. On came the Greeks, with one unwavering line of leveled spears, against which the light targets, the short lances and cimeters of the Orientals, offered weak defense. The front rank of the Asiatics must have gone down to a man at the first shock. Still they recoiled not, but strove, by individual gallantry and by the weight of numbers, to make up for the disadvantages of weapons and tactics, and to bear back the shallow line of the Europeans. In the centre, where the native Persians and the Sacæ fought, they succeeded in breaking through the weakened part of the Athenian phalanx; and the tribes led by Aristides and Themistocles were, after a brave resistance, driven back over the plain, and chased by the Persians up the valley toward the inner country. There the nature of the ground gave the opportunity of rallying and renewing the struggle. Meanwhile, the Greek wings, where Miltiades had concentrated his chief strength, had routed the Asiatics opposed to them; and the Athenian and Platæan officers, instead of pursuing the fugitives, kept their troops well in hand, and, wheeling round, they formed the two wings together. Miltiades instantly led them against the Persian centre, which had hitherto been triumphant, but which now fell back, and prepared to encounter these new and unexpected assailants. Aristides and Themistocles renewed the fight with their reorganized troops, and the full force of the Greeks was brought into close action with the Persian and Sacian divisions of the enemy. Datis' veterans strove hard to keep their ground, and evening was approaching before the stern encounter was decided.

But the Persians, with their slight wicker shields, destitute of body-armor, and never taught by training to keep the even front and act with the regular movement of the Greek infantry, fought at heavy disadvantage with their shorter and feebler weapons against the compact array of well-armed Athenian and Platæan spearmen, all perfectly drilled to perform each necessary evolution in concert, and to preserve a uniform and unwavering line in battle. In personal courage and in bodily activity the Persians were not inferior to their adversaries. Their spirits were not yet cowed by the recollec-

tion of former defeats; and they lavished their lives freely, rather than forfeit the fame which they had won by so many victories. While their rear ranks poured an incessant shower of arrows over the heads of their comrades, the foremost Persians kept rushing forward, sometimes singly, sometimes in desperate groups of twelve or ten upon the projecting spears of the Greeks, striving to force a lane into the phalanx, and to bring their cimeters and daggers into play. But the Greeks felt their superiority, and though the fatigue of the long-continued action told heavily on their inferior numbers, the sight of the carnage that they dealt upon their assailants nerved them to fight on still more fiercely.

At last the previously unvanquished lords of Asia turned their backs and fled, and the Greeks followed, striking them down, to the water's edge, where the invaders were now hastily launching their galleys, and seeking to embark and fly. Flushed with success, the Athenians attacked and strove to fire the fleet. But here the Asiatics resisted desperately, and the principal loss sustained by the Greeks was in the assault on the ships. Here fell the brave War-ruler Callimachus, the General Stesilaus, and other Athenians of note. Seven galleys were fired; but the Persians succeeded in saving the rest. They pushed off from the fatal shore; but even here the skill of Datis did not desert him, and he sailed round to the western coast of Attica, in hopes to find the city unprotected, and to gain possession of it from some of the partisans of Hippias. Miltiades, however, saw and counteracted his manœuvre. Leaving Aristides, and the troops of his tribe, to guard the spoil and the slain, the Athenian commander led his conquering army by a rapid night-march back across the country to Athens. And when the Persian fleet had doubled the Cape of Sunium and sailed up to the Athenian harbor in the morning, Datis saw arrayed on the heights above the city the troops before whom his men had fled on the preceding evening. All hope of further conquest in Europe for the time was abandoned, and the baffled armada returned to the Asiatic coasts.

The number of the Persian dead was 6400; of the Athenians, 192. The number of the Platæans who fell is not men-

tioned; but, as they fought in the part of the army which was not broken, it cannot have been large.

The apparent disproportion between the losses of the two armies is not surprising when we remember the armor of the Greek spearmen, and the impossibility of heavy slaughter being inflicted by sword or lance on troops so armed, as long as they kept firm in their ranks.

The Athenian slain were buried on the field of battle. This was contrary to the usual custom, according to which the bones of all who fell fighting for their country in each year were deposited in a public sepulchre in the suburb of Athens called the Cerameicus. But it was felt that a distinction ought to be made in the funeral honors paid to the men of Marathon, even as their merit had been distinguished over that of all other Athenians. A lofty mound was raised on the plain of Marathon, beneath which the remains of the men of Athens who fell in the battle were deposited. Ten columns were erected on the spot, one for each of the Athenian tribes; and on the monumental column of each tribe were graven the names of those of its members whose glory it was to have fallen in the great battle of liberation. The antiquarian Pausanias read those names there six hundred years after the time when they were first graven. The columns have long since perished; but the mound still marks the spot where the noblest heroes of antiquity repose.—Sir E. S. Creasy.

PAUSANIAS.

THE classical historians, while agreeing in a high estimate of the military genius of Pausanias, the Spartan general, differ in their views concerning his character at various periods of his life, and also in regard to the motives of his marchings and counter-marchings at Platæa. All admit that his last shifting of position precipitated the final great battle that resulted in the destruction of the Persian power in Europe forever.

Pausanias, the Spartan, was the nephew of King Leonidas, who fell at Thermopylæ, and during the minority of his successor, was his guardian and acting king. Xerxes, being utterly defeated in the sea fight at Salamis, returned in haste to Asia, but left his general, Mardonius, in Greece, with an army exceeding 300,000 men to effect its reduction. During the winter while this army remained in Thessaly, Mardonius vainly endeavored to win the leaders of the Greeks, and especially of the Athenians, to compliance with the Persian king's demands. In the next spring, 479 B.C., he moved southward and again seized and burned Athens. The Spartans, who had previously refused to leave the Peloponnesus, now issued forth, and in the memorable battle of Platæa, September 19th, Mardonius was defeated and killed. Pausanias showed great nobleness of mind in rejecting a proposal that the body of the Persian general should be treated with the same indignity that had been offered to Leonidas. He proceeded, however, to punish the internal foes of Greece, and obliged the Thebans to surrender their traitors, whom he executed. His share of the Persian spoils at Platæa, one-

tenth of the whole, made him very wealthy ; and the effects of his great victory seem to have inspired him with ambition and arrogance. He assumed to himself all the honors of the battle ; and upon a golden tripod, which he presented to the Temple of Apollo at Delphi, he put an inscription recording only his own name as the victor.

A Greek fleet being shortly sent to drive out the Persian garrisons that still lingered in some of their maritime cities, the command was taken by Pausanias. He acted with such great partiality toward the Spartans, and with such arrogance to the leaders of the other Greek contingents, that ultimately these embraced the cause and followed the lead of Athens and not Sparta. In the present instance, however, Pausanias was successful in capturing Byzantium. Some of the Persians here taken were of royal blood, and Pausanias sent them to Xerxes with a letter proposing a private alliance with the King on the condition of being made ruler of Greece as his vassal. Being detected in part of this negotiation, he was recalled to Sparta, and subjected to a trial; but, as sufficient evidence was lacking, he was acquitted.

Pausanias now threw caution to the winds, adopted the Persian habit and manners, and indulged in luxurious excesses. It would appear that his mind became disordered from a tragical incident. He married a Persian bride, but during the wedding-night she got up in the dark, and the noise of her movements waking him, he fancied an assassin was in the room, and starting up plunged a dagger in her breast. The discovery of the fatal error distracted him, and from that time he imagined that the blood of his Cleonice perpetually demanded vengeance.

Pausanias still maintained his treasonable correspondence with the Persian court; and to preserve the secret, all the messengers were killed after they had delivered their messages. It is said he in vain attempted to engage Themistocles, then an exile, to concur in his measures. At length one of the messengers, Argilius, his favorite, becoming suspicious through the non-appearance of the former messengers, unsealed the packet, and finding a direction to put him to death, immediately disclosed the matter to the Spartan

Ephori. In order to obtain fuller proof against Pausanias, the magistrates directed Argilius, as if in fear of his life, to take refuge in the Temple of Neptune at Tænarus, concealing at the same time a witness near the altar. Pausanias, hearing of Argilius having sought safety in the temple, repaired thither to ascertain the reason of his action. In the conversation that ensued the Ephori had sufficient evidence against Pausanias, who fled to the Temple of Athene. In order not to violate the sanctity of this place, they tore off the roof and blocked all the entrances. When he had died with hunger and exposure, his body was allowed to be interred by his friends. In such a wretched manner did this great and vicious man terminate his days (B.C. 474). This splendid soldier and superb commander might have reigned immortal in the hearts of his countrymen, could he but have restrained his ambition.

The Battle of Plataiai.

(Note.—Sir G. W. Cox uses in this narrative a mode of spelling Greek names more close to the original than that which is common in English).

The story of Plataiai brings before us a series of movements which explain themselves, and which seem to be reported with tolerable accuracy. From the Corinthian Isthmus the Spartans with their Peloponnesian allies advanced to Eleusis, where they were joined by the forces of the Athenians who had crossed over from Salamis, and thence, cheered by favorable omens, resumed their march, until from the slopes of Kithairon they looked down on the Persian camp near the northern bank of the Asopos.

Here, then, on the plain beneath the mighty mass of Kithairon, Mardonios with his host, it is said, of 600,000 men, awaited with impatience the attack which he trusted that the Greeks, numbering in all 110,000, would begin. If Persian boastfulness exaggerated his own numbers, those of his enemies were swollen not so much from carelessness of falsehood as from the desire that all the States which had not Medized should be represented as taking part in the final struggle with the servants of the Asiatic despot. But whatever their numbers may have been when Mardonios threw the

die for battle, they were less formidable when they first encamped on the lower slopes of Kithairon. Still no time was to be lost in dislodging them from their vantage-ground; and on this errand the whole Persian cavalry was dispatched under Masistios, a leader noted for his bravery. Riding on a golden-bitted Nisaian steed magnificently caparisoned, Masistios led his horsemen on; and the nature of the ground made their attack specially felt by the Megarians, who sent a message to Pausanias to say that, unless they could be speedily supported, they must give way. The rigidity of Spartan discipline would lead us to suppose that Pausanias issued an order, and that this order was obeyed; but instead of this we have the mere entreaty for the help of volunteers. All, it is said, including, it would seem, the Spartans, held back, although the Persian horsemen rode up and reviled them as women; and three hundred picked Athenians could alone be found to undertake the dangerous task. Aided by some bowmen, they moved to the Megarian ground, where presently the horse of Masistios, struck by an arrow in its side, reared and threw its rider. Throwing themselves upon him, the Athenians seized his horse; but his golden breast-plate protected him from his enemies until a spear was thrust into his eye. So died Masistios, unseen by his men, who at the time were falling back to make ready for another charge. When on halting they learned their loss, with a fierce cry they rushed back to recover his body, of which for a little while they gained possession; but the three hundred Athenians were now supported by the main body of their countrymen, and the Persian cavalry was definitely beaten back. All Boiotia, it is said, resounded with the Persian wail which went up for the loss of Masistios, while the body of the fallen general, stretched on a chariot, was carried along the ranks of the Greeks who crowded to see his grand and beautiful form.

To these the death of Masistios and the repulse of his cavalry brought great encouragement; and they resolved to move from Erythrai nearer to Plataiai, as a position far better both for encamping and for watering. Their road led them by Hysiai to ground stretching from the Fountain of Gargaphia

to the shrine of the hero Androkrates, and broken by low hills rising from the plain.

Although the two armies were brought thus near to each other, the final conflict was delayed by the omens which were interpreted by the soothsayers on either side as unfavorable to the aggressor. But if a pitched battle was not to be thought of, Timagenidas, the Theban, warned Mardonios against wasting more time in addition to the eight days which had already passed. There were other things which might safely be undertaken. Every day the Greeks were receiving fresh convoys through the passes of Kithairon; and it was easy by occupying these passes to enrich the Persians and starve their enemies. His advice was promptly acted upon. Night had no sooner set in than the Persian cavalry were dispatched to the pass of the Oak Heads; and there 500 beasts laden with corn were cut off with the men who had brought them from the Peloponnesos.

Two days more passed by, each adding to the numbers of the Greeks. On the morning of the eleventh, Mardonios, wearied out with the delay, consulted Artabazos, who advised him, it is said, to fall back on Thebes, and there to trust rather to money than to men. In open battle, he urged, they were no match for their enemies; but not a Greek was to be found who would not sell his freedom for money, and Persian gold, freely scattered among the chief men of all the non-Medizing cities, would soon make them hearty in the Persian cause. It is possible, of course, that Artabazos may have had other reasons for differing with Mardonios; but the latter was certainly justified in depending on the bravery of his countrymen and in deploring the inaction which was daily increasing the number and strength of his enemies.

On the morning of the eleventh day the battle of Plataiai may be said practically to have begun, although the traditional narrative confines it to the day on which the infantry of the Persians came to close combat with the Hellenic hoplites. During the whole of the day preceding this final conflict, the Greek army was terribly pressed by constant charges of the Persian cavalry; and early in the day it became clear to the confederate generals that a change of position was indis-

pensably necessary. The stream of Asopos, in front of the Greeks, had all along been useless for watering, as it was within range of the Persian bowmen. The whole army was forced, therefore, to obtain its supplies from the Fountain or stream of Gargaphia, which is said by Herodotus to have been two miles and a half distant from the town of Plataiai. This fountain was now completely fouled and choked up by the trampling of the Persian horses: but about half-way between Gargaphia and Plataiai was a spot of ground called the Island, as lying between two channels, into which for a short space the little stream of Oëroê is divided in its descent from Kithairon. The ground thus enclosed between the points where the waters divided and again met was barely half a mile in width, and about a mile and a half in length. Here, however, they would have not only an abundant supply of water, for the Persian cavalry could not reach the channel in their rear, but they would be protected from their attacks by the stream in front. To this spot, therefore, the generals resolved that the army should be transferred on the coming night: but, whether from confusion or from fear, the Peloponnesian allies, when the time for retreat came, fell back not on this so-called island, but on Plataiai itself, about a mile and a half further from the Asopos, and took up their position by the Temple of Hêrê. Seeing these in retreat (and as he supposed, for the Island), Pausanias gave the order to the Spartans also: but he encountered an unexpected opposition from Amompharetos, a captain. This officer complained that, not having been summoned to the previous council, he was now commanded to retreat, not merely against his better judgment, but in violation of duty, which forbade retreat to all Spartans under any circumstances.

With this obstacle to retreat, it became impossible for Pausanias to carry out the decision of the council; and the Athenians, beginning to suspect, it would seem, that Spartan vacillation might end in open Medism, sent a herald to ascertain the state of affairs. He found the Spartan leaders in hot dispute with Amompharetos, who, taking up a huge stone with both hands, placed it at the feet of Pausanias and said that thus he gave his vote against the dastardly proposal to

turn their backs upon the enemy. Having bestowed on him the epithet of madman, Pausanias turned to the Athenian messenger, and bidding him to report to Aristeides how matters stood, urged the immediate union of the Athenian with the Spartan forces. Amidst these disputes the night had passed away; and the sky was already lit with the dawn, when Pausanias, wearied out with the folly of Amompharetos, gave the order for retreat. The Spartans immediately fell back, keeping as near as they could to the heights of Kithairon, in order to avoid the attacks of the Persian horsemen, while the Athenians, less cautious or less timid, moved along the plain. Having gone a mile and a half, they halted to see whether Amompharetos would follow. The departure of the Spartans and Tegeatans had soon convinced him that he could do but little good by imitating the example of Leonidas; and his company accordingly joined the main body.

But their retreat had now become known in the Persian camp; and the Persian cavalry at once advanced to harass them as they had done the day before. Hurriedly crossing the Asopos, Mardonios hastened with his Persians towards the higher ground where the Spartan troops might be seen winding along under the hillside, for from the river's banks he could not catch sight of the Athenians, who were hidden among the low hills which rose from the level plain. Without order or discipline, the hordes of the Persian subject tribes rushed after him, as though nothing more remained for them to do beyond the butchering of unresisting fugitives. The last momentous strife was now begun. Hard pressed by the Persian horsemen, Pausanias sent to beg instant succor from the Athenians on the lower ground. But the attack of the Greeks in the Persian army, who now flung themselves on the Athenians, rendered this impossible. To the Spartans and Tegeatans, thus cut off from their allies, it was a moment of supreme distress. Fifty-three thousand in all, they were opposed to the overwhelming numbers of Mardonios; and the sacrifices even now forbade any action except in the way of self-defence. This merely passive resistance enabled the Persians to make a rampart of their wicker-work shields, from behind which they shot their arrows with deadly effect.

At last Pausanias, looking in agony towards the temple of Hêrê, besought the Queen of Heaven not to abandon them utterly. Scarcely had his prayer been offered, when the sacrifices were reported to be favorable; and the charge of the Tegeatans was followed by the onset of the Spartans. After a fierce fight the hedge of shields was thrown down, and the defeat of the barbarian host virtually ensured. The Persians fought with almost more than Hellenic heroism. Coming to close quarters, they seized the spears of their enemies, and broke off their heads; but they wore no body-armor, and they had no discipline. Rushing forward singly or in small groups, they were borne down in the crush and killed. Still they were not dismayed; and the battle raged most fiercely on the spot where Mardonios, on his white war-horse, fought with the flower of his troops. But at length Mardonios was slain, and when his chosen guards had fallen round him the issue was no longer doubtful. The linen tunics of the Persian soldiers were of no avail in a conflict with brazen-coated hoplites. With the utmost speed the defeated barbarians made their way to their fortified camp, and took refuge behind its wooden walls.

Artabazos had awaited the battle with very definite resolutions. He despised, with good reason, the military arrangements of Mardonios; and he had no intention of allowing himself and his men to be slaughtered if Mardonios should, as he foreboded, lose the day. His troops, therefore,—the forty thousand still remaining to him of the six myriads who guarded Xerxes on his retreat to the Hellespont,—received strict orders to look only to him and to follow his movements with the utmost promptness; and no sooner had the battle begun, it is said, than, inviting his men verbally to follow him into it, he led them from the field. The flight of the Persians soon showed him that the day was lost; and putting spurs to his horse he hurried away with all speed into Phokis. Without pausing to answer the questions of the people, he rode on into Thessaly, and through Makedonia and Thrace. He brought the bulk of his troops safely to Byzantion, and thence crossed over with them into Asia.

One body of men alone held their ground when, on the

death of Mardonios and the defeat of his Persians, all the rest of his army fled in utter confusion. These were the Theban oligarchs. They felt, doubtless, that they had gone too far to leave any hope of making their peace with the Spartans and their allies, and we may do them the justice to say that without the tyranny which the victory of Xerxes might have enabled them to exercise, life was to them scarcely worth the living for. Three hundred of these patricians fell fighting on the field. The rest made their way as best they could to Thebes.

If the Persians on finding themselves within their fortified camp hoped that its wooden walls would keep out the enemy, they were soon to be disappointed. To the Spartans, whose incompetence in all siege operations was notorious, they opposed an effectual barrier; but Athenian skill and resolution effected a breach after a terrible struggle. Headed by the Tegeatans, the allies burst like a deluge into the incampment; and the Persians, losing all heart, sought wildly to hide themselves like deer flying from lions. Then followed a carnage so fearful that of 260,000 men not 3,000, it is said, remained alive. On the side of the Greeks we are told that only 91 Spartan citizens had fallen, while the Tegeatans lost only 16, and the Athenians only 52.—Sir G. W. Cox.

LOUIS XV.

LOUIS XV., King of France, was the great-grandson and immediate successor of Louis XIV. He was born at Versailles on February 15, 1710, being the third son of Louis, Duke of Burgundy. His father became Dauphin in 1711, and died in the next year. The death of Louis XIV., in 1715, after the unparalleled reign of seventy-two years, left this child, five years old, the legal King of France. He was then of feeble constitution, and appeared unlikely to attain manhood. A Council of Regency was appointed, of which the Duke of Orleans was named president and entrusted with the guardianship and education of the youthful sovereign. But the whims and sports of the royal boy were little interfered with by his obsequious tutors and attendants.

The early victories, as well as the later defeats of Louis XIV., had been frightfully expensive, and when the Grand Monarch passed away, the debts thus incurred pressed with redoubled force on the impoverished people of France. During the Regency, though the splendor of the court was maintained, the financial condition of France became a perfect chaos. All available capital was drawn from trade and agriculture and pocketed by public officials and financial cliques, or squandered in wasteful shows by the court. To provide a circulating medium and in some measure cover the deficiency, paper-money was issued, and the national debt was augmented to 625,000,000 francs.

Louis XV. was declared to have attained his legal majority on the thirteenth anniversary of his birth. The Duke of Orleans now became President of the Council of State, which included also the Duke of Bourbon, Cardinal Dubois, and Fleury, Bishop of Fréjus, who had been the King's tutor. Louis had been engaged in 1721 to his cousin, a Spanish Princess; but she was now sent back to Spain. On September 5, 1725, he was married at Fontainebleau, to Maria Leszczynski, daughter of Stanislaus, the dethroned King of Poland, who was her husband's senior by seven years. This union continued to subsist, after a fashion, until the Queen's death, in 1768. Fleury was the chief administrator of public affairs, and under his direction France repaired her losses and extended her commerce. Louis willingly abandoned to his minister the entire burden of state as long as his eager pursuit of private pleasure was undisturbed, and the Minister as willingly complied with these terms.

Louis' father-in-law, Stanislaus, being again proclaimed King of Poland, called on his son-in-law for aid. When Fleury granted him but 1,500 men and 3,000,000 livres, this help proved insufficient, and he was once more driven from Warsaw. The War of the Austrian Succession also involved France in troubles which ended in serious disaster. Fleury died in his ninetieth year, in January, 1743. Louis, now thirty-three years of age, affected to take the reins of government into his own hands. But his character and habits altogether unfitted him for the task. The influence which really predominated in the State was that of the King's mistress, the Duchesse de Châteauroux, the youngest of four sisters of the family of Nesle, who had successively yielded to his licentious passion. She was a woman of talent, spirit and ambition, and exerted herself to rouse her royal paramour from his constitutional indolence and torpor. But the King hated business, and nothing wearied him so much as an interview with a minister or a dispatch from a general.

In course of time the Duchesse de Châteauroux was displaced by the more celebrated Marquise de Pompadour, who was really a great historic personage. Yet she was of the humblest origin. Her father had been butcher to the In-

valides, and she bribed the Princess Conti to present her at court. She won the royal fancy, and reigned twenty years, losing her power only by death. She identified herself with the fall of the Jesuits in France, the triumphs of so-called philosophers and economists, the disgrace of ministers, and the most extravagant prodigality that ever scandalized a nation. Louis XV. was almost wholly directed by this infamous favorite. She named and removed the controllers-general at her pleasure, and she herself received annually 1,500,000 livres. Those who incurred her displeasure were almost sure of being banished from the kingdom, or perhaps sentenced by *lettres de cachet* to a living burial in the dreary cells of the Bastille.

In 1754 France engaged in a war against England, in which America was a principal scene of conflict. In this struggle Canada was lost. On the Continent of Europe France also became involved in the celebrated Seven Years' War, siding with Prussia against Austria. But these foreign wars, with all their consequent troubles and burdens, were not allowed to disturb the round of pleasure at the court. The evil day of reckoning was deferred beyond the reign of Louis XV.

On the death of Madame de Pompadour, Louis appeared to be profoundly affected. But not more than a year elapsed before he resumed his habits of profligacy. A simple peasant's child, who peddled haberdashery through the streets of Paris, entered, under the name of Mademoiselle Rançon, the millinery shop of one M. Mabille. Here she attracted the notice of Count Jean Du Barry, and soon became his mistress. The King heard of her charms and determined to raise her to a loftier station. Count Jean, being a married man, could not properly assist the King's design, who thought that a demoiselle could not decently fulfil the function of a royal mistress. But for a handsome consideration, a nominal husband was found in Count William Du Barry, Jean's brother. This comedy-marriage was celebrated September 1st, 1768, and Madame Du Barry was duly presented to her royal lover. In the next year he settled on her a life annuity of 100,000 livres to be paid by the City of Paris, and a pension of 10,000

BENCZÚR GYULA, PINX.

LOUIS XV AND MME. DU BARRY.

livres to be paid by the States of Burgundy. Her political power was shown by her securing the downfall of the Duc de Choiseul; yet for the most part she abstained from meddling in affairs of state, being thus strongly contrasted with her great predecessor. Devoid of hatred, ambition and calculation, Du Barry sought only to occupy herself with her toilettes and her furniture.

The closing years of Louis XV. were destitute of striking events. The King was enslaved by his vices and by those who pandered to them. He would not act the king, nor the man. Seeing the approaching dangers, yet feeling his impotence to dispel them, he affected levity, and exclaimed to his courtiers: "Après nous le déluge," a prediction which testifies to greater sagacity than he has usually been credited with. His career of self-abandonment continued to the last, even after satiety and ennui had deprived him of appetite. Deaf, incapable of being amused, prematurely worn out, hated and despised by the whole nation, Louis XV. died of small-pox at the age of sixty-four, on the 10th of May, 1774. His remains were hastily consigned, without pomp, to the Cathedral of St. Denis. His funeral was greeted as a festival by the people. Nearly twenty years later, among the thousands butchered in the Reign of Terror in 1793, was the notorious Madame Du Barry.

Death of Louis XV.

President Hénault, remarking on royal Surnames of Honor how difficult it often is to ascertain not only why, but even when, they were conferred, takes occasion, in his sleek official way, to make a philosophical reflection. "The Surname of *Bien-aimé* (Well-beloved)," says he, "which Louis XV. bears, will not leave posterity in the same doubt. This Prince, in the year 1744, while hastening from one end of his kingdom to the other, and suspending his conquests in Flanders that he might fly to the assistance of Alsace, was arrested at Metz by a malady which threatened to cut short his days. At the news of this, Paris, all in terror, seemed a city taken by storm: the churches resounded with supplications and groans; the prayers of priests and people were every moment interrupted

by their sobs: and it was from an interest so dear and tender that this Surname of *Bien-aimé* fashioned itself,—a title higher still than all the rest which this great Prince has earned."

So stands it written; in lasting memorial of that year 1744. Thirty other years have come and gone; and "this great Prince" again lies sick; but in how altered circumstances now! Churches resound not with excessive groanings; Paris is stoically calm: sobs interrupt no prayers, for indeed none are offered; except Priests' Litanies, read or chanted at fixed money-rate per hour, which are not liable to interruption. The shepherd of the people has been carried home from Little Trianon, heavy of heart, and been put to bed in his own Château of Versailles: the flock knows it, and heeds it not. At most, in the immeasurable tide of French Speech (which ceases not day after day, and only ebbs towards the short hours of night), may this of the royal sickness emerge from time to time as an article of news. Bets are doubtless depending; nay, some people "express themselves loudly on the streets." But for the rest, on green field and steepled city, the May sun shines out, the May evening fades; and men ply their useful or useless business as if no Louis lay in danger.

Dame Du Barry, indeed, might pray, if she had a talent for it; Duke d'Aiguillon too, Maupeou and the Parlement Maupeou: these, as they sit in their high places, with France harnessed under their feet, know well on what basis they continue there. Look to it, D'Aiguillon; sharply as thou didst, from the Mill of St. Cast, on Quiberon and the invading English; thou, "covered if not with glory, yet with meal!" Fortune was ever accounted inconstant; and each dog has but his day.

Forlorn enough languished Duke d'Aiguillon, some years ago; covered, as we said, with meal; nay, with worse. For La Chalotais, the Breton Parlementeer, accused him not only of poltroonery and tyranny, but even of *concussion* (official plunder of money); which accusations it was easier to get "quashed" by backstairs Influences than to get answered: neither could the thoughts, or even the tongues, of men be

tied. Thus, under disastrous eclipse, had this grand-nephew of the great Richelieu to glide about; unworshiped by the world; resolute Choiseul, the abrupt, proud man, disdaining him, or even forgetting him. Little prospect but to glide into Gascony, to rebuild Châteaus there, and die inglorious killing game! However, in the year 1770, a certain young soldier, Dumouriez by name, returning from Corsica, could see "with sorrow, at Compiègne, the old King of France, on foot, with doffed hat, in sight of his army, at the side of a magnificent phaeton, doing homage to the—Du Barry."

Much lay therein! Thereby, for one thing, could D'Aiguillon postpone the rebuilding of his Château, and rebuild his fortunes first. For stout Choiseul would discern in the Du Barry nothing but a wonderfully dizened Scarlet-woman; and go on his way as if she were not. Intolerable: the source of sighs, tears, of pettings and poutings; which would not end till "France" (La France, as she named her royal valet) finally mustered heart to see Choiseul; and with that "quivering in the chin" natural in such case, faltered out a dismissal: dismissal of his last substantial man, but pacification of his scarlet-woman. Thus D'Aiguillon rose again, and culminated. And with him there rose Maupeou, the banisher of Parlements; who plants you a refractory President "at Croe in Combrailles on the top of steep rocks, inaccessible except by litters," there to consider himself. Likewise there rose Abbé Terray, dissolute Financier, paying eight pence in the shilling,—so that wits exclaim in some press at the playhouse, "Where is Abbé Terray, that he might reduce us to two-thirds!" And so have these individuals (verily by black-art) built them a Domdaniel, or enchanted Dubarrydom; call it an Armida-Palace, where they dwell pleasantly; Chancellor Maupeou "playing blind-man's-buff" with the scarlet Enchantress; or gallantly presenting her with dwarf Negroes;—and a Most Christian King has unspeakable peace within doors, whatever he may have without. "My Chancellor is a scoundrel; but I cannot do without him."

Beautiful Armida-Palace, where the inmates live enchanted lives; lapped in soft music of adulation; waited on by the

splendors of the world;—which nevertheless hangs wondrously as by a single hair. Should the Most Christian King die; or even get seriously afraid of dying! For, alas, had not the fair, haughty Châteauroux to fly, with wet cheeks and flaming heart, from that Fever-scene at Metz, long since; driven forth by sour shavelings? She hardly returned, when fever and shavelings were both swept into the background. Pompadour too, when Damiens wounded Royalty "slightly, under the fifth rib," and our drive to Trianon went off futile, in shrieks and madly shaken torches,—had to pack, and be in readiness; yet did not go, the wound not proving poisoned. For his Majesty has religious faith: believes, at least in a Devil. And now a third peril; and who knows what may be in it! For the Doctors look grave; ask privily, If his Majesty had not the small-pox long ago?—and doubt it may have been a false kind. Yes, Maupeou, pucker those sinister brows of thine, and peer out on it with thy malign rat-eyes: it is a questionable case. Sure only that man is mortal; that with the life of one mortal snaps irrevocably the wonderfulest talisman, and all Dubarrydom rushes off, with tumult, into infinite Space; and ye, as subterranean Apparitions are wont, vanish utterly,—leaving only a smell of sulphur!

These, and what holds of these, may pray,—to Beelzebub, or whoever will hear them. But from the rest of France there comes, as was said, no prayer; or one of an *opposite* character, "expressed openly in the streets." Château or Hôtel, where an enlightened Philosophism scrutinizes many things, is not given to prayer: neither are Rossbach victories, Terray Finances, nor, say only "sixty thousand *Lettres-de-Cachet*" (which is Maupeou's share), persuasives towards that. O Hénault! Prayers? From a France smitten (by black-art) with plague after plague, and lying now, in shame and pain, with a Harlot's foot on his neck, what prayer can come?

Dame Du Barry issues from the sick-room, with perceptible "trouble in her visage." It is the fourth evening of May, year of Grace, 1774. Such a whispering in the Œil-de-Bœuf! Is he dying, then? What can be said is, that Du Barry seems making up her packages; she sails weeping through her gilt

boudoirs, as if taking leave. D'Aiguillon and Company are near their last card; nevertheless they will not yet throw up the game. But as for the sacramental controversy, it is as good as settled without being mentioned; Louis sends for his Abbé Moudon in the course of next night; is confessed by him, some say for the space of "seventeen minutes," and demands the sacraments of his own accord.

Nay already, in the afternoon, behold is not this your Sorceress Du Barry with the handkerchief at her eyes, mounting D'Aiguillon's chariot; rolling off in his Duchess' consolatory arms? She is gone: and her place knows her no more. Vanish, false Sorceress, into Space! Needless to hover at neighboring Ruel; for thy day is done. Shut are the royal palace-gates forevermore; hardly in coming years shalt thou, under cloud of night, descend once, in black domino, like a black night-bird, and disturb the fair Antoinette's music-party in the Park; all Birds of Paradise flying from thee, and musical windpipes growing mute. Thou unclean, yet unmalignant, not unpitiable thing! What a course was thine: from that first truckle-bed (in Joan of Arc's country) where thy mother bore thee, with tears, to an unnamed father: forward, through lowest subterranean depths, and over highest sunlit heights, of Harlotdom and Rascaldom—to the guillotine-axe, which shears away thy vainly whimpering head! Rest there uncursed; only buried and abolished: what else befitted thee?

This tenth May day falls into the loathsome sick-bed; but dull, unnoticed there: for they that look out of the windows are quite darkened; the cistern-wheel moves discordant on its axis; Life, like a spent steed, is panting towards the goal. In their remote apartments, Dauphin and Dauphiness stand road-ready; all grooms and equerries booted and spurred: waiting for some signal to escape the house of pestilence. And, hark! across the Œil-de-Bœuf, what sound is that; sound "terrible and absolutely like thunder"? It is the rush of the whole Court, rushing as in wager, to salute the new Sovereigns: Hail to your Majesties! The Dauphin and Dauphiness are King and Queen! Overpowered with many emotions, they too fall on their knees together, and, with streaming tears,

exclaim, "O God, guide us, protect us; we are too young to reign!"—Too young, indeed.

But thus, in any case, "with a sound absolutely like thunder," has the Horologe of Time struck, and an old Era passed away. The Louis that was, lies forsaken, a mass of abhorred clay; abandoned "to some poor persons, and priests of the *Chapelle Ardente*,"—who make haste to put him "in two lead coffins, pouring in abundant spirits of wine." The new Louis with his Court is rolling towards Choisy, through the summer afternoon: the royal tears still flow; but a word mispronounced by Monseigneur d'Artois sets them all laughing, and they weep no more. Light mortals, how ye walk your light life-minuet, over bottomless abysses, divided from you by a film!

For the rest the proper authorities felt that no Funeral could be too unceremonious. Besenval himself thinks it was unceremonious enough. Two carriages containing two noblemen of the usher species, and a Versailles clerical person; some score of mounted pages, some fifty palfreniers: these, with torches, but not so much as in black, start from Versailles on the second evening, with their leaden bier. At a high trot they start; and keep up that pace. For the gibes (*brocards*) of those Parisians, who stand planted in two rows, all the way to St. Denis, and "give vent to their pleasantry, the characteristic of the nation," do not tempt one to slacken. Towards midnight the vaults of St. Denis receive their own: unwept by any eye of all these.

Him they crush down, and huddle underground, in this impatient way; him and his era of sin and tyranny and shame: for behold, a New Era is come: the future all the brighter that the past was base.—T. CARLYLE.

THE GRACCHI.

TIBERIUS SEMPRONIUS GRACCHUS, the elder of the famous asserters of popular rights among the Romans, was born B.C. 188. He served his first campaign under his maternal uncle, Scipio Africanus. Not long after he became consul's quæstor under Mancinus, the unfortunate commander in the Numantine war. The respect of the Numantines for the memory of his father enabled Gracchus to obtain favorable terms for the defeated Roman army, but the Roman Senate, greatly displeased, rejected the terms of the accommodation, and resolved to deliver all the officers of the army prisoners to the enemy. Finally, however, through the opposition of the people to this drastic measure, Mancinus alone was delivered up to the Numantines, being first stripped naked and then shackled. This treatment estranged Gracchus from the Senate, and tended to confirm the antagonism in his bosom against their predominance in the State.

The sympathy of Gracchus with the people was excited more by their distress than by his evident popularity with them. In fact his kinsman, Scipio Africanus, the younger, joined with the aristocracy in their jealousy of the rising power of Tiberius. When Tiberius Gracchus came from Spain through Italy to Rome, he observed with indignation thousands of foreign slaves cultivating the immense estates of the wealthy, while Roman freemen, thus supplanted, could

hardly procure their subsistence. Necessarily he found Rome crowded with indigent freemen. When, in 133 B.C., Gracchus was elected tribune, he proposed as a remedy for the glaring evils that afflicted the State, a revival of the obsolete Licinian law with some modifications. Had the Licinian law, which regulated the amount of public land which a person might occupy, been observed, these evils could not have arisen. The intention of Gracchus was to create a middle class of agriculturists and to put a check upon the unbounded avarice of the aristocracy, whose covetousness had destroyed the class of small land-owners.

The people had anticipated aid at the hands of Gracchus, for placards were seen in all parts of the city calling upon him to protect them. He was also urged on by his mother, Cornelia, and had the concurrence of eminent men. The agrarian law of Licinius, which it was proposed to renew, had now the modification that, besides the 500 jugera (about 310 acres) of the public land allowed by the old law, any one might possess half as much more for each of his sons; but any person owning more than this amount was to restore it to the nation on receiving the price for it from the treasury, and the land so recovered should be divided among the poorer citizens; and, further, in future the possession of public lands should not be transferred by sale or purchase, in order that the wealthy might not be able gradually to acquire again more land than the law allowed: three commissioners were to be appointed annually.

As the aristocracy hotly opposed the projected law, Gracchus dropped the conciliatory clauses, and proposed that the holders of public lands beyond the legal amount should be obliged to give them up at once. As the consent of the Senate was not necessary to make it a law, the aristocracy induced Octavius, one of the tribunes, to negative the scheme. Octavius himself was the holder of an illegal amount of public land. Gracchus, in turn, availed himself of his power as Tribune to negative the functions of every officer in the State, and sealed up the doors of the treasury, thus "stopping the wheels of government." However strange was this power of the Tribune, he was still acting in accordance with law, and

the nobility went into mourning to show their sense of the dangerous state of the Republic.

Octavius persisted in his opposition to the law, and it could not be carried into effect. Tiberius offered to indemnify Octavius out of his own purse for the loss which he might sustain through the agrarian law; but Octavius declined. Gracchus therefore declared that as the two Tribunes could not come to agreement concerning the public good, one of them must be deposed. When the day of assembly arrived, Tiberius proposed the deposition of Octavius, and put it to a vote. When seventeen out of thirty-five tribes had successively voted for his deposition, Tiberius stopped the proceedings and implored Octavius to give up his opposition to the law. Octavius was staggered; but the sight of the nobility who anxiously watched him, hardened him, and he exclaimed, "Complete what thou hast begun." The eighteenth tribe voted and his tribuneship was gone. With difficulty he escaped from the fury of the populace.

The deposition of Octavius for the lawful exercise of his rights has been looked upon as a violation of the Roman Constitution; but its injustice was a mere irregularity; and Tiberius might have said that a Tribune who acted in defiance of the people was a still greater irregularity; the people surely had the right to take away a commission from a man to whom they had given it. The law being now passed, three persons were appointed to superintend its execution. They were Tiberius Gracchus, Appius Claudius, his father-in-law, and his brother, Caius Gracchus. The people were enthusiastic, the Senate was enraged and covered him with contumely.

At this time Attalus, King of Pergamus, died after bequeathing his property to the Roman people. Gracchus, now at the zenith of his power, proposed the admission of the Italian allies to the Roman franchise, that they might share in the benefits about to result to the people. His enemies at once spread the report that Tiberius had secretly received a diadem from the Pergamian messenger, and that he thought of making himself King of Rome. The Roman freemen (disaffected to their protector because of his liberal proposal regarding the Italian allies), incapable of distinguishing between

the motives of Gracchus and those of the aristocracy, now turned against him. This calumny was proclaimed by Pompeius, of whom Scipio Nasica, the leader of the aristocracy, made use.

The time for election of the Tribunes was at hand, and Tiberius, believing that his life would be in imminent peril when his term expired, offered himself again as candidate for the office. This was the first time that any one had ever offered himself for two consecutive terms. The election fell in June, when the peasantry were occupied with the harvest. The assembly of the citizens, therefore, consisted mostly of the city populace. Gracchus had misgivings. He went about leading his little son by the hand, and imploring the people not to desert him and not to expose him to the fury of his enemies, against whom he had protected them. Two of the tribes had already voted in his favor, when the aristocrats who were mingling among the people, exclaimed that no man could be elected for two successive years. The presiding Tribune, not knowing how to act, the other Tribunes insisted that a president ought to be decided upon by lot. Amidst the greatest confusion the day had nearly passed when Tiberius proposed an adjournment of the voting till the next day. The people, moved by his fear and danger, escorted him home and guarded his house all that night. During the night he, in conjunction with his friends, devised a plan of action if his enemies should use violence.

The next day he was escorted to the Capitol, and all promised well; but when the voting began, the aristocrats disturbed the proceedings, and the tumult became so great that no one could be heard. At this moment a senator, who was a friend of Gracchus, informed him that the senators were assembled, and that, as they could not move the consuls to interfere, they themselves were resolved to kill Tiberius, and had for this purpose armed their slaves and partisans. The people now armed themselves with whatever sticks or clubs they could find, and soon the uproar became general. The Tribunes took to flight.

This was what the aristocratic party waited for, and seizing the opportunity, Scipio Nasica exclaimed, "As the consul

betrays the Republic, do you, who wish to maintain the Constitution, follow me!" The senators now rushed to the election place, and all who ventured to oppose them were knocked down. Tiberius, in the act of fleeing, stumbled over one of the killed, and as he arose, received a fatal blow. He fell at the entrance of the Temple of Faith. Three hundred persons lost their lives, and, it is said, none by the sword. The body of Gracchus was thrown into the River Tiber, and the surviving friends of Tiberius suffered exile and death at the hands of their implacable enemies.

Thus perished the great Tribune, who, from the lack of some prudence, suffered the death of a martyr in the noblest cause—the protection of the oppressed.

CAIUS GRACCHUS was nine years younger than Tiberius. At the time of his brother's murder, B.C. 133, he was serving in a military capacity in Spain, under his brother-in-law, Scipio Africanus, the younger, who exclaimed, on hearing of the assassination, "So perish all who do the like again." The common people looked forward to Caius with hopes of a deliverer; but the aristocracy watched him jealously, and devised plans to prevent him from obtaining the Tribuneship. The term of Caius as quæstor to Sardinia being about to expire, fresh troops were sent, and the Consul Orestes was ordered to remain in the island, the intention being to detain Caius there also. It is reported that the shade of his brother appeared to him and said, "Caius, why dost thou linger? There is no escape; thou must die like myself, defending the rights of the people." Cicero and Plutarch declare that Caius was drawn into his political career by a sort of fatality. When he heard the voice of Tiberius, he divined the intention of the Senate, and at once appeared at Rome. Being cited before the censors, he proved he had violated no law or custom in relinquishing his post as quæstor.

The aristocracy persisted, however, in harassing Caius upon various frivolous pretexts; but being encouraged by the demands of the people, he became a candidate for the Tribuneship. His mother prayed him not to deprive her of her last comfort and support in her old age; but Caius had already gone too far. His hatred of his brother's murderers, and the

enthusiasm of the people who flocked to Rome to elect him, did not allow him to retrace his steps. The whole of the aristocracy opposed his election; and while they could not prevent his election, they succeeded in causing him to be fourth instead of first Tribune. Caius, however, soon made himself first, for he surpassed all his contemporaries in eloquence, and his misfortunes gave him an ample scope for speaking freely concerning his lamented brother's death.

He became Tribune B.C. 123. His first act was the proposal of a law, aimed at the ex-Tribune Octavius, that whoever had been deprived by the people of one office, should never be allowed to hold another; his second act was a law (directed against the murderers of his brother) that whoever had put to death or banished a Roman citizen without trial should be liable to persecution. These first steps may be regarded as an expiatory sacrifice offered to the shade of his brother. At the request of his mother he withdrew the former bill. He now renewed the agrarian law, which, after the death of his brother, had not been enforced.

The legislation of this great man had two distinct objects: first, to ameliorate the condition of the poor, and secondly, to diminish the power of the Senate and thereby weaken the aristocracy. His plan was extensive, embracing every department of government. The few details of his laws that have survived show that they were wise and salutary, and if his plans had not been thwarted by the aristocracy, the Roman Republic might long have been prosperous.

Caius carried a law by which the judiciary were transferred from the Senate to a court consisting of three hundred knights. The benefits to the people, however, were not permanent, as the knights soon discovered as many motives for the perpetration of injustice as the senators had had before. The favoritism hitherto practiced by the Senate in its assignment of provinces to consuls and prætors was abolished by another law. The roads of Italy were improved, thus affording much employment to the poor.

Caius, when elected for his second term as Tribune, procured also the election of his friend Fannius to the Consulship, as against Opimius (B.C. 122). The Italian allies had

for some time been urgent for the privilege of the Roman franchise. While a bill of Caius for this purpose was under consideration, the Senate resorted to a treacherous course of action in order to preserve their privileges. One of the Tribunes, Livius Drusus, a man of wealth, was influenced by the senators to outbid Caius in the proposal of popular measures. The people, thus imposed upon by Drusus, gradually became reconciled to the Senate, and the recollection of past sufferings was effaced. The popularity of Caius decreased, and his position became perilous. His friend Fannius, the Consul, for whom Caius had acquired a mortal enemy in Opimius, now fell away from him. By command of the Senate, Fannius drove out of the city all those who were not Roman citizens; and Caius, although he had promised them his assistance if they would defy the edict and remain in Rome, yet allowed his acquaintances to be dragged off before his eyes by the lictors of the Consul. The people regarded his forbearance as an act of cowardice.

Caius was defeated for a third term as Tribune, and on the other hand Opimius was chosen Consul. The Senate resorted to various measures to estrange the people from Caius. They also repealed several of his enactments. The crisis was at hand. During a meeting of the people, a certain Autyllius, a creature of the Consul Opimius, was killed, it is said, because of an insult to some of the friends of Caius. Caius, who was not concerned in the murder, deeply grieved, descended to the forum to explain the unfortunate occurrence; but the people shunned him as if he were accursed. The assembly broke up; Caius and his impetuous friend Flaccus returned to their homes. The Consul Opimius urged the people to avenge the murder. The next day he convoked the Senate, while the people were assembled in the forum, and garrisoned the capital. At his command the body of Autyllius was carried across the forum with loud wailings, and was deposited in front of the Senate-house. The Senate conferred unlimited power upon Opimius to act as he thought best for the good of the Republic. Opimius at once ordered the Senate to meet again the next day in arms, and each knight was commanded to bring with him two armed slaves.

The friends of Caius took up a strong position, but Caius refused to arm himself; he left his house having only a dagger under his toga. He prevailed on Flaccus to send his young son as a deputy to the Senate to propose a reconciliation. The innocent request of the boy moved some of the senators; but Opimius haughtily declared that rebels must surrender at discretion. Opimius, who longed to use force, advanced with armed men toward the friends of Caius, at the same time proclaiming amnesty for all those who would at once lay down their arms. As they had no organization they were soon dispersed, and Flaccus and his son were murdered in their flight. Gracchus, who had early withdrawn for a while to a temple, now arrived at the bridge over the Tiber; but he would have been cut down had not his friends resolutely fought until they all were killed. Accompanied by a single slave he reached a grove, and there the slave first killed his master and then himself. The bodies of the slain were thrown into the Tiber. They amounted to three thousand. Their property was confiscated, and their houses demolished. The friends of Gracchus who fell into the hands of their enemies were thrown into prison, and there strangled. After the Senate was satiated with blood, it dedicated a temple to Concord!

The people of Rome, when they found themselves again oppressed, were seized with remorse; statues were erected to the two brothers, and the spots on which they had fallen were declared sacred ground.

Cornelia, the Mother of the Gracchi.

Cornelia, the mother of the two illustrious Roman tribunes, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, was the younger daughter of Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Hannibal. The lapse of two thousand years has not diminished the splendor of the distinction which is inseparable from the title conferred upon her by the Roman people, "The Mother of the Gracchi!"

Her husband, Tiberius Gracchus, a man of noble character, belonged to the plebeian gens of the Sempronia. Cornelia's descent was of the patrician order. After her husband's death, Cornelia devoted herself entirely to the education of her

children, training them to be worthy of their father and of her own ancestors. Like all leading women of Rome, she had imbibed the heroic or ambitious spirit of the age. When a Campanian lady made a show of her jewels at Cornelia's house, and entreated the favor of a sight of her own, Cornelia delayed until the return of her two sons, and then presented them, saying, "These are my jewels." They early showed ambition, but at the same time were nobly patriotic. She persuaded them to study Greek philosophy, in which all the ennobling principles of freedom are to be found.

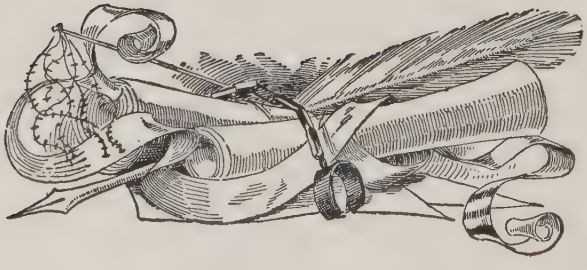
The whole life of Cornelia presents a beautiful character, and from the facts which have come down to us we may draw these inferences: First, Cornelia must have been educated in a very superior manner by her father. For in no other way can we account for her knowledge and love of literature; nor for the fact that while yet young, she was regarded as worthy of the companionship and discourse of the most virtuous and noble men of Rome. Second, she must have been from the beginning a woman of fixed principles and undaunted courage; for in no other way can we account for her unremitting care of her family, the high education of her sons, and her great influence over them to the end of their careers.

Cornelia survived the violent deaths of her two sons, and gloried in the struggles they had made for liberty. When some one offered her condolence, she replied, "Can the mother of the Gracchi need consolation?"

Plutarch closes the lives of the Gracchi with the following account of Cornelia's later life: "She took up her residence at Misenum, and made no alteration in her manner of living. As she had many friends, her table was ever open for the purpose of hospitality. Greeks and other men of letters she had always with her, and all the kings in alliance with Rome expressed their regard by sending her presents. . . . She made herself very agreeable to her guests by acquainting them with many particulars of her father, Africanus. . . . But what they most admired in her was that she could speak of her sons without a sigh or a tear, and recount their actions and sufferings as if she had been giving an account of some ancient heroes. Some, therefore, imagined that age and the

greatness of her misfortunes had deprived her of sensibility. But those who were of that opinion seem rather to have wanted understanding themselves, since they knew not how much a noble mind may, by a liberal education, be enabled to support itself against distress, and that though in the pursuit of rectitude, Fortune may often defeat the purposes of Virtue; yet Virtue, in bearing affliction, can never lose her prerogative."

She lived long enough to receive striking evidence of the reaction of public opinion against the Roman Senate, the destroyer of her sons. The Roman people erected in the Forum, during her lifetime, a statue in her honor with this inscription: "CORNELIA MATER GRACCHORUM." Of late years the statue, still on the site of the Forum, has been discovered during archæological excavations at Rome.—J. WYLIE WILLIAMS.



JUSTINIAN.

THE long reign of Justinian as Roman Emperor of the East was a remarkable epoch in the history of the world. He was originally named Uprauda, and was born of obscure parents in Dardania in Illyricum, on the eastern coast of the Adriatic, in May, 483, A.D. He was a nephew of the Emperor Justin I., who in 518 appointed Uprauda, or as he henceforth called himself, Flavius Justinianus, as his colleague. Nine years later he became sole Emperor at Constantinople, having been crowned or invested with supreme authority by Justin a few months before his death.

Thoroughly imbued with high ideas of his imperial authority in all matters of Church as well as State, Justinian began a persecution of the Arians, Jews and Pagans. Yet Theodora, the wife of this severely orthodox and persecuting Emperor, had been an actress and even a courtesan. Her unbounded influence over him is regarded as attesting her greater strength of character. In 527 he proclaimed her as Empress and as his equal colleague in the Empire. "The reproach of cruelty," says Gibbon, "so repugnant even to her softer vices, has left an indelible stain on the memory of Theodora."

Justinian was by no means a lover of pleasure; he was fond of study and very diligent in application to business. He was, or professed to be, a poet, a philosopher, a lawyer, and architect. His liberality and architectural talents were displayed in the construction of churches, aqueducts, bridges, convents and fortifications. The magnificent church of Saint Sophia in Constantinople was built under his directions. To

him also is due the introduction of silk-worms and of the manufacture of silk fabrics into Europe.

Soon after his accession to the throne Justinian, appointed Belisarius commander-in-chief of his armies. To this famous general he was indebted for the military glory of his reign. Belisarius defeated the Persians at Dara in 530, and gained decisive victories over the Vandals in Africa in 533 and 534. He afterward defeated the Ostrogoths in Italy in 536, captured Rome, and re-united Italy to the Empire of the East. Justinian became the most powerful European monarch of his time, and the most famous of all the Emperors of the Eastern Roman Empire. His government extended over sixty-four Provinces. Theology appears to have been one of his ruling passions. He summoned a general council of the church to deal with heresy, enacted stringent laws against heathen and heretics, and closed the schools of philosophy at Athens because of his disapproval of their doctrines. By a strange fatality he finally lapsed into heresy himself, holding that the earthly body of Christ was incorruptible.

It is as a legislator and codifier of laws, that the name of Justinian is most memorable and familiar to the modern world. He found that, through lapse of time and the multiplication of imperial decrees and decisions, the laws of the Roman Empire had been plunged into great confusion. The infinite variety of laws and legal opinions had filled many thousand volumes. The reforms of Justinian were of immense benefit to both lawyers and people. They were compiled by the eminent jurist, Tribonian, and were published under the names "Codes," "Pandects," or Digests, and "Institutions."

Justinian was the last Emperor of Constantinople who, by his dominion over all Italy, re-united the two principal parts of the former Empire of the Cæsars. He died without issue in 565 A.D., after a reign of thirty-eight years. His habits were temperate and virtuous, and he was addicted to long vigils. Great diversity of opinion exists among historians respecting his character and abilities. The name of this Emperor is eclipsed by that of his victorious generals ; and that of Belisarius still lives to upbraid the envy and ingratitude of his sovereign.

Reform of Roman Law by Justinian.

When Justinian ascended the throne, the reformation of the Roman jurisprudence was an arduous but indispensable task. In the space of ten centuries, the infinite variety of laws and legal opinions had filled many thousand volumes, which no fortune could purchase and no capacity could digest. Books could not easily be found ; and the judges, poor in the midst of riches, were reduced to the exercise of their illiterate discretion. The subjects of the Greek Provinces were ignorant of the language that disposed of their lives and properties ; and the *barbarous* dialect of the Latins was imperfectly studied in the academies of Berytus and Constantinople. As an Illyrian soldier, that idiom was familiar to the infancy of Justinian ; his youth had been instructed by the lessons of jurisprudence, and his Imperial choice selected the most learned civilians of the East to labor with their sovereign in the work of reformation. The theory of professors was assisted by the practice of advocates and the experience of magistrates; and the whole undertaking was animated by the spirit of Tribonian.

This extraordinary man, the object of so much praise and censure, was a native of Side in Pamphylia ; and his genius, like that of Bacon, embraced as his own all the business and knowledge of the age. To the literature of Greece he added the use of the Latin tongue; the Roman civilians were deposited in his library and in his mind ; and he most assiduously cultivated those arts which opened the road to wealth and preferment. From the bar of the prætorian præfects he raised himself to the honors of quæstor, of consul, and of master of the offices. The reproaches of impiety and avarice have stained the virtues or the reputation of Tribonian. In a bigoted and persecuting court, the principal minister was accused of a secret aversion to the Christian faith, and was supposed to entertain the sentiments of an atheist and a Pagan. His avarice was more clearly proved and more sensibly felt. If he were swayed by gifts in the administration of justice, the example of Bacon will again occur ; nor can the merit of Tribonian atone for his baseness, if he degraded the sanctity

of his profession, and if the laws were every day enacted, modified or repealed, for the base consideration of his private emolument. In the sedition of Constantinople, his removal was granted to the clamors, perhaps to the just indignation, of the people; but the Quæstor was speedily restored, and, till the hour of his death, he possessed, above twenty years, the favor and confidence of the Emperor.

In the first year of his reign Justinian directed the faithful Tribonian, and nine learned associates, to revise the ordinances of his predecessors, as they were contained, since the time of the Emperor Hadrian, in the Gregorian, Hermogenian and Theodosian Codes. The work was accomplished in fourteen months (A.D. 528, 529); and the Twelve Books or *Tables*, which the new decemvirs produced, might be designed to imitate the labors of their Roman predecessors. The new CODE of Justinian was honored with his name, and confirmed by his royal signature: authentic transcripts were multiplied by the pens of notaries and scribes, and were transmitted to the magistrates of the Provinces.

A more arduous operation was still behind—to extract the spirit of jurisprudence from the decisions and conjectures, the questions and disputes, of the Roman civilians. Seventeen lawyers, with Tribonian at their head, were appointed by the Emperor to exercise an absolute jurisdiction over the works of their predecessors. If they had obeyed his commands in ten years, Justinian would have been satisfied with their diligence; and the rapid composition of the DIGEST or PANDECTS in three years will deserve praise or censure according to the merit of the execution (A.D. 530, Dec. 15—A.D. 533, Dec. 16). From the library of Tribonian they chose forty, the most eminent civilians of former times: 2,000 treatises were comprised in an abridgement of 50 books; and it has been carefully recorded that three millions of lines or sentences were reduced, in this abstract, to the moderate number of 150,000. The edition of this great work was delayed a month after that of the INSTITUTES: and it seemed reasonable that the elements should precede the digest of the Roman law. As soon as the Emperor had approved their labors, he ratified, by his legislative power, the speculations of these private

citizens; their commentaries on the Twelve Tables, the Perpetual Edict, the laws of the people, and the decrees of the Senate, succeeded to the authority of the text; and the text was abandoned as an useless, though venerable relic of antiquity. The *Code*, the *Pandects*, and the *Institutes*, were declared to be the legitimate system of civil jurisprudence; they alone were admitted in the tribunals, and they alone were taught in the academies of Rome, Constantinople and Berytus.

Since the Emperor declined the fame and envy of original composition, we can only require at his hands method, choice, and fidelity—the humble, though indispensable, virtues of a compiler. Among the various combinations of ideas it is difficult to assign any reasonable preference; but, as the order of Justinian is different in his three works, it is possible that all may be wrong, and it is certain that two cannot be right. In the selection of ancient laws he seems to have viewed his predecessors without jealousy and with equal regard: the series could not ascend above the reign of Hadrian, and the narrow distinction of Paganism and Christianity, introduced by the superstition of Theodosius, had been abolished by the consent of mankind. But the jurisprudence of the Pandects is circumscribed within a period of an hundred years, from the Perpetual Edict to the death of Alexander Severus; the civilians who lived under the first Cæsars are seldom permitted to speak, and only three names can be attributed to the age of the Republic. The favorite of Justinian (it has been fiercely urged) was fearful of encountering the light of freedom and the gravity of Roman sages. But the ministers of Justinian were instructed to labor not for the curiosity of antiquarians, but for the immediate benefit of his subjects. Perhaps, if the preceptors and friends of Cicero were still alive, our candor would acknowledge that their intrinsic merit was excelled by the school of Papinian and Ulpian. The science of the laws is the slow growth of time and experience, and the advantage both of method and materials is naturally assumed by the most recent authors. But the Emperor was guilty of fraud and forgery when he corrupted the integrity of their text, inscribed with their venerable

names the words and ideas of his servile reign, and suppressed by the hand of power the pure and authentic copies of their sentiments. The changes and interpolations of Tribonian and his colleagues are excused by the pretence of uniformity: but their cares have been insufficient, and the *antinomies*, or contradictions, of the Code and Pandects, still exercise the patience and subtlety of modern civilians.

A rumor, devoid of evidence, has been propagated by the enemies of Justinian, that the jurisprudence of ancient Rome was reduced to ashes by the author of the Pandects, from the vain persuasion that it was now either false or superfluous. Without usurping an office so invidious, the Emperor might safely commit to ignorance and time the accomplishment of this destructive wish. Before the invention of printing and paper, the labor and materials of writing could be purchased only by the rich; and it may reasonably be computed that the price of books was an hundred-fold their present value. The books of jurisprudence were interesting to few and entertaining to none; the value was connected with present use, and they sunk forever as soon as that use was superseded by the innovations of fashion, superior merit, or public authority. The copies of Papinian or Ulpian, which the reformer had proscribed, were deemed unworthy of future notice; the Twelve Tables and prætorian edict insensibly vanished; and the monuments of ancient Rome were neglected or destroyed by the envy and ignorance of the Greeks. Even the Pandects themselves have escaped with difficulty and danger from the common shipwreck, and criticism has pronounced that all the editions and manuscripts of the West are derived from one original. It was transcribed at Constantinople in the beginning of the seventh century, was successively transported by the accidents of war and commerce to Amalphi, Pisa, and Florence, and is now deposited as a sacred relic in the ancient Palace of the Republic.

It is the first care of a reformer to prevent any future reformation. To maintain the text of the Pandects, the Institutes, and the Code, the use of ciphers and abbreviations was rigorously proscribed; and as Justinian recollected that the Perpetual Edict had been buried under the weight of

commentators, he denounced the punishment of forgery against the rash civilians who should presume to interpret or pervert the will of their sovereign. But the Emperor was unable to fix his own inconstancy; and, while he boasted of renewing the exchange of Diomede, of transmuting brass into gold, he discovered the necessity of purifying the gold from the mixture of baser alloy. Six years had not elapsed from the publication of the Code before he condemned the imperfect attempt by a new and more accurate edition of the same work, which he enriched with two hundred of his own laws and fifty decisions of the darkest and most intricate points of jurisprudence (A.D. 534, Nov. 16). Every year, or, according to Procopius, each day of his long reign was marked by some legal innovation. Many of his acts were rescinded by himself; many were rejected by his successors; many have been obliterated by time; but the number of sixteen Edicts, and one hundred and sixty-eight Novels, has been admitted into the authentic body of the civil jurisprudence (A.D. 534–565).

Monarchs seldom condescend to become the preceptors of their subjects; and some praise is due to Justinian, by whose command an ample system was reduced to a short and elementary treatise. Among the various institutes of the Roman law, those of Gaius were the most popular in the East and West; and their use may be considered as an evidence of their merit. They were selected by the Imperial delegates, Tribonian, Theophilus, and Dorotheus; and the freedom and purity of the Antonines was encrusted with the coarser materials of a degenerate age. The same volume which introduced the youth of Rome, Constantinople and Berytus to the gradual study of the Code and Pandects, is still precious to the historian, the philosopher and the magistrate.—E. GIBBON.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN'S name, as he himself states in his Autobiography, shows that his family belonged to that sturdy race of English yeomen, whose stubborn self-reliance and dauntless courage have contributed largely to England's greatness. For three centuries his ancestors were settled at Ecton, in Northamptonshire, England; but in 1682 Josias Franklin, being a Nonconformist to the Church of England, emigrated to America and settled in Boston. He was twice married and had seventeen children, of whom Benjamin, born January 6, 1706, was the youngest son. Josias was a tallow-chandler, and Benjamin, at the age of ten, was called from school to assist in that occupation. At twelve he went to a cousin's to learn the trade of cutler; but when his brother James returned from England to open a printing-office, Benjamin found there his true destiny. He was a lover of books, and had already gathered a number, and made himself familiar with Plutarch, Bunyan and Defoe.

In 1721 James Franklin ventured to publish a newspaper, called *The New England Courant*, the third regularly issued in America. For its columns young Benjamin wrote several articles, and as they were contributed anonymously, he had the gratification of hearing them attributed by frequenters of his brother's shop to some leading men of the town. The boy worked diligently at case, and saved time from meals to

FRANKLIN AT HOME

read and study. James Franklin was arrested and imprisoned for publishing a political article which gave offence to the authorities; but the paper was still issued in the name of Benjamin. As it prospered under his management, and the secret of his contributions became known, James became jealous of his brother, and treated him with such harshness that Benjamin ran away. He went to New York, but being unable to obtain employment, crossed the Jerseys on foot and assisted in rowing the boat that brought him down the Delaware from Burlington to Philadelphia.

Andrew Bradford, the only printer in Philadelphia, was not able to give Franklin employment, yet gave him lodging till he could secure a place. This he obtained with a German Jew named Keimer, who proposed to start a rival office, though he knew little of the trade, and depended on Franklin, then only seventeen years of age, to make his scheme successful. The Boston runaway proved himself the man for the place, and when his brother James wrote to him begging him to return to his home and friends, Benjamin refused. Sir William Keith, Governor of Pennsylvania, having discovered Franklin's ability as a writer as well as printer, suggested that he should start in business for himself, and promised to use his influence on his behalf. Franklin therefore asked his father's assistance; but the prudent father thought him still too young. Keith then proposed that Franklin should go to London to procure an outfit, and furnished him letters of introduction, which proved worthless. Franklin arrived in London penniless, and was obliged to seek work as a compositor and pressman. However, he wrote and printed on his own account "A Short Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain," and by it obtained some literary friends, including Mandeville and Sir Hans Sloane. He practiced vegetarianism, and, to the astonishment of his fellow-pressmen, used water only as a beverage, and was called by them the "American Aquatic."

After spending eighteen months in London Franklin returned to Philadelphia, and became chief clerk in the store of Mr. Denham, who had been a fellow-passenger in both his voyages. But Denham soon died, and Franklin returned to

Keimer as manager of his business. He next formed a partnership, which proved successful enough to enable him in 1729 to buy out his partner and purchase the *Pennsylvania Gazette*. The paper had only ninety subscribers; but under Franklin's judicious management this number soon increased. In September, 1730, he was married to Miss Read, in whose father's house he had lived for some time after his first arrival in Philadelphia. In 1732, under the name of Richard Saunders, Franklin began the publication of an Almanac, which, being continued for about twenty-five years, became famous as "*Poor Richard's Almanac*," and reached a sale of 10,000 copies annually.

Early in his career as printer, Franklin had formed a club called "The Junto" for the discussion of questions of morality, philosophy and politics. It met on Friday evenings, and was continued for nearly forty years. It was the germ from which sprang, in 1744, the venerable and learned "American Philosophical Society." To the same source can be traced the first subscription circulating library in America, which was afterwards incorporated, in 1742, under the name of "The Library Company of Philadelphia." In 1736 Franklin was unanimously chosen clerk of the Pennsylvania Assembly, and held this, his first political position, during the next year. He was then elected by the people as a member of the Assembly, and so continued for ten years. In 1737 he was appointed by the British government Deputy Postmaster at Philadelphia. In 1738 he organized a police force and a fire-company for that city, and procured the paving of its streets.

In spite of the abundant labor involved in these numerous public duties and self-imposed efforts for the general welfare, Franklin prosecuted many physical experiments. The most famous of these is his grand discovery that lightning, the most imposing of meteorological phenomena, is identical with the harmless electricity which is produced by the rubbing of amber (Greek, *electron*). The remarkable experiment by which he successfully proved this identity has, on account of its danger, rarely been repeated. But Franklin's thoroughly practical mind did not rest content with the discovery of scientific truth. He proceeded to look for its

practical application, and by his invention of lightning conductors sought to save property from the destruction to which it is frequently exposed. Though much of his theory about electricity, or the electric fluid as he called it, has been superseded by later researches, the fundamental discovery and its important application remain his proudest titles to fame.

In 1748 Franklin, whose time was becoming engrossed with public affairs, took David Hall, one of his most intelligent workmen, into partnership in the printing business, and was thus released from its active management. In the next year he was the leader in a scheme for the advancement of education, which, starting with a well-arranged academy, has grown into the large and flourishing University of Pennsylvania. The plan which he proposed for this institution in its successive stages has received the highest commendation from professional educators as plainly anticipating many improvements which have only recently been introduced into practice. Before this scheme was fairly developed, Franklin's public spirit had found another outlet in raising subscriptions and procuring from the Legislature an auxiliary grant to establish the first hospital in Pennsylvania. This institution has long been recognized as a model in every department.

In 1750 Franklin was appointed to his first public mission, being sent to negotiate with a tribe of Indians; and in this, as in all his diplomatic missions, he was eminently successful. In 1753 he was appointed by the Crown Postmaster-General for the American Colonies, with a salary of £300. This oversight of the interests of several Colonies easily led the way to his plan for a union of the Colonies against invasion from Canada, when the French War began in 1754. The plan was approved by the first Congress, composed of deputies from six Colonies or Provinces, which met at Albany in 1754. But the attempt was premature, and the plan, however great its merits, was rejected by the colonial assemblies, as well as by the British Government. Eleven years later a more successful Congress was held in New York City, and again, after an interval of nine years, came the First Continental Congress. But Franklin, who had started the movement, was in England while these later bodies were in session.

The Proprietaries of Pennsylvania, descendants of William Penn, claimed immunity from taxation on the large possessions which they held. The Assembly, pressed by the burdens required for the public defence, insisted that all property and property-holders should be treated alike. The Governor, being appointed by the Proprietaries and responsible only to them, vetoed such bills. After the controversy had continued for some time with increasing animosity, Franklin, in 1757, was appointed a commissioner to visit England and present the case of the people and Assembly. After some vexatious delays he was successful. The Penns gave up their claim, and agreed that their property should bear its proper share of taxation. During the period of five years thus spent in England, Franklin received many honors from learned and scientific bodies. The Universities of Oxford and St. Andrews conferred on him their highest degrees. He was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, which thus made amends for its former refusal to print in its Transactions an account of his electrical experiments. To the "Annual Register," of which Edmund Burke was then editor, Franklin contributed a paper on "The Peopling of Countries," which called forth much comment. To Franklin's advice is attributed the withdrawal of certain troops from the Continent of Europe and the sending of them against the French in Canada. The direct result of this movement was the permanent transfer of that dominion from the French to the English.

Franklin returned to Pennsylvania in 1762, and received from the Assembly for his services a grant of £5000. In 1764 his election to that body was strongly opposed by the Proprietary party, and he was defeated by a small majority. This victory of his opponents, however, proved a Pyrrhic one, for he was again appointed by the Assembly to be its agent in England. He sailed November 1, 1765, and in the next year he was called to the bar of the House of Commons, and underwent a memorable examination, which greatly increased his political fame. He defended the cause of the American Colonies with firmness and moderation. Had the Proprietaries of Pennsylvania been wise, they would have

appointed Franklin Governor of that Province, and have allowed him abundant discretion in the use of his power. But with the same obstinacy which characterized the British Ministry, they refused to make concessions until it was too late for their own interests.

During this period Franklin paid some visits to the Continent of Europe, and was everywhere received with the most distinguished and respectful consideration. In Paris he was introduced to many of the literary men; was elected an associate of the Academy of Sciences, and was presented to the King, Louis XV., and his sisters. He was thus prepared for his future diplomatic work at the same court.

The closing of the port of Boston in 1773, and the quartering of troops in that town, defeated part of Franklin's mission. He was at this time agent not only for Pennsylvania, but also for New Jersey, Georgia and Massachusetts. He was busily engaged in presenting their remonstrances not only before the Ministry and Parliament, but before the British people, whose rights, he maintained, were involved in the treatment accorded to the Colonists. At length, finding his endeavors to secure an equitable and honorable settlement of the difficulties fruitless, he sailed for Philadelphia on March 4, 1775. The day after he landed he was elected a member of the Continental Congress, then assembled. Shortly after he had entered on his duties there, he wrote a letter to a member of Parliament, who claimed to be still his friend in spite of political differences, which is worth reproducing as showing his spirit and his wit:

PHILADELPHIA, July 5, 1775.

MR. STRAHAN, You are a member of that Parliament, and have formed part of that majority, which has condemned my native country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns, and to destroy their inhabitants.

Look at your hands! They are stained with the blood of your relations and your acquaintances.

You and I were long friends. You are at present my enemy, and I am yours, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

In the next year Franklin was a member of the committee that drafted the famous Declaration of Independence, of which it has been truthfully said:—"The burning page of

Jefferson bears Franklin's calmer lines." When the members were about to vote on this document, Franklin's ready wit was displayed again. "We must be unanimous," said John Hancock, the President of Congress, "there must be no pulling different ways: we must all hang together." "Yes," said Franklin, "we must indeed all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

The British ministry had now begun to see its error in the harsh treatment of the Colonies. Lord Howe was sent with full powers to concede everything but absolute independence; but Franklin and the other Commissioners whom Congress had appointed to confer with him were instructed to insist upon this basis, and the negotiations came to an abrupt termination. Franklin was next despatched, in company with Samuel Chase and Rev. John Carroll, to persuade the French Canadians to join the American cause. These people had been too recently brought under the British domination to appreciate the causes of the present strife, and the mission was fruitless. Franklin returned to Philadelphia to become president of the Convention for framing a State Constitution for Pennsylvania. When this task was successfully completed, the veteran statesman was, at the age of seventy, sent to France, in conjunction with Arthur Lee and Silas Deane, to present the cause of the United States to the favorable consideration of the French Government. Deane was a faithful helper, and Lee was a captious critic; but Franklin was the effective negotiator who obtained from the French Government the material aid absolutely necessary to the success of the American cause. The French Government was finally induced to form an offensive and defensive alliance with the United States, February 6th, 1778. Franklin had fixed his residence at Passy, near Paris, and his political engagements were interspersed and even furthered by his attention to science and by various publications, which were the constant subject of talk. He became for a time the idol of the French Court and people; but amid all the acclamations and flatteries which attended him, he never lost the practical wisdom which had ever distinguished him, nor did he ever neglect the interests of his country to promote any private ends. He

remained in France until England was brought to consent to recognize the independence of her late Colonies. The definitive treaty was signed on September 30, 1783, by himself, and, on the part of Great Britain, by David Hartley. He continued to represent the United States at the French Court for two years more.

At last Franklin was recalled by his own request, and was succeeded by Jefferson. "You replace Dr. Franklin, I hear," said the Count de Vergennes to Jefferson, when they first met. "I succeed him; no one can replace him," was Jefferson's significant and magnanimous reply.

Franklin, on his return, was elected a member of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania, and was soon made its President. In 1787 he was one of the delegates from that State in the convention called to frame the Constitution of the United States. His long experience in statesmanship and his acknowledged practical wisdom were constantly brought into requisition in the arduous task of forming a permanent Federal Union. His last political act was an address to his colleagues entreating them to sacrifice their own private views with regard to various details on which they desired amendments, for the sake of unanimity in recommending to the people the new Constitution as determined by the majority. He had the pleasure of seeing this document ratified by a sufficient number of States to give it vitality, and of witnessing a revival of prosperity after the depression and exhaustion of the Revolutionary War.

Franklin's last printed essay appeared in the *Federal Gazette* of March, 1789, and was signed "Historicus." After a short illness, he died April 17th, 1790, at the age of 84. He was buried in Christ Church Cemetery in Philadelphia, where a small marble slab, level with the surface of the earth, and close to a busy street, bears the simple inscription—BENJAMIN AND DEBORAH FRANKLIN.

Franklin's son, William Temple, was the Royal Governor of New Jersey at the time of the Revolution, and, to the grief of his father, adhered to the Royal cause. He subsequently fixed his residence in England.

Franklin made various bequests and donations to cities,

public bodies and individuals. Among his papers, written when he was but twenty-three years of age, was found this original epitaph :—

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
PRINTER,
(LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK,
ITS CONTENTS TORN OUT
AND STRIPPED OF ITS LETTERING AND GILDING)
LIES HERE FOOD FOR WORMS ;
YET THE WORK ITSELF SHALL NOT BE LOST,
FOR IT WILL (AS HE BELIEVED) APPEAR ONCE MORE
IN A NEW
AND MORE BEAUTIFUL EDITION
CORRECTED AND AMENDED
BY
THE AUTHOR.

It is rare that a single mind establishes claims so various as those of Benjamin Franklin. Unceasing industry, perseverance, business-like habits, general information and readiness in the use of his pen, secured to him a large circle of friends, and raised him from poverty to affluence. He was bold, speculative and inquiring in physical as well as in metaphysical science. He carried into public life the same characteristics which had marked his private career, and by honesty, fair dealing and a zealous and patriotic spirit, he achieved the highest success as a statesman and diplomatist. A sincere believer in the equal rights of all men, he estimated at their true worth the various distinctions which he found introduced into the civilized nations and polite society of Europe. In his personal bearing Franklin was sedate and weighty. He had no stately eloquence ; he spoke and wrote sententiously. Men instinctively felt his worth, and submitted themselves to his wisdom. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings."

"His country," says Bigelow, "owes much to Franklin for his service in various public capacities ; the world owes much to the fruits of his pen ; but his greatest contribution

to the welfare of mankind, probably, was what he did by his example and life to dignify manual labor. While Diderot was teaching the dignity of labor in France and the folly of social standards that proscribed it, Franklin was illustrating it in America, and proving by his own most conclusive example that 'Honor and fame from no condition rise.' There are few born into this world so ill-conditioned that they cannot find comfort and encouragement from some portion of the life of Franklin; none of any station who may not meditate on it with advantage."

Franklin's Diplomacy.

Franklin shook the dust of England from his feet, as a subject of King George, when he set sail for America in 1775. When he returned to Europe, it was to watch and to baffle from Passy the clumsy efforts of British ministers to make a solitude where they had failed to maintain peace. He was so far a diplomatist that he had studied human character for seventy years. Yet in England his diplomacy had only exasperated. In France he accomplished as much against England as Washington with all his victories. His knowledge of French was so indifferent that on one occasion, during the sitting of the Academy, he was observed to "applaud the loudest at his own praises." He did the work, but he never learned the dialect of diplomacy. He was that strange creature—a republican at the court of a pure monarchy. In Paris his defects were virtues. His scientific fame spoke for itself in purest Parisian French. As a politician, to the court he was the dire enemy of England; to the jaded society of Paris he was the representative of a new world of feeling and thought. His New England astuteness seemed to Parisian courtiers patriarchal innocence. His naïve stories and illustrations, which a thousand admirers were ready to translate and repeat in every circle of the town, were as bracing as quinine. His very costume, "his hair hanging, his spectacles on his nose, his white hose and white hat under his arm," in the midst of absurd perukes and brocaded suits, came like a revelation of nature to the victims of fashion. He became, to his own amusement, the idol of Paris. "Mr. Franklin," writes a con-

temporary Parisian, "is besieged, followed, admired, adored, wherever he shows himself, with a fury, a fanaticism, capable no doubt of flattering him and doing him honor, but which at the same time proves that we shall never be reasonable." He tells his daughter that there have been sold incredible numbers of clay medallions of him, "some to be set in the lids of snuff-boxes, and some so small as to be worn in rings." "Pictures, busts and prints have made your father's face as well known as that of the moon." Versailles was never perhaps quite certain that the New England philosopher was not of red Indian descent. But love does not reason. Paris had fallen in love with Franklin, and in homage to him even grew enamored of simplicity.

No Englishman was ever so caressed in Paris, for the very reason that Franklin was and was not an Englishman. As the American sage and philosopher, he performed as much for his country as he accomplished by his diplomatic skill. But he was a diplomatist, too, and of high rank in the art. Colleagues and rivals, like his detractor Arthur Lee, or even Jay and Adams, who, as Mr. Fitzherbert wrote, "rather fear than are attached to him," might be pardoned for inability to understand the source of his influence. They did not venture to deny the fact. In the only serious instance in which, in reference to the disputed fishery and boundary rights, he was accused of neglecting the interests of his countrymen, his colleagues certified that he had defended those interests with his counsels and his authority. On another and more important point, he not merely co-operated, but took the initiative.

A man who had gone through the campaign with Braddock, who had shared in the apprehensions and labors of the crisis which followed the defeat of Braddock, and exulted in the triumph of Wolfe, was not likely to depreciate the value of Canada. When the war commenced, he sought to induce France to help the Colonies to wrest Canada and Nova Scotia from England. As soon as the negotiations for peace with England opened, his great efforts were directed to persuade the English commissioner, Richard Oswald, to see the utility of ceding those territories as proofs of a desire for

that "sweet" thing, a "reconciliation," and as a safeguard against future causes of strife. Oswald, a prosperous Scotch merchant was, as Franklin says of him, an old man who had "nothing at heart but the good of mankind, and putting a stop to mischief." But he does not seem to have been fit to cope with a consummate philanthropist like Franklin. He had happened to let fall an opinion that "the giving up of Canada to the English at the last peace had been a politic act in France, for that it had weakened the ties between England and her colonies, and that he himself had predicted from it the late revolution." Franklin had already developed a scheme on paper which he lent Oswald to read and meditate upon. The plan was that "Britain should voluntarily offer to give up the Province, though on these conditions, that she shall in all times coming have and enjoy the right of free trade thither, unencumbered with any duties whatsoever; that so much of the vacant lands shall be sold as will raise a sum sufficient to pay for the houses burned by the British troops and their Indians, and also to indemnify the royalists for the confiscation of their estates." Oswald, he says, "told me that nothing in his judgment could be clearer, more satisfactory and convincing than the reasonings in that paper; that he would do his utmost to impress Lord Shelburne with them."

Franklin, in reporting by letter this conversation to his brother Peace-Commissioner Adams, describes Oswald's remarks rather more fully than in the semi-official journal he kept. He tells Adams on April 20, 1782, his proposal about Canada: "Mr. Oswald liked much the idea, but said they were too much straitened for money to make any pecuniary reparation; but he should endeavor to persuade their doing it this way." Oswald went to England to confer with Lord Shelburne, taking Franklin's paper with him. On his return to Paris, he informed Franklin that "it seemed to have made an impression, and he had reason to believe that it might be settled to our satisfaction toward the end of the treaty; but in his own mind he wished it might not be mentioned at the beginning; that his lordship indeed said he had not imagined reparation would be expected, and he wondered I should not know whether it was intended to demand it."

But it has now been proved by the publication of the French dispatches, that no one was more bitterly opposed than the French Ministers to the annexation of Canada to the United States. Eager as they were to promote the separation of the British Provinces in America from the mother country, M. de Vergennes was entirely opposed to any extension of the emancipated territory ; and he perhaps still cherished a hope that the French Provinces in America, which had been conquered by England only twenty years before, might one day be brought back to their allegiance to the Court of Versailles.

Franklin, as a diplomatist, was not peremptory in insisting on the rights of his country, still less on his own dignity. But he studied the French men and the French women who ruled France, and he probed to the bottom the instincts of the French governing class, without losing his own. About alliances in general he was not solicitous. Before he started on his own mission to Europe he had in Congress, though in vain, deprecated the sending a "virgin" republic "suitoring" for the friendship of European powers. "It seems to me," he writes, "that we have in most instances hurt our credit and importance by sending all over Europe, begging alliances, and soliciting declarations of our independence. The nations, perhaps, from thence seemed to think that our independence is something they have to sell, and that we do not offer enough for it." Writing to Jay, at Madrid, in April, 1782, he exclaims: "Spain has taken four years to consider whether she should treat with us or not. Give her forty, and let us in the meantime mind our own business."

In fact, he cared little for other European alliances than the American alliance with France. To cement that he was ready to be all complaisance. His tact alone prevented a rupture with the French ministers through the signature, in December, 1782, behind their backs, of the preliminary treaty between Great Britain and the United States. His brother commissioners, Jay and Adams, suspected that the French Government wished to protract the negotiations for its own objects, however the United States might suffer by the prolongation of the war. Their suspicion was not without

foundation; and Franklin, when he understood the facts, acquiesced in their decision to proceed independently. But he had the wisdom, which his colleagues lacked, to be content with starting peace on its route without breaking down the bridge by which it had crossed before he knew whether it might not be useful for a retreat. To the French minister's reproaches for the departure from good-fellowship, he replied by the soft answer which turneth away wrath. He defends himself, and Jay and Adams, against the charge of anything worse than "indiscretion" and "neglect of a point of *bienséance*." To those two offences he pleads guilty. But he warns M. de Vergennes not to forget the effect of a quarrel upon "the English, who, I just now learn, flatter themselves they have already divided us."

The friendly relations of France and the United States had seemed in danger of being completely overclouded when Franklin's amiable apologies restored peace. Two days after the French ministerial remonstrance, the United States actually received from the French treasury a loan of six million francs, which infused new life into their military operations. Jay and Adams, "who," alleges M. de Vergennes, "do not pretend to recognize the rules of courtesy in regard to us," could never have obtained that aid. Franklin's brother commissioners underrated the gain to the United States from French succor. Without the diversion France created in Europe, and the subsidies she granted, it is almost incredible that the Congress should not have been compelled to make a humiliating peace with King George. Franklin understood that the French alliance was vital to his people, and he spared no pains that he might confirm it. As Jefferson said of him, in extolling his diplomatic dexterity, he, by his reasonableness, moderation and temper, so won the confidence of the French ministers that "it may truly be said they were more under his influence than he under theirs."

Franklin did not see the instability of that charming Parisian society to which he discoursed in his shrewdly witty parables. We suspect that he only affected not to perceive the selfish motives at the bottom of the invaluable assistance the French nation and government afforded his country.

Chivalrous Frenchmen like Lafayette, in advocating the American cause, were more protesting against court absolutism at home than against the imperial tyranny of Great Britain. Frenchmen generally and their rulers, when they succored the United States, were merely fighting, as they had fought a generation earlier, England in America. They longed to recover Canada. When they had convinced themselves that their American allies would not consent to their return as sovereigns to any part of the North American continent, they liked better to leave their old dominions in the hands of England than struggle for their transfer to the emancipated British colonies. While Great Britain remained still a neighbor, they believed the Republic would not be able to dispense with the shelter of French protection. Franklin, who gauged human motives, especially when not altogether noble, with unerring sagacity, was possibly more desirous to convince Robert Livingston than himself convinced, when he wrote: "The ideas of aggrandizement by conquest are out of fashion. The wise here think France great enough; and its ambition at present seems to be only that of justice and magnanimity toward other nations, fidelity and utility to its allies."—EDINBURGH REVIEW.

LOUIS IX.

LOUIS IX, of France, whom Mignet calls "the most religious and the most just of men," was born at Poissy, April 25, 1215. He succeeded his father, Louis VIII, on the throne, in November, 1226, when a boy of twelve, under the regency of his noble mother, Blanche of Castile. It was a critical time for the cause of royalty in France, for the feudal lords were eager to curtail its growing power again. The queen-widow hastened to have her boy crowned at Rheims, and caused the first attempt at revolt of the disaffected nobles to fall flat. She gained their leader, Theobald, Count of Champagne, and others, for her cause, and when the barons assembled at Corbeil, to seize the young King on his passage from Orleans to Paris, she prudently stopped at Montlheri, and sent for help to the Parisians, who came out in mass and compelled the Confederates to beat a retreat (February, 1227). After some years of conflict with the nobles, their league was broken up by the Treaty of St. Aubin de Cormier (1231). But the struggle of the barons and the great feudal bishops against the King was not definitely ended until 1242, at which time also Raymond VII, who had come to terms in the Treaty of Meaux in 1229, made one more attempt to secure the independence of the South. He was unsuccessful, however, and the King received him on the terms of the old treaty.

During the earlier years of the King's reign, his mother, while triumphing over her formidable foes, instilled into the mind of her sickly son the religious sentiment and conscien-

tiousness, the nobility and honesty of purpose, the justice and self-denial which won for him the admiration of his fellow-men, and the appellation "Saint." (The latter is more than a mere name bestowed in gratitude and respect, for he was canonized by Boniface VIII in 1297.) The nobility of his character is shown in many of his subsequent acts. His firm stand against the clergy, whenever they were in the wrong, his upright conduct towards Frederick II, of Germany, in the face of Gregory IX's fierce opposition to the Emperor, who had been excommunicated; his support of the barons in their efforts to restrict the jurisdiction of the clergy, his bold attack on feudal rights,—forbidding judicial combats and private warfare, limiting feudal jurisdiction and instituting a right of appeal to the King in all cases,—his firmness and gentleness when held a prisoner by the Saracens, his unselfish devotion to his crusaders and fellow-captives, all serve to emphasize his clear sense of justice.

In 1234 Louis was married to Margaret, daughter of Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence; but the young princess suffered much from the imperious character of her mother-in-law, who was jealous of any other influence but her own, so that the young people were obliged to meet by stealth. Yet even after taking the reins of government in his hands, in 1236, on attaining his majority, the King still submitted to his mother.

There was peace in the young king's land, but strife and discord without, and his sense of justice was brought into strong relief by the part he played in international affairs, as, for instance, in the great struggle between Pope Gregory IX and Frederic II, of Germany. When the Saracens, hard pressed by the Tartars, who were threatening Europe, had made an unsuccessful appeal to France and England for help, the Germans met the invading hordes at the Danube and drove them back. But this great service to Christendom did not prevent the Pontiff from excommunicating the Emperor and offering his crown to Louis for his brother, Robert of Artois. Saint Louis, however, refused it in vigorous language, criticising the Pope's action and defending Frederick. And this course of wise impartiality he always consistently pursued.

In 1241 his attempt to make his brother, Alphonse, Lord of Poitou and Auvergne aroused the resistance of the nobles, who gained the aid of Henry III, of England; but Louis fell upon them vigorously, and brought them to terms. Not long after, he declared that all barons holding fiefs, under himself and also under the King of England, would have to choose between them, and nearly all cast their fortunes with his. During this time, also, Raymond VII made his unsuccessful attempt to regain the independence of the South, and in 1244 the long and horrible persecution of the Albigenses closed with their total extinction.

In the meanwhile, the devout King had been preparing for the great act of his reign, the Crusade. The Pope tried in vain to turn him from his purpose and obtain protection from him against the Emperor Frederic, and in the summer of 1248 Louis set sail from Aigues Mortes. After eight months spent at Cyprus, the rendezvous, the expedition pressed on to Egypt, for there was centered the power of the Moslems. In June, 1249, a landing was effected, and the town of Damietta taken. So far all had gone well, and the time was propitious for prompt and decisive action, for discord reigned among the enemy. But the King delayed, waiting for the waters of the Nile to fall, and when he finally set out, five and one-half months later, disease and disorganization had overtaken his army. Mansourah was reached after more unnecessary waste of time and men. The Saracens, at first driven back, soon rallied, and gave the Christians fierce battle. It was a hotly contested day; but the valor of the gallant knights could not compensate for the want of concerted action and of a capable commander. Three days later the Christians succeeded in beating off an attack only after terrible loss, and then more dangerous delays ensued: the dead were buried and Lent was rigorously kept. Disease spread, and the King, who refused to leave his men, fell ill and was taken prisoner. The common soldiers were butchered by the Saracens; the King finally agreed to cede Damietta, pay a million bezants,* and keep a ten years' truce in return for his freedom, and that of

*A gold coin, deriving its name from Byzantium, and worth not quite ten English shillings, or $2.50.

his barons. With the sad remnant of his army he made his way to the Holy Land, landing at Ptolemais. Sickness overtook them, and the King's two brothers returned to France. Pope Innocent, like all of Europe, bewailed the danger of Louis, but instead of aiding him invoked help in his work of crushing the Hohenstaufen. But that was refused by France in indignant and vigorous terms. Meanwhile, the King spent four years in Palestine, agitating for the release of the prisoners in Egypt, and strengthening the slight hold which the Christians had in the Orient. On the death of his mother he returned to France, reaching Paris in September, 1254.

For over fifteen years he now proved a power for good at home by his firmness, justice and devout spirit. He made treaties with King James of Aragon in 1258, and Henry of England in 1259, giving up various districts for the sake of peace, built many benevolent institutions and churches, and ruled his country wisely and justly, so that peace and plenty reigned in his dominions. But his great passion proved too strong: he took the cross again in 1267, despite the advice of prudent counselors, and after three years' preparation, set sail in 1270 for Tunis, in Northern Africa. After he had landed there, however, disease overtook the army, and he, being extremely weak, proved an easy prey to dysentery, succumbing August 25, 1270.

Such was the end of this truthful, honorable and chivalrous King, the last great crusader, "the most loyal man of his age." Devout almost to superstition, he could persecute like a zealot in the manner of his time, and yet faced the Pope and his subordinates boldly, when he thought them in the wrong. Modest and gentle in his ways, he was yet always firm when he felt that he was in the right. He was not skilled in the art of warfare: to his poor generalship was largely due the failure of his ill-fated first crusade. But he was unselfish and self-denying: he confronted death to stand by his men. Saint Louis did much for his country: he enlarged the extent of the kingdom by conquest as well as by purchase; reformed the law; centralized the powers of government, both civil and ecclesiastical, in every way; established a better currency; and if, as the founder of absolute monarchy

in France, he was ultimately the cause of much distress, yet this was the only road to national greatness. Such was this "king of kings," as Matthew Paris styled him, whose many sterling qualities could win the approbation even of a Voltaire. For that cynic wrote of him, "Louis IX seemed a prince destined to reform Europe, had that been possible; he made France triumphant and gave it a definite policy, and he was in everything a model man. His piety, which was that of an anchorite, did not prevent him from having royal virtues; his liberality did not affect his wise economy; he was able to bring profound statecraft into accord with strict justice, and is possibly the only sovereign who merits this praise."

The Egyptian Crusade of St. Louis.

It was not a mere war, an expedition, which St. Louis projected, but the foundation of a great colony in Egypt. The idea of that day was, and not unsupported by probability, that to conquer and keep possession of the Holy Land it was essential to have Egypt to rest upon. Thus he carried with him a large quantity of agricultural implements and tools of every kind. In order to maintain a regular communication, he desiderated a port of his own on the Mediterranean—and, as the Provençal harbors belonged to his brother, Charles of Anjou, he formed that of Aigues-Mortes.

He first sailed to Cyprus, where he took in an immense stock of provisions, and where he made a long stay, either waiting for his brother Alphonse, who headed his reserve, or perhaps to train himself to an eastern clime in this new world. Here he was amused by watching the ambassadors of the Asiatic princes, who came to observe the great King of the Franks. First, came those of the Christians, from Constantinople, Armenia and Syria; those of the Mussulmans, and, among others, the envoys of that Old Man of the Mountain, of whom there ran so many stories. Even the Mongols sent their representatives; and St. Louis, who supposed them favorable to Christianity from their hate to the other Mahometans, entered into a league with them against the two popes of Islamism—the Caliphs of Bagdad and of Cairo.

When the Asiatics had recovered from their first fears,

they grew familiar with the idea of the great invasion of the Franks; who were becoming enervated by the abundance and seductions of a tempting clime. At length the King determined on setting out for Egypt, and had the choice of Damietta or of Alexandria as a landing-place. Borne by a gale towards the first, he attacked in all haste and leaped into the water, sword in hand. The light troops of the Saracens, who were drawn up on the shore, tried one or two charges, but finding the Franks immovable, they fled at full gallop. The strong town of Damietta, which might have held out, surrendered on the first alarm. Master of such a place, the next step was an immediate attack on Alexandria or Cairo. But the same faith which inspired the crusade, led to the neglect of the human means which would have secured its success. Besides, the King, a feudal king, no doubt was unable to force his followers from the plunder of a rich city. It was a repetition of Cyprus; they only allowed themselves to be drawn off when wearied of their own excesses. There was another excuse; Alphonse and the reserve had not arrived.

The Count of Brittany, Mauclerc, already experienced in Eastern warfare, advised Alexandria's being first secured; the King insisted on making for Cairo. This led to the army's plunging into that country, intersected with canals, and following that route which had been so fatal to John de Brienne. The march was singularly slow. Instead of throwing bridges over the canals, they made a causeway across each; and they thus took a month to march the ten leagues between Damietta and Mansourah, to gain which latter town they undertook a dike which was to stem the current of the Nile, and afford them a passage. During this labor, they suffered fearfully from the Greek fire directed against them by the Saracens, and which, cased in their armor as they were, burned them beyond the possibility of relief. Fifty days were consumed, when they learned that they might have spared themselves all the labor and trouble; a Bedouin showed them a ford (Feb. 8th).

The vanguard, led by Robert of Artois, effected the passage with some difficulty. The Templars, who happened to be with him, recommended his waiting until his brother should come up; but the fiery youth scorned their advice as

that of cowards, and spurred into the town like a madman through the open gates. He allowed his horse to be led by a brave knight who was deaf, and who cried out, with a stunning voice, "Upon them, upon them, down with the enemy!" The Templars dared not remain behind: all entered, all perished. The Mamelukes, recovered from their surprise, barricaded the streets and crushed the assailants from the windows.

The King, as yet ignorant of what had befallen, crossed over and encountered the Saracens. He fought valiantly. "There, where I was on foot with my knights," says Joinville, "the King came, wounded, with all his battle, and with great sound and noise of trumpets and nakers, and halted on a raised way; but never was so goodly a man at arms seen, for he topped all his people from the shoulders upward, and had a golden helm on his head and a German sword in his hand." In the evening, he was made acquainted with the death of the Count d'Artois: he exclaimed, "that God had wished for what he had given him," and then big tears fell from his eyes. Some one came to inquire about his brother: "All that I know," he said, "is that he is in paradise."

The Mamelukes returning from all sides to the charge, the French defended their intrenchments until night-fall. The Count of Anjou, who had pushed on the nearest to Cairo, was on foot, in the midst of his knights, when he was attacked at one and the same time by two troops of Saracens, the one on foot, the other on horseback; he was overwhelmed with the Greek fire, and was considered to be utterly discomfited. The King saved him, by breaking through the Mussulmans; while his horse's mane was all covered with the Greek fire. The Count of Poictiers was for a moment a prisoner; but was luckily rescued by the butchers, sutlers and women of the army. The Sire de Briançon could only keep his ground under cover of the Duke of Burgundy's machines, which played across the river. Gui de Mauvoisin, covered with the Greek fire, hardly escaped from the flames. The battalions of the Count of Flanders, of the barons from beyond the sea, commanded by Gui d'Ibelin and Gauthier de Chatillon, had almost throughout the day the advantage over the enemy. The latter, at last, sounded the retreat; and Louis returned thanks

to God, in the midst of the whole army, for the aid which He had vouchsafed him.

Louis must soon have seen that success was impossible, and have desired to retire on Damietta; but he could not resolve on the step. Indisputably, the large number of wounded in the camp rendered retreat difficult; but every day added to the numbers of the sick. Encamped on the slime of Egypt, and chiefly fed on the eelpouts of the Nile, which devoured so many corpses, strange and hideous maladies broke out in the army. Their gums swelled and grew rotten, and they could only swallow by having the proud-flesh cut away; and the camp sounded with dolorous cries. The deaths increased daily. One day during the epidemic, Joinville, sick and hearing mass in his bed, was obliged to rise and support his almoner, who was on the point of fainting: "So supported, he concluded the administration of the sacrament, said entire mass and never sang more."

The dead inspired horror; each fearing to touch and to bury them. In vain did the King, full of respect for these martyrs, set the example and assist in burying them with his own hands. The epidemic was daily increased by the number of bodies left without burial; and retreat was the only chance of saving the survivors—the sad and doubtful retreat of a diminished, weakened and discouraged army. The King, who had at last fallen sick like the rest, might have secured his own safety; but he would not consent to abandon his people. Dying as he was, he determined to retreat by land, while the sick were embarked on the Nile. To so extreme a state of weakness was he reduced, that his attendants were soon compelled to bear him into a small house.

However, the march was soon stopped by the Saracens, who hung upon the Christians by land, and lay in wait for them on the river. A fearful massacre took place, notwithstanding their repeated cries of surrender, the Saracens fearing to make too many prisoners. At length they drove the crusaders into an enclosed place and summoned them to deny Christ: many consented; among others, all Joinville's seamen.

The King and the prisoners of note had been reserved for future consideration. Jerusalem was demanded by the Sultan

as the price of their liberty: they objected that it belonged to the Emperor of Germany, and offered to surrender Damietta, and pay a ransom of four hundred thousand golden bezants. The Sultan had consented to the terms, when the Mamelukes, to whom he owed his victory, revolted and slew him before the galleys in which the French were kept prisoners. Their situation was exceedingly critical; and, in fact, the murderers forced their way to the King. "The ruffian who had torn out the Sultan's heart stalked up to him with his bloody hands, and said, 'What will you give me for having slain your enemy, who would have killed you?' And the King answered him not a word. There came as many as thirty with bared swords and their Danish axes in their hands into our galley." Joinville goes on to say, "And I inquired of my lord, Baudouin d'Ibelin, who was well acquainted with their tongue, what they said. He replied, that they said that they had come to cut our heads off. Numbers began to confess themselves to a brother of the Trinity, who was with Count William of Flanders; but, for my part, not one of my sins would come into my head. On the contrary, I thought that the more I should defend myself, or do anything to provoke them, the worse it would be for me. Then I crossed myself, and knelt at the feet of one of them who had a carpenter's Danish axe in his hand and said, 'So died St. Agnes.' Messire Gui d'Ibelin, constable of Cyprus, knelt by my side, and I said to him, 'I give you absolution with such power as God has given me.' But when I got up thence, I did not recollect a word of what he had said or related to me."

Three days after Margaret had heard of her husband's captivity she was confined of a son, named John, whom she surnamed Tristan. For security sake, she had an old knight, eighty years of age, to lie at the foot of her bed. Shortly before her labor came on, she knelt at his feet and begged a boon, which the knight swore to grant. Then she said, "I require you, by the faith which you have just now plighted, if the Saracens take this city, to strike off my head before they lay hands on me." The knight replied, "Be sure that I will do it willingly, for I had myself resolved on slaying you rather than that you should fall into their power."

The misfortunes and humiliation of St. Louis were complete. The Arabs celebrated his defeat in songs, and more than one Christian people lighted bonfires in their joy at it. He nevertheless remained a year in the Holy Land to aid in its defence, in case the Mamelukes should push their victory beyond Egypt. He raised the walls of the towns, fortified Cæsarea, Jaffa, Sidon and St. Jean d'Acre, and did not quit this unfortunate country until the barons of the Holy Land had themselves assured him that his presence was no longer essential. Besides, he had just heard news which made it his duty to hasten his return to France—his mother was dead; an immeasurable misfortune to such a son, who, for so many years, had thought only as she wished, and who had left her, contrary to her wishes, on this disastrous expedition, which was to end in his leaving in infidel ground one of his brothers, so many loyal followers, and the bones of so many martyrs. The sight of France itself could not console him. "Had I alone to endure the disgrace and the misfortune," he exclaimed to a bishop, "and had not my sins turned to the prejudice of the Church Universal, I should be resigned. But, alas! all Christendom has fallen through me into disgrace and confusion."

The state in which he found Europe was not calculated to give him comfort. Long after his return, St. Louis seemed to reject every foreign thought and ambition. He confined himself, with uneasy scrupulosity, to his duty as a Christian, considering all the duties of royalty comprised in the practices of devotion, and imputing to himself, as a sin, every disorder of the common weal.—M. MICHELET.

LADY JANE GREY.

KING EDWARD VI., the only son of Henry VIII., of England, died after a few months' reign in 1553. All the near heirs to the throne were females, and a Queen had never heretofore reigned in England. Crafty noblemen schemed to get the real power into their own hands. To gratify the ambitious designs of the most daring, a girl of sixteen was hastily brought forward as Edward's successor, and when the people refused to sanction these illegal proceedings, the youthful victim expiated her crime on the scaffold. Such is the brief tragedy of Lady Jane Grey.

She was born in 1537, the eldest daughter of Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset and afterwards Duke of Suffolk. Her mother was a grand-daughter of King Henry VII. As a child Lady Jane showed wonderful mental abilities, and was placed under the special care of Dr. Aylmer, afterwards Bishop of London. When fifteen years old she was familiar with Latin, Greek, French and Italian, and could read Hebrew. She was equally distinguished for sweetness and amiability of temper, nor was she deficient in graceful accomplishments. She was of the same age as her royal cousin, Edward VI., and they were very similar in the early maturity of their minds and characters and religious views.

Henry VIII., foreseeing the probability of disputes about the Kingdom, had obtained from Parliament the power and privilege to fix by letters patent the line of succession. He

gave the precedence, after Edward, to his daughter Mary, and then Elizabeth. If they failed to have issue, then the crown should pass to Lady Jane Grey, the grand-daughter of his second sister, Mary, and after her to Mary, Queen of Scotland, the grand-daughter of his oldest sister, Margaret. The Duke of Northumberland, having become the ruling spirit of Edward's Council, succeeded in having his son, Lord Guilford Dudley, married to Lady Jane, and then formed a plot with her father, the Duke of Suffolk, to bring the young bride to the throne. They contended that Edward had the same right to fix the succession that his father had. The dying King was prevailed upon to make his cousin his heir to the exclusion of his sisters. The necessary document was made out and sealed ; but all this was done without Lady Jane's knowledge.

When Edward died, Northumberland and Suffolk, and others of the Council went to her residence and saluted her as Queen. She refused to accept the position, urged the superior claims of the two princesses, and begged to be let alone to enjoy her private position. At last she yielded to the persuasions of her parents and went with them to the Tower to spend the few days of her reign. But the English people, moved by righteous distrust of the unscrupulous Northumberland, refused to sanction the proceedings, and in ten days Mary obtained the throne. Lady Jane was soon afterward a prisoner, and Northumberland was beheaded. Lady Jane and her husband were also convicted of treason ; but as it was evident that these children of sixteen years were only tools in the hands of others, Mary refused to execute them, but kept them in prison.

When Mary announced her intended marriage with King Philip, of Spain, the popular opposition to this Spanish alliance resulted in a serious rebellion led by Sir Thomas Wyat, in which the restless Duke of Suffolk took part. The entrance of the rebels into London alarmed Mary's ministers, and they concluded there would be no absolute safety as long as Lady Jane lived. Suffolk was therefore at once beheaded, and the execution of Lady Jane and her husband ordered to take place four days later. Lord Dudley was executed on Tower Hill,

and Lady Jane within the Tower, because of her royal lineage. On the day of execution Dudley requested the favor of an interview; but Lady Jane sent back word that she feared that the tenderness of their parting would overcome their fortitude, and so unnerve them that they could not meet their approaching end in a becoming manner; that their separation would only be for a moment, and that they would then join each other where their affections would never be interrupted. As her husband was led to the place of execution, she gave him from her prison window a sign of loving remembrance, then saw his headless body taken back in a cart.

An hour afterward the nobler victim was led forth to execution. On the scaffold she made a speech with great calmness and self-possession. She said, "that her offence was not having laid her hand upon the crown, but the not rejecting it with sufficient constancy; that she had erred less through ambition than through reverence to her parents, whom she had been taught to respect and obey; that she willingly received death, as the only satisfaction which she could now make to the injured State; and that the story of her life, she hoped, might at least be useful, by proving that innocence excuses not great misdeeds, if they tend anywise to the destruction of the Commonwealth." She then caused her waiting-woman to disrobe her, and without the slightest evidence of fear, laid her head upon the block.

Thus perished on the 12th of February, 1554, in the seventeenth year of her age, a lovely character, deserving of a kinder fate.

Wyat's Insurrection.

It was in Kent only that the insurrection assumed a formidable appearance under the direction of Sir Thomas Wyat. It was formed without his knowledge, and was first communicated to him by the Earl of Devon; but he engaged in it with cheerfulness, under the persuasion that the marriage of Queen Mary with Philip would be followed by the death of the Lady Elizabeth, and by the subversion of the national liberties. While his associates, by their presumption and weakness, proved themselves unequal to the attempt, he excited the applause of his very adversaries, by the secrecy

and address with which he organized the rising, and by the spirit and perseverance with which he conducted the enterprise. The moment he drew the sword, fifteen hundred armed men assembled around him; while five thousand others remained at their homes, ready, at the first toll of the alarum-bell, to crowd to his standard. He fixed his headquarters in the old and ruinous castle of Rochester; a squadron of five sail, in the Thames, under his secret associate Winter, supplied him with cannon and ammunition; and batteries were erected to command the passage of the bridge, and the opposite bank of the river. Yet fortune did not appear to favor his first attempts. It required all his address to keep his followers together. Though he boasted of the succors which he daily expected from France, and circulated reports of successful risings in other parts of the country, many of the insurgents began to waver; several sent to the council offers to return to their duty, on condition of pardon; and there is reason to believe that the main force under Wyat would have dissolved of itself, had it been suffered to remain a few days longer in a state of inactivity.

But the Duke of Norfolk had already marched from London, with a detachment of guards, under the command of Sir Henry Jerningham. He was immediately followed by five hundred Londoners, led by Captain Bret, and was afterwards joined by the Sheriff of Kent with the bands of the county. This force was far inferior in number to the enemy; and, what was of more disastrous consequence, some of its leaders were in secret league with Wyat. The Duke, having in vain made an offer of pardon, ordered the bridge to be forced. The troops were already in motion, when Bret, who led the van, halted his column, and raising his sword, exclaimed, "Masters, we are going to fight in an unholy quarrel against our friends and countrymen, who seek only to preserve us from the dominion of foreigners. Wherefore, I think that no English heart should oppose them, and am resolved for my own part to shed my blood in the cause of this worthy captain, Master Wyat." This address was seconded by Brian Fitzwilliam; shouts of "A Wyat! a Wyat!" burst from the ranks; and the Londoners, instead

of advancing against the rebels, faced about to oppose the royalists. At that moment Wyat himself joined them at the head of his cavalry; and the Duke, with his principal officers, apprehending a general defection, fled towards Gravesend. Seven pieces of artillery fell into the hands of the insurgents; their ranks were recruited from the deserters; and the whole body, confident of victory, began their march in the direction of London.

This unexpected result revealed to the Queen the alarming secret that the conspiracy had pushed its branches into the very heart of the metropolis. Every precaution was immediately taken for the security of the court, the Tower, and the city; the bridges for fifteen miles were broken down and the boats secured on the opposite bank of the river; the neighboring peers received orders to raise their tenantry, and hasten to the protection of the royal person; and a reward of one hundred pounds per annum in land was offered for the apprehension of Wyat. That chieftain, with fifteen thousand men under his command, had marched through Dartford to Greenwich and Deptford, when a message from the council, inquiring into the extent of his demands, betrayed their diffidence and added to his presumption. In the court and the council-room nothing was to be heard but expressions of mistrust and apprehension; some blamed the precipitancy of Bishop Gardner in the change of religion; some the interested policy of the advisers of the Spanish match; and the imperial ambassadors, with the exception of Renard, fearing for their lives, escaped in a merchant vessel lying in the river. Queen Mary alone appeared firm and collected; she betrayed no symptom of fear, no doubt of the result; she ordered her ministers to provide the means of defence, and undertook to fix, by her confidence and address, the wavering loyalty of the Londoners. The lord mayor had called an extraordinary meeting of the citizens; and, at three in the afternoon, Mary, with the sceptre in her hand, and accompanied by her ladies and officers of state, entered the Guildhall.

The Queen was received with every demonstration of respect, and, in a firm and dignified tone, complained of the disobedience and insolence of the men of Kent. At first the

leaders had condemned her intended marriage with the Prince of Spain; now they had betrayed their real design. They demanded the custody of her person, the appointment of her council, and the command of the Tower. Their object was to obtain the exercise of the royal authority, and to abolish the national worship. But she was convinced that her people loved her too well to surrender her into the hands of rebels. "As for this marriage," she continued, "ye shall understand that I enterprised not the doing thereof without the advice of all our privy council. Certainly, did I think that this marriage were to the hurt of you my subjects, or the impeachment of my royal estate, I would never consent thereunto. And, I promise you, on the word of a Queen, that, if it shall not appear to the Lords and Commons in parliament to be for the benefit of the whole realm, I will never marry while I live. Wherefore, stand fast against these rebels, your enemies and mine; fear them not, for I assure ye, I fear them nothing at all; and I will leave with you my Lord Howard and my lord admiral, who will be assistant with the mayor for your defence." With these words she departed; the hall rang with acclamations, and by the next morning more than twenty thousand men had enrolled their names for the protection of the city.

The next day Wyat entered Southwark. But his followers had dwindled to seven thousand men, and were hourly diminishing. The batteries erected on the walls of the Tower compelled him to leave Southwark; but he had by this time arranged a plan with some of the reformers in the city to surprise Ludgate an hour before sunrise; and for that purpose directed his march towards Kingston. Thirty feet of the wooden bridge had been destroyed; but he swam, or prevailed on two seamen to swim across the river, and, having procured a boat from the opposite bank, labored with a few associates at the repairs, while his men refreshed themselves in the town. At eleven at night the insurgents passed the bridge; at Brentford they drove in the advanced post of the royalists; but an hour was lost in repairing the carriage of a cannon, and, as it became too late for Wyat to keep his appointment at Ludgate, the chief of his advisers abandoned him in despair. Among

these was Sir George Harper, who rode to St. James', and announced the approach and expectations of Wyat. He arrived about two hours after midnight. The palace was instantly filled with alarm; the boldness of the attempt gave birth to reports of treason in the city and the court; and the ministers on their knees, particularly the Chancellor, conjured the Queen to provide for her own safety, by retiring into the Tower. But Mary scorned the timidity of her advisers: from the Earl of Pembroke and Lord Clinton she received assurances that they would do their duty; and in return she announced her fixed determination to remain at her post. In a council of war it was decided to place a strong force at Ludgate, to permit the advance of Wyat, and then to press on him from every quarter, and to enclose him like a wild beast in the toils.

At four in the morning the drum beat to arms; and in a few hours the royalists, under Pembroke and Clinton, amounted to ten thousand infantry and fifteen hundred cavalry. The hill opposite St. James' was occupied with a battery of cannon and a strong squadron of horse; lower down and nearer to Charing Cross, were posted two divisions of infantry; and several smaller parties were detached to different points in the vicinity. About nine, Wyat reached Hyde Park Corner. Many of his followers, who heard of the Queen's proclamation of pardon, had slunk away in the darkness of the night; the rest were appalled at the sight of the formidable array before their eyes. But their leader saw that to recede must be his ruin; he still relied on the co-operation of the conspirators and reformers in the city; and after a short cannonade, seizing a standard, rushed forward to charge the cavalry. They opened; allowed three or four hundred men to pass; and closing, cut off the communication between them and the main body. The insurgents, separated from their leader, did not long sustain the unequal contest; about one hundred were killed, great numbers wounded, and four hundred made prisoners.

Wyat paid no attention to the battle which raged behind his back. Intent on his purpose, he hastened through Piccadilly, insulted the gates of the palace, and proceeded towards

the city. No molestation was offered by the armed bands stationed on each side of the street. At Ludgate he knocked, and demanded admittance, "for the Queen had granted all his petitions."—"Avaunt, traitor!" exclaimed from the gallery the Lord William Howard, "thou shalt have no entrance here." Disappointed and confounded, he retraced his steps, till he came opposite the inn called the Bel Savage. There he halted a few minutes. To the spectators he seemed absorbed in thought; but was quickly aroused by the shouts of the combatants, and with forty companions continued to fight his way back, till he reached Temple Bar. He found it occupied by a strong detachment of horse; whatever way he turned, fresh bodies of royalists poured upon him; and Norroy, King-at-arms, advancing, exhorted him to spare the blood of his friends, and to yield himself a prisoner. After a moment's pause he threw away his sword, and surrendered to Sir Maurice Berkeley, who carried him first to the Court, and thence to the Tower.—J. LINGARD.

HUGH CAPET.

WITH the accession of Hugh Capet to the throne of France, royalty, which had been little more than a mere name under the later Carlovingians, became, as Michelet says, "a hope, a living right, which slumbers, it is true, but which, when needful, will awaken." His election as the King of France marked a real revolution, the culmination of a change that had been long in preparation, the beginning of a new period. The Carolings had been more German than French, but now a French king ruled, "the ancestor of all the kings who have sat on the throne of France."

Hugh, Duke of France, was grandson of Robert the Strong, and son of Hugh the Great, and was, like his father, Abbot of St. Martin de Tours, whence, some believe, the name Capet, from *capetus*, a cowl. Of very humble origin (it cannot be traced beyond the third generation), he rose to prominence, and eventually became the first one in that succession supposed to have been foreshadowed by St. Valery. For popular tradition had it that when Hugh *translated* the relics of that holy man, the latter appeared to him in a dream and said: "For what thou hast done, thou and thy descendants shall be kings to the seventh generation—that is forever."

Lothaire, the King of France, was threatened by the same opposition to the Carlovingian race which kept his grandfather, Charles the Simple, from the throne for a number of

years by the election of Eudes, son of Robert the Strong, as King, and which drove his father, Louis d'Outremer, across the Rhine for help against Hugh the Great, and the other lords objected to his alliance with King Otho I, of Germany. However, he avoided open rebellion, although his power steadily diminished. "Lothaire," a contemporary writer tells us, "is King only in name. Hugh, without the title, is King in truth and deed." After his death in 986, followed by that of his childless son, Louis V, May 21, 987, Hugh was proclaimed King by the nobles and crowned 3d July, 987, at Noyon. There still remained a brother of Lothaire, Charles, Duke of Lorraine, who was supported in his resistance to the King by formidable chiefs. He captured Laon; but that city, after being long besieged by Hugh, fell into the latter's hands in 990, through the treason of Bishop Adelbero, and Charles died in captivity the following year.

If it is stated that Hugh's claim to the throne was now no longer contested, it must also not be forgotten that his kingdom was small indeed. He was one, the most powerful one, of the great lords of the land, but not much more. The feudal barons in far-off parts of France probably cared not a whit who held the title of King. The status of kingship in France was not yet such as to seriously endanger the interests of the barons: the great struggle between feudalism and royalty did not really begin until later on, and especially under Louis XI was the royal power strengthened and the cause of absolute monarchy furthered. "Hugh Capet's reign," says Kitchin, "was a constant struggle against his lay and clerical neighbors: he purchased his kingly name by a life of toil and by the loss of much of his domain, given to his barons as pay for their services." But from his election the modern kingdom of France may be said to date its existence.

On his death, October 24, 996, Hugh was succeeded by his son, Robert, who had been crowned about nine years before, and his direct descendants reigned in France until 1328. In his person there was raised to the throne a race in which, as Freeman says, "by a fate unparalleled in any other kingly house, the crown was passed on for three hundred and

fifty years (987-1328) from father to son, a race which, down to our own day, has never been without a male heir, and in which the right of the male heir has never been disputed, save once through the ambition of a foreign prince (1338-1420), and once through the frenzy of religious partisanship (1589)."

The Year One Thousand.

(Although the remarkable year 1000 A.D., falls just beyond the reign of Hugh Capet, we take it as exhibiting in another way the great revolution of that time).

It was the universal belief of the Middle Age that the thousandth year from the Nativity of Christ would be the end of the world. In like manner, before Christianity, the Etrusci had fixed ten centuries as the term of their empire; and the prediction had been fulfilled. Christianity, a wayfarer on this earth, a guest, exiled from heaven, readily adopted a similar belief. The world of the Middle Age was without the external regularity of the ancient city, and the firm and compact order within was not easily discernible. It only saw chaos in itself; but longed for order, and hoped to find it in death. Besides, in those days of miracles and legends, in which everything assumed a strange hue, as if seen through the sombre medium of a stained casement, it might well be doubted whether all that met the eye in this apparently tangible world were other than a dream. Every-day life was made up of marvels. The army of Otho had seen the sun fading, and as yellow as saffron. King Robert, excommunicated for having married within the forbidden degrees, had received, when his queen lay in, a monster in his arms. The devil no longer took the trouble to conceal himself; for at Rome he had appeared openly to a Pope who practiced the black art. What with all these apparitions, visions and strange voices, what with God's miracles and the devil's witchcrafts, who could deny the likelihood of the earth's resolving itself some morning into smoke, at the sound of the fatal trump? Then, might it well have happened that what we call life would have been found to be death; and that the world, in coming to a close, might, like the saint of the legend, *begin to live and cease to die* ("et tunc vivere incepit, morique desiit").

The idea of the end of the world, sad as that world was, was at once the hope and the terror of the Middle Age. Look at those antique statues of the tenth and eleventh centuries—mute, meager, and their pinched and stiffened lineaments grinning with a look of living suffering, allied to the repulsiveness of death. See how they implore, with clasped hands, that desired yet dreaded moment, that second death of the resurrection, which is to redeem them from their unspeakable sorrows, and raise them from nothingness into existence and from the grave to God. Here is imaged the poor world itself and its hopelessness, after having witnessed so many ruins. The Roman Empire had crumbled away; so had that of Charlemagne. Christianity had then believed itself intended to do away with sorrow here below; but suffering still went on. Misfortune succeeded misfortune; ruin, ruin. Some other advent was needed; and men expected that it would arrive. The captive expected it in the gloomy dungeon, and in the bonds of the sepulchral *in pace*. The serf expected it while tracing the furrow under the shadow of his lord's hated tower. The monk expected it amidst the privations of the cloister, amidst the solitary tumults of his heart, amidst temptations and backslidings, repentances and strange visions. A chronicler writes that he saw Satan, who malignantly gamboled around him, and who at night would draw aside his coverlet and laughingly chuckle in his ear—"Thou art mine."

All longed to be relieved from their suffering, no matter at what cost! Better were it for them to fall once for all into God's hands, and rest forever, though on a bed of fire, than remain as they are. Nor could that moment be without its charm, when the shrill and withering trump of the archangel should peal in the ear of their tyrants; for then—from dungeon, cloister and from furrow—one tremendous shriek of laughter would burst forth from the stricken and oppressed.

This fearful hope of the arrival of the judgment-day grew with the calamities that ushered in the year 1000, or that followed hard upon. It seemed as if the order of the seasons had been inverted, and the elements had been subjected to new laws. A dreadful pestilence made Aquitaine a desert. The flesh of those who were seized by it was as if struck by

fire, for it fell rotting from the bones. The high roads to the places of pilgrimage were thronged with these wretched beings. They besieged the churches, particularly that of St. Martin's at Limoges, and crowded its portals to suffocation, undeterred by the stench around it. Most of the bishops of the south repaired thither, bringing with them the relics of their respective churches. The crowd increased, and so did the pestilence; and the sufferers breathed their last on the relics of the saints.

A few years after it was still worse. From the East to Greece, Italy, France and England, famine prevailed. "The peck of corn," says a contemporary writer, "rose to sixty sous of gold. The rich lost color and flesh. The poor dug up and ate the roots in the woods. Many, horrible to relate, were driven by hunger to feed on their fellow-creatures. The strong waylaid the weak, tore them in pieces, roasted them, and ate them. Children would be tempted into lonely places by the offer of an egg, or of fruit, and then made way with. To such extremes did this madness of famine go, that the very beasts were safer than man. As if it were an understood thing that it was to be eaten, human flesh was exposed for sale in the market-place of Tournus. The vender did not deny the fact, and was burned. The night succeeding his execution, the self-same flesh was dug up by a starving wretch, who ate it, and was burned as well."

"A wretch had built a hut in the forest of Macon, near the church of St. Jean de Castanedo, where he murdered in the night-time those who had besought his hospitality. The bones of his victims caught the eye of one of his guests, who managed to escape; and there were found in his hut forty-eight skulls of men, women and children. Driven by hunger, many mixed clay with the flour. Still further misfortune followed. The wolves, allured by the number of unburied bodies, attacked the living. The God-fearing then dug trenches, whither father and mother were borne by son, and brother by brother, as soon as life began to fail; and the survivor himself, despairing of life, would often cast himself in after them. A council of the prelates of the cities of Gaul being summoned, in order to devise some remedy for these

woes, it was agreed, that since there was not food for all, the stoutest should be assisted as much as possible, for fear of the land's being left uncultivated."

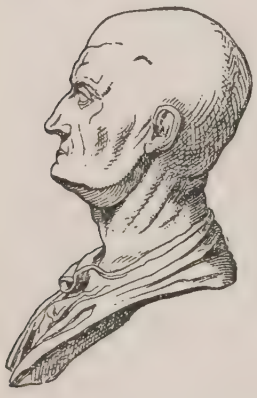
Men's hearts were often softened by this excess of misery, and rendered accessible to the touch of pity. Dreading the sword of God, they sheathed their own. It was no longer worth while to fight or to wage war for an accursed world, which they were about to quit. Vengeance was useless: all saw that their enemies' lives, like their own, were doomed. When the pestilence attacked Limoges, men hurried to throw themselves at the feet of the bishops, pledged themselves thenceforward to live peaceably, respect the churches, and to abstain from plundering travelers, or at least such as journeyed under the protection of priests or of monks. All war was prohibited during the holy days of each week; that is, from the Wednesday evening to the Monday morning: a custom called *the peace*, and subsequently, *the truce of God.*

In this general despair few enjoyed any peace save under the shadow of the Church. Men crowded to lay on the altar gifts of lands, of houses and of serfs; all which acts have the imprint of the one universal belief:—"The end of the world draws nigh," so they ran, "each day brings fresh destruction; therefore I, count or baron, give to such or such church for the benefit of my soul" . . . . or else, "Reflecting that slavery is contrary to Christian liberty, I declare such or such a one, my born thrall, him, his children and his heirs, free."

Even this did not set their minds at rest. They longed to forsake the sword, the baldric, and all the insignia of the military service of the age, in order to screen themselves among monks, and under monkly garb, seeking but a corner of a convent in which to bury themselves. The difficulty was to hinder the great of the earth, kings and dukes, from becoming monks, or at least lay brothers. William I., Duke of Normandy, would have forsaken all and retired into the Monastery of Jumièges, had the abbot permitted him; still, he managed to carry away a cowl and a frock, which he secured in a small coffer, the key of which he always wore at his girdle. Hugh I., Duke of Burgundy, and, before him, the Emperor Henry II., had desired to turn monks. Hugh

was prevented from carrying his wish into effect by the Pope. Henry, on entering the church of the Abbey of St. Vanne, at Verdun, had exclaimed with the Psalmist—"This is my rest for ever; here will I dwell, for I have desired it!" Being overheard by a monk, who put the abbot on his guard, the latter invited him to attend a chapter of the house, and then inquired into his intentions. "By the grace of God," replied the Emperor with tears, "I seek to renounce the garments of this world, to assume yours, and to live, serving God, with your brethren."—"Will you then," said the abbot, "in compliance with our rule, and the example of Jesus Christ, promise obedience until death?"—"I will," was the answer.—"Well, I accept you as a monk; from this day forward I take on myself the care of your soul, and what I order, that do you with the fear of God before you. I bid you return to the government of the Empire, which God has confided to your charge, and to watch with all your soul, in fear and trembling, over the safety of the whole kingdom." The Emperor, bound thereto by his vow, sorrowfully obeyed. However, he had long previously been a monk, having lived with his wife as brother with sister, and he is honored by the Church with the name of St. Henry.—M. MICHELET.

SCIPIO AFRICANUS.



CARTHAGE, founded by the Phœnicians in northern Africa, was for a very long period the one great rival of the Roman power. Thrice between the years 264 and 146 B.C. did this city contest with Rome for the supremacy of the Mediterranean. These wars were called by the Romans Punic—that is, Phœnician. The First Punic War covered a period of twenty-three years, and resulted in the defeat by the Romans, not only of the armies, but of the fleets of the Carthaginians, who had prided themselves on their naval power. The Second Punic War, 218 to 201 B.C., commenced with Hannibal's siege of Saguntum in Spain, and was occupied chiefly with his invasion and conquest of Italy, but was terminated by his defeat in the battle of Zama, within a day's march of Carthage. The third war was a most desperate conflict, and was ended by the destruction of Carthage by the Romans, 146 B.C.

Publius Cornelius Scipio, the chief Roman hero of the Second Punic War, was born in Rome in 234 B.C. He came of the illustrious Cornelian tribe, and of a family whose name is identified with some of the most splendid triumphs of the Roman arms. His father, bearing the same name as himself, successfully avenged an imprisonment in Africa by taking many places in Sicily, and particularly Panormos, from the Carthaginians. He had also great successes in Corsica and Sardinia. The son, having entered the army, which was under his father's command, sought to resist Hannibal's in-

vasion of Italy. He first distinguished himself at the battle of Ticinus, 218 B.C., when he was but sixteen years of age. As he had indeed saved his father's life by his valor and boldness, the father, by his authority as general, ordered the civic crown to be presented to him; but the son modestly refused it, with the magnanimous declaration that the action was one that rewarded itself. The young soldier continued to serve faithfully in the war against Hannibal, and the battle of Cannæ, which well nigh proved fatal to the Roman cause, instead of disheartening him, roused all his courage. He no sooner heard that some of his countrymen wished, in despair, to abandon Italy, than, sword in hand, he burst into the chamber of Metellus, where he found the young patricians met in deep consultation. Scipio addressed them: "I swear that I will never abandon the republic of the Roman people, nor suffer one of her citizens to desert it. If knowingly I break this oath, then, O Jupiter, supremely good and great, do you overwhelm with ruin myself, my house, my family and my fortune. I call on you, Metellus; I call on all who are present to take the same oath. Whoever will not swear, let that man know that against him this sword is drawn." All took the solemn pledge of fidelity to the Republic.

In his twenty-first year Scipio was made an Ædile, which office was, by law, reserved for such as had reached their twenty-seventh year. The Tribunes opposed his election, and told him that he was too young. "If," answered he, "the Romans wish to make me an Ædile, I am old enough." When news was brought from Spain that Scipio's father and uncle had been slain, the young man was at once chosen to avenge this great disaster to his family and the State. He soon showed special ability as commander of the army; various tribes of Spain were conquered, and in four years the Carthaginians were driven from that part of Europe. New Carthage submitted in one day, and in a battle 54,000 of the enemy were left dead on the field.

Having returned to Italy, Scipio received the dignity of Consul, and was empowered to carry the war into Africa. Success attended his arms; his conquests were here as rapid as in Spain. Terms of accommodation were proposed; but

these came to nothing. Finally, on the 19th of October, 202 B.C., was fought the great battle of Zama. About 20,000 Carthaginians were slain and the same number made prisoners of war. Only 2,000 of the Romans were killed. Recognizing this battle as decisive, Hannibal sought refuge in the East. The Carthaginians sued for peace, which Scipio, in spite of the vengeful clamor of his countrymen, granted on moderate terms. The conqueror of Hannibal, returning to Rome, was received with the most unbounded applause, honored with a triumph and dignified with the appellation Africanus. This was the first instance of such a surname since the days of Coriolanus.

Soon after this, Scipio, who was strongly aristocratic in feeling, offended the plebeians by wishing to have the senators distinguished from the rest of the people at all public exhibitions. Hence, when he canvassed for the Consulship for two of his friends, he had the mortification to see his application slighted. He then retired from Rome, and, in the capacity of lieutenant, accompanied his brother Lucius in the war against Antiochus, King of Syria. The Asiatic monarch was defeated, and submitted to terms dictated by the conquerors. On Scipio's return to Rome, he found the malevolence of his enemies still unabated. In 187 B.C. two Tribunes of the people, named Petillius, required that Lucius, the brother of Scipio, should render an account of all the money which he had received from Antiochus. His brother prepared the account; but as he was about to present it, Scipio snatched it out of his hands and tore it to pieces. Cato, his inveterate rival, had raised seditions against him. He was now charged with extortions in the Provinces of Asia, and of living in a luxurious manner. Under this indictment he was three times summoned to appear. Twice he did so; but the third time he fled to his country house at Liternum. He never returned to Rome. Dying about the year 184 B.C., he was buried at Liternum, where his tomb still existed in the time of Livy.

As his son afterward bore the same name and surname, the father is distinguished in history as P. Cornelius Scipio Africanus Major or the Elder. By nature, he was thoroughly

aristocratic, but generous and courteous in his manners. In his gestures and behaviour there was a princely grace. No Roman character has been celebrated with more cordial praise by ancient and modern writers than that of Scipio Africanus. His name stands among the most eminent military characters of the Republic, but though fortune and the trained valor of the Roman legions enabled him to defeat Hannibal, he cannot justly be regarded as equal in ability to the great Carthaginian.

Scipio Conquers Hannibal.

The renown of Scipio derives peculiar lustre from sources which we are unable distinctly to trace. The account of his exploits by Livy seems to betray in its romantic and poetical character the coloring, if not the invention, of the panegyrists who hung about the families of the Roman magnates. Scipio was himself one of the first of his nation to devote himself to Greek manners, and surround himself with Greek admirers and flatterers. His manners were refined beyond the usual tone of his rough countrymen. He was popular at Rome, but he was far more popular among the allies of Rome, and was adored by the Italians as their great protector against the Carthaginian invader. When the Senate, in its jealousy of his transcendent abilities, refused to allow him the men and money requisite for his meditated descent upon Africa, it was from the States of Italy that he recruited his forces, each furnishing him with a portion of the material he required, and urging him to abandon the Fabian policy which, however, it had answered the interests of Rome herself, had caused prolonged misery to every part of the peninsula. It was this popularity that gave rise to the assertion repeated by many of the later writers, that wherever he set his foot Scipio might have established himself as a king. Undoubtedly his gallantry and genius gained him the peculiar veneration of his countrymen, and pointed him out for an epic hero to be adored like Romulus, to be loved like Camillus. His continence is justly noted by Polybius in a simple story which Livy has magnified into a romance. No other Roman except Julius Cæsar ever won and retained such a hold upon the imagination of the Romans.

Scipio had overcome the resistance of the Senate by threatening it with an appeal to the people, in order to obtain permission to carry the war into Africa. He had been content, with this grand object in view, to forego the honors of a triumph, which party jealousy denied him, but which no doubt he could have extorted, with the popular feeling rising so high at his beck. But in Africa it was evident that a long contest yet lay before the Romans, and Scipio devoted himself to the task with constancy and resolution. The Carthaginian Senate commanded Hannibal to quit Italy without delay, and make all diligence to come and save his country at home.

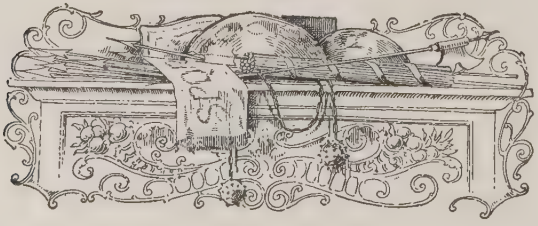
Scipio, having landed in Africa in the year 204, began his operations by laying siege to Utica. There appears to have been no disposition on the part either of the nation or of their mercenary soldiers to revolt against the Carthaginian Government. Scipio found no ally except Masinissa, and he was a fugitive with only a few hundred horsemen, having been expelled from his own realm by Syphax. His knowledge of the country and of the people may have been valuable, and it was by his counsel, perhaps, that Scipio set fire to the huts of the Numidians and Carthaginians, constructed of the lightest materials, successively on the same day. The effect of this stroke seems to have been prodigious. The armies of the enemy were thrown into utter confusion, and routed with immense slaughter. Masinissa followed up the blow by the capture of Syphax, which neutralized at once the alliance of Numidia. But Scipio sustained a reverse in the loss of his fleet, and the Uticans continued to defend themselves, and compelled him at last to raise the siege. For a moment at least he contemplated making terms with Carthage, and arranged an armistice while envoys were sent from Africa to Rome. But the Roman Senate, now exulting in the defeat of Mago in Spain, and the recall just announced of Hannibal from Italy, would listen to no accommodation. The envoys of Carthage returned without even a hearing. Hannibal reluctantly quitted the land in which he had waged war for so many years, and gained such glorious victories to so little purpose.

Hannibal sailed from Crotona in the autumn of 203, under cover of the armistice which had been concluded, and while it seemed still possible that a permanent peace might be established. The Romans were evidently glad to let him go and bear his laurels with him untarnished. He came to land, not at Carthage, but at Leptis, and spent the winter at Hadrumetum. The greater part of another year intervened, and yet we hear nothing of warlike operations between the great generals who now confronted each other. At last a pitched battle was fought somewhere to the west of Carthage on the banks of the river Bagradas, to which the name of Zama has been attached, but which is supposed to have really occurred at two or three days' journey from that place. Nor is the date of the battle definitely noted, which may, however, be aptly inferred from the circumstance recorded that it was fought on the day of an eclipse of the sun, such as is found to have taken place on the 19th of October. This would be a small matter but for the vast importance of the fortunes which were decided in that famous conflict. The disposition of Scipio's forces seems to have deviated in some particulars from that which was usual with the Romans, but the event was no doubt decided more by the indomitable valor of the legions, when well led and confident in their commander, than by any superiority of the one chief over the other. It ended in the entire rout and destruction of the Carthaginian army, the flight of Hannibal, and the virtual conclusion of the long struggle between the rival republics. Scipio was at once advanced to the highest pinnacle of military glory, as the conqueror of the conqueror of Trasimenus and Cannæ.

There remained, however, a yet higher glory to achieve, and Scipio made it his own by his moderation and generosity. Carthage lay at last at the feet of Rome. The question now arose at Rome and among the chiefs of the triumphant legions how this detested and still dangerous enemy should be treated. Many there were who vehemently urged her entire destruction, after the manner of Veii, or the treatment little less severe which had been inflicted on Capua and Tarentum. But Scipio alone withstood the clamor of his vengeful countrymen, partly, we may hope, from a feeling of humanity;

partly, it has been surmised, from the liberal policy of not leaving Rome without a rival to teach her still to content herself by the law of nations, and refrain from the gratification of an inordinate ambition. He abstained from demanding the delivery of Hannibal into his hands, and allowed Carthage to retain her laws at home, and her sway over the territories she claimed as her own in Africa. She was required to surrender all her ships but ten, all her elephants, and no doubt her other munitions of war, and to engage to make no war even in Africa without the permission of the Romans. Hannibal proved to his countrymen the necessity of submission.

Having established Masinissa in dignity and power, as a vigilant outpost at the gates of Carthage, Scipio transported his army across the sea, traversed the southern half of the peninsula with an immense concourse of the people who had witnessed so many of his rival's victories, and entered Rome in the most splendid of triumphs. Scipio received from the soldiers and citizens the illustrious name of Africanus, being the first Roman, if we except the dubious instance of Coriolanus, who was honored with a titular designation from the place or people he had conquered. His statue was placed, in triumphal robes and crowned with laurel, in the Temple of Jupiter. The people were ready to offer him the consulship for life. At that crisis of the Roman polity a true patriot might have accepted the post of a constitutional sovereign, and done much to check the downward progress of public life which became now marked and rapid.—C. MERIVALE.



PLINY.

THE name of Pliny has been made illustrious by two Romans, who were uncle and nephew, and are usually distinguished as Pliny the Elder and Pliny the Younger. Pliny the Elder, whose full Latin name was Caius Plinius Secundus, was born of a noble family at Novum Comum (now Como) in northern Italy, in 23 A.D. He was educated in Rome, where he studied law and the Greek language. At an early age he served in the army in Germany under Lucius Pomponius, who gave him command of a body of cavalry. Having returned to Rome about the age of thirty, he pleaded several causes; but during the greater part of the reign of Nero, he lived in retirement.

After the death of Nero, in 68 A.D., Pliny was appointed Procurator of Spain, and it appears that he retained that office several years. He afterwards became an intimate friend of the Emperor Vespasian, who appointed him admiral of a fleet, and he was commander of a fleet at Misenum at the time of his death. Especial interest attaches to the manner of his death, as the full particulars are given in a letter of Pliny the Younger to the historian Tacitus. In August, 79, A.D., occurred the first great eruption of Vesuvius. Perceiving a cloud of smoke rising in the form of a pine tree from the mountain, which was not then known to be a volcano, Pliny embarked on a vessel, and desiring to make careful

observation of the remarkable phenomenon, approached so near the scene of danger that showers of cinders and pumice-stone fell into the vessel. He landed at Stabiæ in the evening, ate supper in the house of a friend, and retired to rest and sleep. The danger became so imminent that he was awakened, and attempted to return to his vessel, but was suffocated by noxious gases, on the land, and thus fell a victim to his thirst for knowledge. This was the celebrated eruption which overwhelmed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

The only work of Pliny that is now extant is his "Natural History" in thirty-seven books—a stupendous monument of his industry. It is, at the same time, one of the most precious collections that antiquity has left for us, and the evidence of an erudition very wonderful in a warrior and statesman. In order to appreciate this vast and celebrated production, it is necessary to direct our attention to the plan, the facts and the style. The plan is immense, as it includes besides natural history, in the modern sense of that term, physics, astronomy, geography, medicine and the arts. Pliny was not an original observer like Aristotle; in general he is only a compiler, and often without direct knowledge of the subjects on which he collects the testimonies of others. He shows too great a fondness for what is singular and marvelous, and too much credulity, to be ranked as an accurate naturalist. Yet his work long shared, with that of Aristotle, the esteem of the learned world, and is still regarded as a valuable museum of antiquities. His style is condensed and vigorous, and he is fond of antithesis. He is always dignified and grave, full of love for justice and respect for virtue, a horror of cruelty and a contempt for the unbridled luxury which had corrupted the Roman people. "His profound erudition," says Buffon, "is enhanced by elevation of ideas and nobleness of style. He had that large faculty of thinking which multiplies science; he had that *finesse* of reflection on which elegance and taste depend, and he inspires the reader with a certain freedom of spirit which is the germ of philosophy." His history of Greek art has elicited praise from the best modern critics. Pliny believed that the world is spherical, and that the

universe is eternal, boundless, uncreated and indestructible. In theology he was a pantheist, and a worshiper of nature, in philosophy a disciple of Epicurus.

PLINY THE YOUNGER, whose full Latin name was Caius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus, was a son of Lucius Cæcilius and of Plinia, a sister of Pliny the Elder, and was born at Comum, on Lake Como, in 61 or 62 A.D. Having been adopted by his uncle Pliny, he was liberally educated, learned the Greek language, and wrote a Greek tragedy at the age of fourteen. He studied rhetoric under Quintilian, and also studied law, and became a popular pleader in Rome, where he began to practice about 80 A.D.

Pliny was highly accomplished, devoted to literature, very rich and munificent. At the age of twenty he served as an officer in Syria. Having returned to Rome, he became Quæstor, and subsequently Tribune of the people. He was elected Prætor at the age of thirty, and during the reign of Domitian passed several years in retirement. The Emperor Trajan, who was an intimate friend of Pliny, recalled him to the public service. He became Consul in 100 A.D., and was appointed Governor of the Province of Bithynia and Pontica in 103.

From this Province Pliny wrote to Trajan a famous letter, in which he bore testimony to the good morals of the Christians of his Province, and asked directions for their treatment. In this letter he said: "Those who obstinately persisted that they were Christians, after they were warned of the consequences, I ordered to be punished." The Emperor replied: "You ought not to search for them; but if they are accused and convicted, they must be punished." He modified this decree by saying that "if the accused denies that he is a Christian, and gives evidence of his sincerity by praying to our gods, he should receive pardon for his repentance." It appears that he enforced the law, and punished with death some Christians who refused to renounce their faith. The last book of Pliny's Epistles contains many letters from Pliny to Trajan, and many replies written by Trajan. The date of his death is unknown.

As a husband, master and friend, he was affectionate, humane and generous. He founded and endowed an alms-

house, and founded a public library at Comum. He was a friend of the historian Tacitus. No Roman, from the time of Cicero, acquired so high a reputation for eloquence; but all his orations are lost except a "Panegyric on Trajan," which is much admired, and which supplies us with interesting facts. He published a collection of Letters in ten books, which are highly prized and very instructive, as all original letters of antiquity must be, because they elucidate the period in which they are written. There are few remains of Roman prose literature which are as interesting and elegant as Pliny's Letters. The Latinity of these Letters is perhaps not inferior to that of Cicero, whom he imitated in style. Erasmus, himself a renowned letter-writer, said of Pliny's Letters: "They are witty, elegant and appropriate; in them you read nothing but what pertains to domestic every-day life, and everything simply Latin, chaste and well set off. Though his style is elaborated with much art, ingenuity and culture, yet it seems in a manner unlabored, unpremeditated and extemporaneous. They are a fine example of epistolary style, which ought to be simple and rather careless, for there is a sort of careful carelessness."

The First Eruption of Vesuvius.

(Pliny the Younger, in writing to the historian Tacitus an account of the death of his uncle, gives this description of the first eruption of Vesuvius in historic times)

My uncle was at Misenum, where he was in personal command of the fleet. On the ninth day before the calends of September (24th August, 79 A.D.) at about the seventh hour (1 P.M.), my mother, observing the appearance of a cloud of unusual size and shape, mentioned it to him. After reclining in the sun, he had taken his cold bath; he had then again lain down, and after a slight repast, applied himself to his studies. Immediately upon hearing her remark he called for his shoes, and ascended to a spot from which he could more easily observe this marvelous phenomenon. The cloud was to be seen gradually rising upwards, though from the great distance it was uncertain from which of the mountains it arose; it was afterwards, however, ascertained to be Vesu-

vius. In appearance and shape it strongly resembled a tree; perhaps it was more like a pine than anything else, with a stem of enormous length, reaching upwards to the heavens, and then spreading out in a number of branches in every direction. I have little doubt that either it had been carried upwards by a violent gust of wind, and that the wind dying away, it had lost its compactness; or else that, being overcome by its own weight, it had decreased in density and become extended over a large surface. At one moment it was white, at another dingy and spotted, just as it was more or less charged with earth or with ashes.

To a man so eager as he was in the pursuit of knowledge, this appeared to be a most singular phenomenon, and one that deserved to be viewed more closely. Accordingly he gave orders for a light Liburnian vessel to be got ready, and left it at my option to accompany him. To this, however, I made answer that I should prefer continuing my studies; and as it so happened he himself had just given me something to write. Taking his tablet with him he left the house. The sailors stationed at Retina, alarmed at the imminence of the danger—for the village lay at the foot of the mountain, and the sole escape was by sea—sent to entreat his assistance in rescuing them from this frightful peril. Upon this he instantly changed his plans; and what he had already begun from a desire for knowledge, he determined to carry out as a matter of duty. He had the galleys put to sea at once, and went on board himself, with the intention of rendering assistance, not only to Retina, but to many other places as well; for the whole of this charming coast was thickly populated. Accordingly he made all possible haste toward the spot from which others were flying, and steered straight onwards into the very midst of the danger: so far, indeed, was he from any sensation of fear, that he remarked and had noted down every movement and every change that was to be observed in the appearance of this ominous eruption. The ashes were now falling fast upon the vessels, hotter and more and more thickly the nearer they approached the shore; showers of pumice, too, intermingled with black stones, calcined and broken by the action of the flames. The sea suddenly re-

treated from the shore, where the débris of the mountain rendered landing quite impossible.

My uncle then hesitated for a moment whether or not to turn back, as the pilot strongly advised him to do. But, after deliberating, he cried, "Fortune favors the bold; conduct me to Pomponianus." Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ, a place that lay on the other side of the bay, for in those parts the shores are winding, and as they gradually trend away the sea forms a number of little creeks. At this spot the danger of being overwhelmed was not imminent at the time; but still it could be seen, and as it appeared to be approaching nearer and nearer, Pomponianus had ordered his baggage on board the ships, determined to take flight if the wind, which happened to be blowing the other way, should chance to lull.

The wind, being in this quarter, was esteemed favorable to his passage, and my uncle soon arrived at Stabiæ. He embraced his anxious friend, and did his best to restore his courage; and the better to reassure him by evidence of his own sense of their safety, he requested the servants to conduct him to the bath. After bathing he took his place at table and dined, and that, too, in high spirits, or, at all events, what equally showed his strength of mind, with every outward appearance of being so. In the meantime vast sheets of flame and large bodies of fire were to be seen arising from Mount Vesuvius; the glare and brilliancy of which were beheld in bolder relief as the shades of night came on apace. My uncle, however, in order to calm their fears, persisted in saying that this was only the light given by some villages which had been abandoned to the flames by the rustics in their alarm. Soon after this he retired to rest, and fell asleep: for his respiration, which with him was heavy and loud, in consequence of his corpulence, was distinctly heard by the servants who were keeping watch at the door of the apartment.

The court-yard which led to his apartment had now become filled with cinders and pumice-stones to such a degree that if he had remained any longer in the room, it would have been quite impossible for him to leave it. On being

aroused, he immediately rejoined Pomponianus and the others, who had in the meanwhile been sitting up. They then consulted together whether it would be better to remain in the house or take their chance in the open air, as the building was now rocking to and fro from the violent and repeated shocks, while the walls, as though torn up from their very foundations, seemed to be at one moment carried in this direction, at another in that. Having adopted the latter alternative, they were now alarmed at the showers of light calcined pumice-stones that were falling thick about them,—a risk, however, to which, as a choice of evils, they had to submit. In taking this step I must remark that, while with my uncle it was reason triumphing over reason, with the rest it was only one fear getting the better of the other. Taking the precaution of placing pillows on their heads, they tied them on with towels, by way of protection against the falling stones and ashes.

It was now day in other places, though there it was still night, more dark and more profound than any ordinary night. Torches, however, and various lights, in some measure served to dispel the gloom. It was then determined to make for the shore, and to ascertain whether the sea would now admit of their embarking. It was found, however, to be still too stormy and boisterous to allow of their making the attempt. Upon this my uncle lay down on a sail which had been spread for him, and more than once asked for some cold water, which he drank; very soon, however, they were alarmed by the flames and the sulphurous smell which announced their approach, upon which the others at once took to flight, while my uncle arose, leaning upon two of the servants for support. Upon making this effort he instantly fell to the ground, the dense vapor having, I imagine, stopped the respiration and suffocated him; for his chest was naturally weak and contracted, and often troubled with violent palpitations.

When day was at last restored, the third after the closing one of his existence, his body was found untouched and without a wound; there was no change to be perceived in the clothes, and its appearance was rather that of a person asleep than of a corpse. In the meantime my mother and myself

were at Misenum—that, however, has nothing to do with the story. The only thing I shall add is the assurance that I have truthfully related all these facts, of which I was either an eye-witness myself, or heard them at the time of their occurrence. Farewell.

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To the foregoing contemporary account it may be added that in this eruption both Herculaneum and Pompeii were buried; the former under a mass of lava, Pompeii under showers of stones, cinders and ashes. The ceilings and upper stories of the houses, being chiefly of wood, were either burned by the red-hot stones and cinders ejected from Vesuvius, or were broken down by the weight of matter collected on the roofs. It would appear that the town was buried by successive eruptions, between which the inhabitants had time to come and revisit their half-ruined habitations and recover some of their property. Successive layers of volcanic matter are clearly traced. A bed of soil formed itself over all the town; grass grew upon it, grain was sown and the vine planted. The very existence of Pompeii was forgotten until 1689, when in digging, some indications of ruins were discovered. It was not until 1755 that the systematic excavations began, which have brought to light remarkable exhibitions of the actual surroundings of Roman life in the first century. —Sir. E. Bulwer Lytton.